THIS NUMBER CONTAINS

THE CHASE OF AN HEIRESS.

By CHRISTIAN REID,

Author of "The Lady of Las Cruces," "The Picture of Las Cruces," "Valerie Aylmer," "A Daughter of Bohemia," Etc.

COMPLETE.

DECEMBER, 1896

LIPPINCOTT'S

MONTHLY MAGAZINE

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LIPPINCOTT'S, CONTENTS

No. 348.

THE CHASE OF AN HEIRESS	**Christian Reid**	721–804
SHUTTING OUT THE SEA	*George Ethelbert Walsh*	805
TWO OLD BOYS	*Pauline Shackleford Colyar*	815
AN OPEN SECRET (Couplet)	*Emma C. Dowd*	819
THE LAND OF TAFFY	*D. C. Macdonald*	820
THANKSGIVING (Poem)	*Grace F. Pennypacker*	823
AN OLD VIRGINIA FOX-HUNT	*David Bruce Fitzgerald*	824
THE WHIPPING OF UNCLE HENRY	*Will N. Harben*	828
FAME (Poem)	*Elizabeth Crooks*	838
FLIRTATION AS A FINE ART	*Jean Wright*	839
BEYOND? (Poem)	*Arthur D. F. Randolph*	844
OUR FIRST SILVER-MINE	*George J. Varney*	845
THE EVOLUTION OF THE POSTER	*Agnes Carr Sage*	848
HOW TIMMY SAVED THE PIECE	*Livingston B. Morse*	854
ANAGRAMS	*Arthur Inkersley*	861

PRICE TWENTY-FIVE CENTS

PUBLISHED BY

J:B:LIPPINCOTT:Co: PHILADELPHIA:

LONDON: 6 HENRIETTA STREET, COVENT GARDEN.

PARIS: BRENTANO'S, 37 AVENUE DE L'OPÉRA.

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V. 58

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THE CHASE OF AN HEIRESS.

I.

MORNING in the tropics. To those who have witnessed this daily miracle of nature, no other words can equal these to bring before the mind a vision of radiant freshness and splendor, of everything most entrancing on sea and land, of skies of ineffable azure, of a wide glory of brilliant sunshine, of glittering waves bathing the base of heights crowned with feathery palms, and of distant dream-like mountains wreathed in mists of fairy softness and beauty. This is morning among those "summer isles of Eden" which we call the West Indies; and pre-eminently so in that pearl of them all, the most beautiful and the most unfortunate, which Columbus named Hispañola,—newer, younger, fairer Spain.

It was on such a morning that the Clyde steamer which makes the circuit of the island before reaching its most famous eastward port entered the broad mouth of the Ozama River and steamed up to the ancient city of Santo Domingo. There is not in the New World a more striking picture than the approach by sea to this historic spot. The first object which the incoming traveller sees is the great tower or castle known as the *Homenaje*,—the oldest in all America, and one of the finest specimens extant of the architecture of its time,—which occupies a commanding position at the mouth of the river, crowning a high cliff of coralline rock, wave-worn and cavernous. Sweeping away from this fortress, to enclose the once famous and important city, are walls mediæval and massive as itself, their battlemented length broken here and there by sentry-boxes and *fortalezas*, from which the soldiers of Spain looked forth over sea and land in centuries gone by. And then, as the ship moves steadily onward, up the broad shining current, the entire city of Santo Domingo comes into view, covering the heights

within these walls with its great old Spanish buildings and immense masses of ruins, interspersed with modern houses of wood painted in gaudy tints of green, blue, yellow, and red, which, contrasting with the gray massiveness of ancient churches, and with plumy clusters of palms waving everywhere, produce an effect picturesque and tropical beyond description.

But, as the ship draws in to her wharf, an object immediately in the foreground of the picture dominates all others, at once by its magnitude and by its associations. This is the ruined palace of Diego Columbus, a grand pile of gray stone, now roofless and falling to decay, but attesting even in its ruin the magnificence which once aroused the jealousy of the King of Spain. Standing on a high hill just within the walls, it overlooks both city and harbor, and must have been an imposing object indeed when the great World-Discoverer's ambitious son held splendid state within, and even much later, before ruthless decay and barbarous spoliation had reduced it to its present condition. The encompassing wall is only breast-high on the height, but drops down, sheer and perfect as when its mighty stones were laid, at least fifty feet to the level space of land below between the base of the hill and the river, where it is pierced a little farther along by a gate-way, through which all the traffic of the city still flows, as in the days when the Viceroy of the Indies went in and out with glittering train of steel-clad followers.

Leaning upon the top of this wall in various attitudes of indolence on the morning in question were several figures, occupied in watching the approach of the ship as she drew in to the shore. Three or four negro women with sleeves rolled high on their glistening arms, as if they had just turned from unseen wash-tubs, several men who smoked as they lazily reclined upon their elbows, and some children in scanty raiment, made up the fringe of vari-colored humanity which lounged in front of the once stately palace that stood in yawning ruin behind them,—an epitome of the past and present of Santo Domingo. Apart from these groups, yet also looking over the wall down at the incoming ship, were two figures so strikingly different as to arrest attention at once,—a tall, slender man, dressed in light clothes and wearing one of the sun-helmets which are such familiar objects on Englishmen and tourists all over the tropics, and a lady of whom little could be seen except that she wore a sailor-hat and shielded herself from the ardent rays of the sun with a large parasol.

"Those must be Mr. and Miss Chesney up yonder," said a voice, speaking unexpectedly very near a man who was watching these various sights with somewhat languid interest from the deck of the ship. "I'd know his helmet and her parasol anywhere. Yes,"—after a pause of apparently prolonged inspection,—"there's no doubt about them. Here goes for a signal."

He waved his handkerchief, and the next moment the salutation received a response. The helmet was lifted and slightly flourished in return.

"That's him," the speaker went on, keeping up a flutter of white cambric. "No mistaking him, or her either. *She* doesn't condescend

to take any notice. That's Miss Chesney,—pretty, but disdainful as the devil!"

At this the listener turned around very deliberately and looked at the speaker.

He found him to be, as he imagined, a man whom he had observed during the few days he had been on the ship as a very self-asserting, self-important person, toward whom he had conceived one of those dormant dislikes which only require opportunity to become active. They had not exchanged a word, but this feeling of latent dislike had been mutual. "An underbred cad!" one had thought contemptuously of the other, as he listened to his voice in loud boastfulness at the table and on deck. "An arrogant puppy—confound his superciliousness!" the other had remarked to himself as he passed the long figure stretched out in a steamer-chair, reading and smoking, and betraying only by a glance of his eyes the superciliousness of which he was accused.

There could be no doubt, however, that there was in those eyes at the present moment something besides superciliousness,—a light, in fact, of angry astonishment and indignation. The speaker met them full with a gaze of insolent indifference, while he went on talking to his companion, a commercial traveller:

"Know them? Oh, very well. We came out together from New York on the last steamer. I stopped at Puerto Plata, and they came on here. Old gentleman has a fad for antiquities, and wanted to see the oldest city in America."

"If by antiquities you mean ruins, there's a large assortment here to amuse him," remarked the commercial traveller, gazing at some of them as he spoke. "That yonder is the house of Columbus. What Columbus? Oh, *the* Columbus, I suppose,—didn't know there was any other,—but you can't prove it by me. Your friends must have taken lodgings up there with the niggers and the donkeys, to be on hand so early in the morning."

"Came to meet the steamer, no doubt," said the other, complacently. "I mentioned when we parted that I would probably be on the next ship. If they don't come down, I must go and speak to them."

"Well, I'd like to see myself climbing that hill to speak to anybody before I had breakfast," said the commercial gentleman, with energy. "You must be in love with the lady, however disdainful she may be."

"We saw a great deal of each other coming out," was the reply, in that tone of fatuous conceit so common with a certain class of men whenever a woman is concerned. "And it wouldn't be civil to pass without speaking. No woman likes that sort of thing."

At this point the listener walked away. If he had remained a moment longer he felt that he might possibly push the speaker headforemost over the vessel's side, which was a method of expressing disgust more forcible than desirable. In spite of himself, however, his very air in moving away expressed this disgust, and the other man looked after him with anything save a friendly glance.

"Now what the devil has he to do with it?" he remarked, irrelevantly, as it appeared to his companion.

"What has *who* to do with it?" the latter inquired.

"Why, that fellow Lorimer—isn't that his name? Did you see the look he gave me a moment ago? What are the Chesneys to him, that he should resent my talking about them?"

"Oh,—Lorimer!" The commercial traveller glanced after the figure moving away, and shrugged his shoulders. "Perhaps he has come out here after them. Nobody knows what his business is. Perhaps"—with a laugh—"it's him they have come down to meet."

This suggestion was evidently not agreeable to the travelling companion of the Chesneys. "Nonsense!" he said, hastily. "That can't be. It's not likely they know him at all. I heard them say they didn't know anybody on the island. And he comes from Monte-Cristi, you know."

"You come from Puerto Plata, too, but you don't belong there any more than he belongs at Monte-Cristi. You've only to look at him to see that."

"I don't care to look at him," said the other, emphatically. "Wherever he comes from, he is made up of equal parts of arrogance and impudence. I'd like a good opportunity to punch his head. His very manner as he walks past one is offensive."

"He is stand-offish," the commercial traveller admitted; "but when I meet men like that—and naturally I meet all sorts, travelling as much as I do—why, I just leave them alone. They don't offend me a particle by their unsociableness. I don't want to associate with any man who doesn't care to associate with me."

"D—n association!" rejoined his incensed companion. "I wouldn't associate with him if there was nobody else on board. But what right has he to resent my talking about the Chesneys?"

Lorimer, meanwhile, walking away, said to himself that, since he could not knock the fellow down, he would not remain in his neighborhood to be irritated by his taking upon his lips a name which he should not have been allowed to mention, which only some chance association of travel could ever have made it possible for him to mention as an acquaintance. The words he had been forced to hear still rang in his ears, stirring impotent wrath: "Pretty, but disdainful as the devil"—"We saw a great deal of each other coming out"—"No woman likes that sort of thing." And it was Katherine Chesney, proud, fastidious, and disdainful indeed toward presumption and vulgarity, of whom this presumptuous, vulgar cad ventured to speak in such terms! His anger took the form of irritation even against her. How was it possible she had suffered the fellow to know her? he asked, forgetting how difficult it is to avoid such acquaintance on board ship, when the number of passengers is small and association almost compulsory, without downright rudeness.

But, as he walked to the other end of the deck and again looked up at the hill on which stood the old palace, as he saw the figure leaning in the angle of the wall and fancied that even at this distance he could detect the grace and distinction which pervaded it, and which no other woman in the world, at least to his eyes, possessed in such degree, a thrill passed over him. It was Katherine Chesney herself,—and so

near! What wonderful, unexpected gift of fortune was this! He had, indeed, sufficient knowledge of the movements of herself and her father to have been aware that they had gone to the West Indies for the winter, but no faintest hope of encountering them in this remote spot had been in his mind as he came upon his own voyage. He would have fancied them perhaps in Cuba, Jamaica, Martinique, but never in beautiful, historic, world-forgotten Santo Domingo. And yet a little reflection told him that it was just because it was beautiful, historic, and world-forgotten that they were likely to care more for it than for any of the more ordinary haunts of tourists. The father a lover of antiquities, the daughter of all things unusual, picturesque, and poetical, it was certain that no spot in the New World would be so attractive, so interesting to them as this, the fair but desolate cradle of its greatness.

And since they were here, since it was certain that they were yonder in his sight, was he, an old friend of years, to be deterred from going at once to greet them because an insolent stranger whom he would like to kick had spoken of them with presumptuous familiarity? Such, indeed, had been his first impulse, but he speedily recognized its folly. No sooner, therefore, was the ship made fast and the ladder let down her side, than, without a thought of breakfast, baggage, or custom-house, he hastened ashore and made his way past the modern iron warehouses erected along the wharf, through insistent coachmen and over a dusty road, to the ancient gate with its ponderous arch. Passing under this, he paused and looked around for some avenue by which he could reach the summit of the hill, that now lay immediately on his right. But the approach seemed completely closed by a row of houses, hardly more than huts, which were huddled closely along the side of the street directly within the gate. They were chiefly drinking-shops of the lowest order, for the accommodation (and temptation) of sailors, and over their roofs could be seen the height crowned by its great sombre mass of ruins. But there seemed no passage through them, and while Lorimer hesitated, wondering if he had Spanish enough to make himself understood in asking direction, a door in a crazy wooden erection joining the great city wall swung open, and a boy came leaping out. There was an instant's glimpse of a path within leading upward, which made Lorimer eagerly advance.

"*Puedo entrar?*" he asked, in his imperfect Spanish. "*Quiero*—what the deuce is 'go up,' I wonder!—*quiero ver la casa grande.*"

"*La casa de Colon?—sí, señor,*" the boy answered, pushing open the door again and motioning him to enter.

He passed through, and found himself climbing the hill by a flight of ancient, broken steps leading upward along the side of the wall. Impossible not to think how many feet of men in armor had clanked up and down this ascent from the water-gate,—soldiers and sailors, companions and followers of the great leaders who had made the world ring with their mailed tread; nay, the very leaders themselves had all, no doubt, mounted and descended along this way.

Gaining at length the summit on which the palace stands, he paused an instant. Nothing could be more melancholy than the picture of

ruin and desolation before him; but at the moment the shades of great men and the memory of great deeds faded, as he saw, still leaning on the wall, and now alone, a figure he knew well, and turning toward him a face he would have climbed a far steeper path to behold.

II.

Of Miss Chesney's amazement, when she recognized the man who advanced toward her, there was no room to doubt.

"Mr. Lorimer!" she exclaimed, as if she could hardly believe the evidence of her eyes. "Is it possible this is you?"

"As possible as that this is you," he replied, laughing a little as they shook hands. "I was never more surprised than to recognize you up here. I have just come in on the ship below there."

"And you recognized me at that distance? What wonderful sight you must have!"

"Well—ah—I heard a passenger mention your name. But I am sure I should have recognized you if it had not been mentioned. And yet there is no one I could have less expected to meet."

"I can echo the remark. There is certainly no one I could less have expected to meet than yourself. Santo Domingo seems very far removed from your orbit."

"Why farther than from your own?"

"Oh, because papa and I, being inveterate globe-trotters, and having visited every place of known interest in the world, are now devoting our attention to seeking out those which are unknown. Hence you find us here."

"You are to be congratulated on having discovered what you are in search of. Santo Domingo is so far forgotten as a place of interest that I don't suppose it has a visit from a tourist pure and simple once in ten years."

"Are not you a tourist pure and simple?"

"By no means. I will not be rude enough to say, *pas si bête.* It is enough to state that I am here on business."

"Business!" in a tone which seemed to indicate both surprise and incredulity. "What is it?—sugar, or logwood?"

"Neither. My business is—well, we will call it legal. Perhaps you are not aware that I have an uncle who is a lawyer."

"I was not aware of it, and I fail to see the connection. I have an uncle who is a bishop, but it does not follow that I am here on ecclesiastical affairs."

"There is the difference that your uncle has probably nothing to do with your coming here, while my uncle had everything to do with my coming. I am looking for a lost heir."

"A lost *what?*"

"Heir,—person who has inherited, or is destined to inherit, property, you know."

"Thanks, yes. I understand the meaning of the word. But what has this heir inherited, and why is he lost?"

"It's rather a long story——"

"So much the better. To meet an acquaintance and find him provided with a long story is wonderful luck—in Santo Domingo. Having been here ten days, I can assure you of that. But we must defer the story for the present, since here comes papa, who started to go down to the ship just before you came up. Whom has he with him? It can't be possible that we are going to meet two acquaintances in one morning?"

Whom had he with him? Lorimer knew even before he turned. Yes, there was his obnoxious fellow-passenger coming around the ruin with Mr. Chesney,—for it seemed there was a different mode of approach from that by which he had ascended,—talking with great animation, and taking off his hat, the moment he caught sight of Miss Chesney, with an air of offensive delight.

"That's a man who, like myself, has just come in on the steamer," Lorimer replied. "He's the person I heard mention your name. We picked him up at Puerto Plata."

From the tone of this last statement, it might have been supposed that the person in question was some kind of an undesirable derelict.

"Puerto Plata? Oh, I remember him now," said Miss Chesney, as her father approached.

"My dear," he said, "you have not forgotten our fellow-traveller on the voyage out, whom we left at Puerto Plata,—Mr. Stanford?"

"Not at all," replied Miss Chesney, with a degree of graciousness which Lorimer felt to be in excess of what was necessary, as she held out a slender, gloved hand. "I remember him very well. You stopped at Puerto Plata on business, and thought you might have to go into the interior," she went on, addressing that gentleman, and adding these details as if to refresh her own recollection. "You disliked the prospect of the journey, I remember. Did you, after all, have to go to—what was the name of the place?"

"Santiago," replied Mr. Stanford. "Yes, I went, but was fortunately able to return to Puerto Plata in time to catch the next steamer, by which I arrived here this morning. I had, of course, in view the pleasure of our meeting again," he went on, "but it was an unexpected gratification that my first view of Santo Domingo included a sight of you—and of Mr. Chesney," he added, a little lamely.

"We had not much idea of gratifying any one's sight but our own, when we decided to walk here this morning to see the ship come in," observed Miss Chesney, with a smiling glance at her father, who had meanwhile been shaking hands very cordially with Lorimer and expressing his surprise at seeing him.

"I was just on my way to the ship to see if I couldn't get some late newspapers from the officers, when I met Mr. Stanford," he said, "and by his request turned back with him. How on earth did you get here?"

"On the island, or on the hill?" asked Lorimer.

"Well, both. You are the last man I should have expected to see

on the island, and you must have scaled the wall to reach the hill so soon from the deck of the ship."

"I came up by an ancient, broken stair, straight from the gate," Lorimer explained. "So much for the hill. As for the island, why may not I be supposed to possess an interest in historical antiquities, as well as any other man?"

"As a matter of fact, very few men do possess such an interest," replied Mr. Chesney, "and from my knowledge of you I—ah—should not have imagined——"

"That I had antiquarian tastes? I am sorry to acknowledge that you are quite right. But I intend to cultivate them; and this seems a very good place to begin."

"On the contrary, a very bad place," said Mr. Chesney, severely. "There is no intelligent interest whatever displayed in the extremely valuable antiquities which exist here, nor even a decent care in preserving them. Look, now, at this ruin—— What are you saying, Katherine?"

"I was just remarking, papa, that perhaps these gentlemen, since they have been travelling companions only for a short time, may not know each other: Mr. Lorimer, Mr. Stanford."

Both lifted their hats—but did not shake hands—with the air of men forced into reluctant civility. Had they been dogs they would, instead, have stiffened their tails and growled in their throats. But dogs have some advantages over men in the matter of the frank expression of their feelings.

"I suppose you are both going up into the city to look for quarters," said Mr. Chesney, "in which case you must not allow us to detain you, or all the best rooms—if there are any best—at Felipe's will have been taken by the passengers whom the steamer has landed."

"The friend with whom I parted when I met you has promised to engage a room for me, so I am quite at ease on the subject," replied Mr. Stanford, with an air of superiority. "Accommodation here, I am told, is very poor, but it does not matter much to me, for I may go into the country almost immediately."

"How adventurous you are!" said Miss Chesney. "We should like of all things to go into the country, but we are informed that it is practically impossible, that travel in the interior of the island is out of the question, owing to the fact that there are no roads. A French gentleman, who had just made a journey across the country on horseback, said to me the other day, 'I assure you, mademoiselle, there were times when I positively wept from the hardships I had to endure.' One must confess that was not very encouraging."

"It is a great disappointment to me," observed Mr. Chesney, "for I had certainly expected, in coming here, to see something besides the coast of the island; but everybody says the same thing. 'Impossible to go into the interior—impossible to take a lady on such a trip—no roads, no places of accommodation,'—absolute barbarism, in fact."

"Listen to papa talking about 'impossible to take a lady,'—that's me, you know," said Miss Chesney aside to Lorimer,—"when he knows

that I never mind roughing, that I am dying to go, and that it is really he who will not face the discomforts involved in such a trip."

"With my recent journey to Santiago strongly in my memory," Stanford remarked, "I cannot but advise you not to think of making such an attempt. The roads—well, it's impossible to speak adequately of the roads, or rather the trails that do duty for roads. I've no doubt there were better in the days of Columbus. And to hear the reasons the people give for this condition. 'Can't keep up roads here; the torrents of the rainy season wash them away.' As if there were not rainy seasons in Jamaica, and Porto Rico, and many other islands where there are magnificent roads, not to speak of the other end of this island, where the French made such fine highways that they have survived the total neglect and rainy seasons of a century."

"Very absurd indeed," said Mr. Chesney; "but any excuse is better than none, you know, any excuse is better than admitting frankly that the island has reverted to a state of practical barbarism. Not strange, of course, when one considers its history; but sad, very sad, in view of its great natural resources, its wonderful beauty and delightful climate."

"I don't know when I have seen a place which charmed me so much," said Miss Chesney, looking with an appreciative glance at the scene which lay around them and taking it in, as it were, in its entirety, from the palm-groves on the opposite side of the river to the fortress at its mouth, and the city lying within the ancient walls by which they stood. "Everything most interesting, everything most romantic in the wonderful romance of the finding of the New World seems to centre here. It is the only place in America where historical associations overpower one. Do you know," addressing Lorimer, "that the figure of every one of the great Spanish 'world-openers,' as some one finely calls them, meets one here? From Columbus himself, there is not one missing,—Cortés, Pizarro, Nuñez de Balboa, De Soto, Ponce de Leon, all have stood where we are standing now, all have sailed out of this harbor below us to discover Mexico, Peru, the Pacific, the Mississippi."

"I did not know it," replied Lorimer, frankly. "The fact is, I know very little about Santo Domingo, except that Columbus discovered it, and founded the first settlement in the New World here. As for the other picturesque gentlemen of whom you speak, I certainly was not aware of their connection with the place."

"You are not much more ignorant than numbers of other people," said Miss Chesney, indulgently. "It is astonishing how little even fairly educated people know of such things. And yet what can be better worth knowing of any place than the historical associations which link it with the past?"

"It strikes me," said Mr. Stanford, with the air of one who intends to be humorous, "that its present capabilities of affording comfort are much better worth knowing. These historical associations are very romantic, but they don't make up for lack of the necessities of civilization."

"I dare say not," said Miss Chesney, regarding him calmly. "There are people to whom the Acropolis would be only a hill of

ruins.—Don't you think, by the bye, papa, that we have been long enough on the present hill of ruins? We are certainly detaining these gentlemen from looking after such possibilities of bodily comfort as Santo Domingo affords."

"Not at all, I assure you," said Stanford, while Lorimer remained speechless with indignation at being thus bracketed. "Bodily comforts are quite secondary in importance to the pleasure of meeting you. But perhaps it may be better to go down before all the carriages leave the wharf: so I will bid you good-morning. Hope to see you very soon again."

"That," said Miss Chesney, as she watched the dapper figure hastening down the path by which Lorimer had ascended,—the latter having been unable to refuse a request to point it out,—"is a hope which I cannot reciprocate. I find Mr. Stanford a very objectionable person, one who is inclined to presume very much on slight acquaintance."

"I have been wondering," Lorimer could not refrain from saying, "how you ever chanced to allow him even the slight acquaintance."

"I really forget how it came about," she said, indifferently. "On the outward voyage one was on speaking terms, so to say, with all the passengers. I do not remember much about this man; but he certainly presumes in taking the tone of an old friend."

"He means no harm," said Mr. Chesney, tolerantly. "Men of his stamp know no better. He probably thinks that we are old friends."

"And you classed me with him in your speech of a moment ago!" said Lorimer, addressing Miss Chesney in a tone of injury. "What had I done to deserve that? Have I, too, presumed in taking the tone of an old friend?"

"Nonsense!" she replied, laughing. "I could not suggest that *he* should go—and that was what I meant—without apparently including you. Besides, it was true. You have your bodily comforts to look after also. Is any friend bespeaking a room for you at Felipe's?"

"Assuredly not. I have no friend, and never heard of Felipe's."

"In that case I am afraid your prospects of a lodging are very poor indeed.—Papa, what do you say? Had we not better take this friendless wanderer to breakfast with us?—and then you can assist him afterwards in finding a room."

"Of course," said Mr. Chesney. "I was about to propose that. —Come along, Lorimer. We'll take no denial."

III.

There was not the faintest danger of a denial. Lorimer was abjectly glad of the invitation to accompany these friends whom he had so unexpectedly—he still thought so wonderfully—encountered. Mr. Chesney was, indeed, about to temper his sense of his exceeding good fortune by detaining him long enough to reconstruct for his benefit the *Casa de Colon*, had not Miss Chesney interfered.

"No, no, papa," she said. "You can give him those details another time. I am sure he must be more interested just now in breakfast than in the palace of Diego Columbus. I confess that I am, for an orange and a cup of coffee have not very great sustaining power."

"I am afraid you have no genuine antiquarian enthusiasm, Katherine," said her father, shaking his head. "All you consider is the mere poetical association of things——"

"There is nothing very poetical, but rather extremely practical, about breakfast, papa."

"I was not alluding to breakfast," said Mr. Chesney, a little offended.

He walked on as he spoke, holding his tall, slender figure very erect. He had been in his youth a handsome man, and was still fine-looking and what is termed "aristocratic" in appearance, with his clear-cut features and generally well-preserved, well-groomed air. He had transmitted his clear-cut features and well-set-up figure to his daughter, who in process of inheriting these physical traits had seemed to improve and add even more distinction to them. At least it would be difficult to find a more distinguished-looking girl than Katherine Chesney, although many more regularly beautiful might readily be found, while, apart from her striking face or the stately grace of her bearing, there was about her a charm of character, force, individuality, which made her a person impossible to overlook and difficult to forget.

Lorimer had reason to be sure on the last point, since he had been engaged for a year in an attempt, which he flattered himself was very resolute, to forget her, and he had now the pleasing satisfaction of discovering that his efforts had been altogether unsuccessful. It needed but one look into her luminous gray eyes, one smile of her lips, to convince him of this, while as she now walked by his side, lithe, erect, incomparably graceful, he was conscious of an elation of spirit which nothing in the situation or his immediate prospects warranted.

They were taking their way across the space of waste, weed-overgrown ground which lies between the wall and the ancient palace. At the back of the last some negro women—the same who had taken a brief interest in the arrival of the ship—were engaged in washing clothes, while the head of a donkey looked pensively from the doorway of one of the lower rooms, converted into a stable. Passing around to the side of the building toward the city, where some fragments of sculpture still remaining over a great archway showed that here had been the grand entrance, they found a row of huts leaning against the still massive wall, around the doors of which children of various colors and in various degrees of undress were playing, while one or two slatternly women and a soldier in dirty white-linen uniform, who were talking together, paused to stare at them.

"'How have the mighty fallen!'" said Lorimer, falling himself into the commonplace of quotation, which under certain circumstances it is difficult to avoid. "And how deeply Santo Domingo appears to value these relics of antiquity which make evident to all men the historical associations of which you have spoken!"

"Santo Domingo treats them with the indifference that a barbarian naturally feels toward relics of antiquity," replied Miss Chesney. "But I think one has seen the same thing in some other parts of the world with more claims to civilization than this unhappy island now possesses."

"That is quite true," Lorimer admitted. "But is the whole of Santo Domingo either ruinous or squalid?"

"Certainly not. In the centre of the city are fine old Spanish buildings still intact. We lodge in one of them, built of stone, and solid as the day it was erected. You see, papa and I are such old travellers that we have thoroughly mastered the art of making ourselves comfortable, and since life at Felipe's—the best, in fact one might say the only, hotel here—proved altogether unbearable, we rented three furnished rooms, engaged a servant, and set up a *ménage* of our own."

"Do you think, then, of staying here for any length of time?"

"For a few weeks only; but why should one not make one's self comfortable, if it were only for a few days?"

"I am so far from perceiving any reason why one should not that I would like to emulate your energy, only I do not know if I shall remain here even for so long a time as a few days."

"Where are you going?"

"That I cannot tell until I am able to learn where the person of whom I am in search is to be found."

"Oh, your lost heir! You must not forget that you are to tell me the story.—Papa, what do you think has brought Mr. Lorimer to Santo Domingo?"

"I really have not considered the subject," replied Mr. Chesney, with dignity. "It never occurs to me to speculate on the private affairs of my friends."

"Papa, that is a horrid snub, and quite undeserved by me. Mr. Lorimer volunteered the information regarding his business—at least, I think you volunteered it," (addressing Lorimer,) "but if you did not, it doesn't signify.—He has come on a search for a lost heir."

"A lost heir to what?"

"Mr. Lorimer will tell us that presently. Now suppose we take a carriage."—They had by this time descended from the hill to the street leading from the gate.—"The sun is too warm for walking, and here comes one with a horse in passable condition."

The *cochero* of the carriage in question had already halted, with an inviting gesture toward the empty cushions behind him, and when they entered upon possession of the same, he drove off at a smart pace up the steep street which lay before them. This street, although lined at first with insignificant wooden houses of modern erection, presently leads into the portion of the city where the ancient buildings spoken of by Miss Chesney exist,—stone buildings, dark and time-stained, but of massive solidity, their thick walls, immense door-ways, grated windows, carved balconies, and long water-spouts protruding at the eaves like batteries of guns, all recalling towns in Southern Spain, Mexico, and Cuba, and belonging in every detail to the Spanish architecture of the sixteenth and seventeenth centuries.

"Yes, it is all immensely picturesque," Miss Chesney agreed, when Lorimer expressed himself surprised at the scenes through which they rolled. "It is, of course, very like Spain, with bits that remind one of Algiers and Tunis; and there are some delightful old churches here. The cathedral is very fine."

"Is that a ruin?"

"How exceedingly well informed you are, Mr. Lorimer! No, it is not a ruin. It is a noble church in an excellent state of preservation, which contains the ashes of Columbus."

"I suppose by that classical expression you mean his body."

"I mean" (with asperity) "just what I say. Of course those ashes were once his body."

"I was only about to remark that I had seen that, or at least the place where it is buried, in Havana, when I was there a few years ago."

"You saw," corrected Mr. Chesney, promptly, "the body, or the place containing the body, of Diego Columbus, which was taken away by the Spaniards, through mistake, for that of his father. The true body of Columbus is undoubtedly here, and has always remained here. I will take pleasure in going over the proofs for you, if you like."

"And I will show you his tomb," said Miss Chesney, as if that must be most convincing of all. "Meanwhile, here we are at the Plaza, and yonder is the cathedral."

Their carriage had turned suddenly out of the somewhat narrow street along which they had been driving, into a spacious open square lined on three sides by buildings chiefly devoted to government use, and on the fourth by the long fortress-like mass of the cathedral, marvellously quaint and picturesque. Immediately in front of its great door-way, and occupying the centre of the Plaza, an heroic bronze statue of Columbus stands on a commanding pedestal, the figure, admirably dignified and noble, pointing westward.

"Fine, isn't it?" said Miss Chesney. "You have no idea how impressive he looks by moonlight. Our rooms are yonder, and from the balcony I have a view of the Plaza, the statue, and the cathedral. I will take you over and show you the cathedral after breakfast, if you like."

Lorimer was still declaring that nothing could afford him more pleasure than to be introduced by such a guide to the antiquities of the cathedral of Santo Domingo, when the carriage abruptly stopped before a house on the corner of a street leading into the Plaza. Descending, they entered under a heavy archway, so large and dark that it appeared almost cavernous, with a glimpse of a flagged court beyond, and, passing up a winding stone staircase at one side, emerged on an upper gallery or corridor running around this court. Here large doors admitted to a suite of apartments which occupied the entire front of the house. The spacious sitting-room into which Lorimer was introduced looked as if heat could never invade it, with its lofty ceiling, its tiled floor, and the great thickness of the walls, apparent at the windows, which opened on a stone, iron-railed balcony. The furniture was of Vienna

bent-wood, and was scanty in every particular save that of chairs. Miss Chesney laughed as she pointed to the number of these.

"Of course they were arranged in a double row, facing each other, straight down the middle of the room," she said. "They looked so ghostly that I broke up the line at once, and now they look desolate, as if they don't know what to do with themselves, scattered about in what they no doubt consider a shockingly disordered and promiscuous manner."

"I had never imagined before that chairs were endowed with sentiments of propriety," Lorimer remarked, as he obeyed an invitation to seat himself, while Miss Chesney, after glancing at a table laid for breakfast in the centre of the room, went out and called, "Antonio!" Then came a sound of fluent Spanish conversation, followed by that of feet flying rapidly down-stairs, after which the young hostess re-entered, announced that breakfast would be served in a few minutes, and disappeared behind the chintz portières which draped the door of her chamber.

By the time she reappeared, her hat laid aside, herself delightfully cool and fresh in aspect, Antonio, a slim, mahogany-colored lad, fleet as Mercury, had also made his appearance, bearing breakfast.

It was a pleasant little feast which followed, one of those impromptu social occasions which are so much more agreeable than any premeditated entertainment. The friends who had met so unexpectedly in this remote spot had many things in common to talk of, and it was not until they had at last risen from table that the subject of Lorimer's business in Santo Domingo was again introduced.

"I have not heard that story yet," said Miss Chesney, in an injured tone, as she sat down in one of the great bent-wood chairs beside a window and looked reproachfully at Lorimer.

"But you shall hear it," he said, eagerly, only too glad of any excuse for prolonging his stay. He drew a chair in front of her, disregarding Mr. Chesney's assurance that he might light a cigar,—the room was so large, so airy, and "Katherine did not mind,"—but, leaving that gentleman to smoke his own cigar, while he opened a newspaper which had fortunately been in his (Lorimer's) pocket, he addressed himself to the gray eyes that regarded him with such smiling interest.

"I suppose I must begin at the beginning," he said. "Did you ever hear of old David Ancram? No?"—as Miss Chesney shook her head. "Well, millionaires are so common in these days that merely to be rich insures a man no distinction, unless his riches are fabulous. Old David's were not fabulous; but he was very well off indeed, with several millions, and no family to assist him in spending them."

"It is dreadful to think of so much money being wasted for lack of somebody to spend it," said Miss Chesney, feelingly. "Why hadn't he a family?"

"Wife died, had no children, and he never tried the experiment again. We may suppose him inconsolable, or we may suppose him disgusted; but he remained satisfied with his investments, his stocks

and bonds, until he grew old and infirm, when he summoned a niece to take care of him, and presently died——"

"Leaving his fortune to her?"

"Not at all. Leaving her a trifle of half a million or so, and leaving all the rest of his estate to the heirs of his brother, Thomas Ancram, to whom, he states in his will, he was indebted for his early start and subsequent success in life."

"Gratitude is a very commendable sentiment," said Miss Chesney. "But why should he have waited until he made his will to testify it?"

"That is a question which might apply to many will-makers, but which, not having been honored with the confidence of the late Mr. Ancram, I am not in a position to answer. Suffice it to say, as story-tellers observe, that the will stands as I have told you, naturally to the great dissatisfaction of the niece——"

"Really" (with severity), "I think she might be satisfied with half a million."

"When are people ever satisfied with much when they think they should have more? This lady—perhaps I should say young lady, since she's about thirty-five—is not at all satisfied, but has hopes of still inheriting the whole fortune if the heirs of Thomas Ancram cannot be found."

"And therefore you have come on her behalf——"

"Again, not at all. I have come on behalf of the executors, to find, if possible, the lost heir or heirs."

"But what has become of him, or them? and why should you be conducting your search in Santo Domingo?"

"Because it appears that half a century ago, just when David Ancram began to mount the hill of success, Thomas Ancram began to descend, and, having met with severe business losses, went to South America to retrieve his fortune by going into coffee. Apparently he did not succeed, for on his death his son drifted to the West Indies, and, varying the family pursuit, went into sugar. He was heard of in various islands, and finally lost sight of in Cuba, where he lived for some time and married. Diligent inquiry at length elicited the fact that he had, on the death of his wife, left Cuba for Santo Domingo. Beyond that, no information seemed obtainable: so I was finally requested by my uncle to come here and find him, if he is alive, or obtain proof of his death, if dead."

"And what have you accomplished?"

"I have found that he is dead,—unquestionably dead and buried."

"Oh!" in a disappointed tone. "Then he will never inherit his fortune, and the niece—grasping creature, I am sure—will get it all."

"He will certainly never inherit it, but I am not so sure of the niece getting it. He left a daughter——"

"Ah!"

"A daughter who must now be grown, and of whom I am at present in search."

"Why, this grows romantic!" cried Miss Chesney, with animation. "A daughter, ignorant of the great fortune awaiting her, living in obscurity, young, beautiful perhaps——"

"Or perhaps not."

"Oh, she *must* be beautiful. I can't think of entertaining any other idea. Then here are you, young——"

"Pray don't fail to say handsome."

"Well, good-looking, at least, interesting——"

"A thousand thanks!"

"——To a girl who has presumedly never before seen any man of the world——"

"How much sharper than a serpent's tooth is the unkind sarcasm of one who has no pity for human vanity!" observed Lorimer, feelingly.

"A gentleman," pursued Miss Chesney, remorselessly, "whose fortune does not equal his merits, but who has now an opportunity to appear to the beautiful heiress in the character of deliverer and benefactor, and, winning her heart,—which she will of course surrender without difficulty,—win also the millions which encircle her like a halo."

"A very pretty romance," said Lorimer, as she paused. "It is a pity that it is open to one or two objections: for example, that the lady in question, instead of being a beautiful girl, may have been married long since to some Dominican and be at present the mother of half a dozen children, or that the gentleman whose fortune is below his merits has no fancy for savages, even though possibly beautiful and certainly possessing a halo of millions."

"How shameful to speak of her as a savage! Why should you do so?"

He made a contemptuous gesture of his hand. "How could any one be brought up and live here, and be anything else,—from our point of view?"

"I don't know what your point of view may be," returned Miss Chesney, "but from my point of view there is no reason whatever for such an opinion. My experience of the world—and I have had a great deal, if travel in many lands can give it—is that very delightful people may sometimes be found in very obscure places. In fact, such people, though they may not possess the surface polish which intercourse with society gives, are often interesting, cultivated, refined——"

"Paragons, in short, produced by a judicious course of plain living and high thinking," said Lorimer, with an irreverent smile. "There may be portions of the world where such people exist, but I hardly fancy that Santo Domingo is one of them."

"Pray why not?"

"Oh, it is too remote, too world-forgotten, too much given up to half-breeds, despotism, and revolution."

"None of which causes should make Miss—what is her name? Ancram?—a savage. I hope that you will fall desperately in love with her, and that she will scorn you—there!"

"You overwhelm me with kindness. But now"—rising reluctantly—"I really must tear myself away. I have yet to look after my luggage, secure some sort of lodging, inquire about my heiress——"

"All of those things can wait a little," said Miss Chesney. "You forget that I promised to show you the cathedral."

"I had not forgotten it, but I feared you might be tired. Later, perhaps——"

"There can be no later for the cathedral. It is inexorably closed for the day after the last mass. We have barely time enough to reach there before that hour. But fortunately the sacristan knows me,—papa and I have been there so much,—and if we can get in, there will be no difficulty about getting out. So let us make haste.—Papa, will you go?"

"I think not, my dear. I find myself quite tired from our long walk. You can explain to Mr. Lorimer all about the tomb of Columbus."

"Yes, I think I could stand an examination on the subject. Don't look so reluctant, Mr. Lorimer. It is necessary that your mind should be improved, and that you should understand that Santo Domingo possesses the true and only body of Christopher Columbus. So come."

IV.

In extenuation of a delay which he afterward found cause to regret, Lorimer endeavored to picture himself as reluctantly yielding to temptation when he accompanied Miss Chesney to the cathedral. But in point of fact there was no reluctance whatever in his feeling, as he flung all consideration of his heiress overboard without the least hesitation, and, walking with his companion across the Plaza, entered the ancient church.

He was surprised to find the interior of the edifice so stately and magnificent. Nothing that he had seen of the island of Santo Domingo up to this time—that is, the succession of wooden-built towns of the various ports at which the ship he made his voyage upon had touched—at all prepared him for this noble church, so vast and massive in its outward aspect, so beautiful and imposing within. Entering by the great western door-way, a nave of grand proportions stretched before them, with glistening marble floor and majestic pillars supporting a finely groined roof. The unexpected effect drew an exclamation from Lorimer, but his companion placed her finger on her lip and pointed to a chapel where a priest was saying mass, while a group of worshippers knelt on the pavement before it.

"Don't sustain the character for bad manners in holy places which Americans bear in only less degree than the English," she whispered. "Let us wait until that mass is over. It will not be long, and these people are not accustomed to see tourists walking about the church at such times."

"By all means," assented Lorimer, who was not only too well bred to have been knowingly guilty of the bad manners in question, but who, reverence apart, was not sorry to pause for a few minutes and take in the general effect of the noble interior more fully before proceeding to examine its details.

At intervals along the sides of the nave benches of dark carved wood were placed against the massive pillars, and on one of these Miss Chesney sat down, her companion following her example. Farther up the church, divided from them by the width of the nave and the right aisle, was the chapel where mass was in progress. No one noticed them, and they remained silent and quiet for several minutes, Lorimer engaged in studying the beautiful details of the chapels, when their attention was attracted by two figures suddenly appearing in the great door-way through which they had entered. A young girl attended by an elderly servant,—so much was apparent at a glance. And this glance would have no doubt comprised all the notice that either of them was likely to bestow, had not something a little singular, or at least out of the usual order, taken place. The attendant walked into the church without turning her head to right or left, and, instead of proceeding toward the chapel where mass was being said, at once knelt down within a few feet of the door. The girl paused in the act of entering, and, glancing to one side, seemed to hesitate. But this hesitation was not of long duration. A hand and part of an arm belonging to an unseen person (evidently masculine) outside appeared, seized her by the wrist, and drew her out of sight.

Miss Chesney and Lorimer involuntarily glanced at each other.

"Are maidens here liable to be waylaid and captured at the church doors?" inquired the latter. "A step farther and she would have gained the privilege of sanctuary. It seems to be a case that calls for rescue."

"It is a case that calls for the dismissal of that old woman," replied Miss Chesney, looking indignantly at the servant, who as soon as she fell upon her knees had become to all appearances altogether absorbed in devotion. "She has been sent with that girl to take care of her, and this is how she does it."

"She was very careful not to glance in the direction from which that hand appeared," said Lorimer, smiling.

"Nor to turn her head to ascertain whether or not her charge followed her into the church," added Miss Chesney. "She is, of course, in the pay of the man outside."

"Do you suppose it is an elopement?"

"Only a clandestine meeting, I fancy. Elopement is not easy here."

"It is evidently the old romance of a forbidden love-affair."

"Yes, if you think there can be romance in deception and double-dealing, which is what such a love-affair generally means."

"How deplorably lacking in romantic sympathies you are!"

"There may be a difference of opinion as to what constitutes romance. The sympathy of the world never seems to me so misplaced as when it is bestowed upon an affair of the kind. Now those two outside yonder are no doubt at this moment violating the trust of others and setting all considerations of duty at defiance."

"You don't know what excuse they may have in parental tyranny."

"I know that in nine cases out of ten the parents are right and the so-called lovers wrong, mere selfish young fools. But see, the

duenna grows a little uneasy. Did you observe that glance she cast behind?"

"She thinks the interview is lasting too long. Shall I stroll out, and, by my appearance, startle the lovers into separating? I am afraid some one will see them, and carry the news of their meeting to a hard-hearted parent or guardian."

"Your interest would be touching if one did not suspect that its root is more in curiosity than in sympathy. Confess that you want to see the heroine of this episode more closely."

"And the hero also. I should like to see the form to which that impetuous hand belongs."

"Ah, there it is again," murmured Miss Chesney, who was looking at the door.

Lorimer's glance quickly followed hers, and there indeed was the girl once more in sight, and again on her arm, evidently detaining her by a strong grasp, the hand that had drawn her back. There seemed for a moment a rapid, almost fierce, interchange of words,—at least the manner of the girl was fierce,—then, suddenly tearing herself loose from the hand which still strove to detain her, she walked quickly into the church and mechanically fell on her knees beside the servant who had accompanied her and who now looked around at her apprehensively.

Nor was she alone in looking. Both Miss Chesney and Lorimer stared at the object of their interest, thus brought immediately before them. And both had reason to stare, for a lovelier face, or one more indicative of ungoverned passion, it would have been difficult to find. The complexion, of a fairness quite remarkable for a Dominican woman, was just now flushed with color which burned like a vivid flame on each cheek; and this, together with the lips of deepest scarlet and the great dark eyes dilated and full of fire, under straight dark knitted brows, gave an impression of possibilities of feeling and action hardly less startling than the astonishing beauty of the countenance,—picturesque, vivid, glowing with color as some rich-hued tropical flower.

"By Jove!" Lorimer could not refrain from exclaiming to his companion, in a tone by no means so discreet as it should have been, "what a beautiful girl!—and what a furious passion she is in!"

No sooner had the words left his lips than the girl turned her head and shot at him a glance which, if looks could scorch, might have annihilated him, so blazing was its indignant fire.

"You see," said Miss Chesney, in a tone more discreet than his own, "that she understands English. I think we had better change our places, or I shall have you reduced to a cinder before my eyes. *What* a passion the girl is in!" she added, as they rose and strolled away. "I don't envy the person who roused it, nor those who have to hold such a fiery creature in check."

"She does not look as if she would submit to be held in check by any one," said Lorimer. "Those lips and those eyes indicate a nature so wild, passionate, and headstrong that it would be capable of the most desperate defiance. But there is no question of her beauty."

"Not the least," agreed Miss Chesney. "I wonder who she is. Few Dominicans are so fair, and fewer still understand English."

"And I wonder who is the owner of the hand, and what he did to enrage her so deeply. It is a pity that we shall probably never know anything further concerning this fragment of a drama which we have witnessed."

"There is no 'probably' about it," replied Miss Chesney, decidedly. "We shall certainly never know any more about it: how could we? But then you can imagine anything you like, and one so romantically inclined as yourself will be in no doubt how to end the drama."

"What powers of unkind sarcasm you possess! But, however romantically inclined I may be,—which is a new light thrown upon my character,—I should be at a loss how to imagine any end to this drama. That girl's passion is of a kind to make or cause tragedy."

"Oh, I don't think so. It is merely the rage of an undisciplined child."

"Undisciplined children grown to woman's estate are often the causes of tragedies."

"Very true. But we will hope that nothing worse than a burst of temper or of tears is impending in this case. And now, if you can divert your mind sufficiently from the drama and its heroine, we will begin to consider the antiquities which surround us, since the priest has now finished his mass."

Lorimer signifying that his mind was sufficiently disengaged for this purpose, and the congregation beginning to melt away, Miss Chesney addressed a sacristan who was starting with a huge bunch of keys to lock the doors of the church, but who obligingly paused to lead them into the *capilla mayor* (or sanctuary) which by royal *cedula* of the Emperor Charles the Fifth was granted as the burial-place of Columbus. Opening a small aperture on the gospel side, he showed, first the empty vault from which the Spaniards imagined that they had removed the great Admiral's bones in 1795, and then the (now also empty) vault where they were so unexpectedly discovered in 1887.

"I wonder if the last really were his remains," remarked Lorimer, with the pardonable incredulity of ignorance, as he peered into the narrow dark space where ashes so illustrious had rested unknown and unsuspected for close upon a century. "It seems almost incredible that any mistake could have been possible."

"Not incredible at all," said Miss Chesney. "There is nothing more credible when you hear the details; in fact, nothing more certain. Papa will tell you all about it, and give you any number of pamphlets on the subject to read. But the case lies in a nutshell. It was known that the body of Columbus was here, but there was nothing to indicate the exact place of burial, except a tradition that it was on the gospel side of the altar——"

"Excuse my interrupting you, but surely it was strange that there should have been no inscription of any kind to mark the grave of a man so famous?"

"If you did not interrupt me, Mr. Lorimer, I would anticipate your objections. It might be strange, if we did not take into consideration the terrible history of this island, particularly the ravages of the English buccaneers. The pirate Drake, when he sacked Santo Domingo,—one of his cannon-balls, by the bye, is still embedded in the roof of this cathedral,—not only destroyed all records, but desecrated everything holy on which he could lay his hands. It was not to be supposed that he would spare the graves of the dead: so the archbishop ordered that the tombs should as far as possible be concealed, which no doubt accounts for the fact that there was no inscription, sign, or symbol to guide the Spaniards when they made their search for the body of Columbus."

"It was rather hard on them to have been so deceived."

"It was nobody's fault, and I confess there seems to me a poetical justice in it. I think one may imagine the spirit of Columbus smiling, well pleased, when the bones of his son were borne with great pomp to Havana, while his own remained undisturbed where he had desired they should rest, in his beloved Hispañola. No, I am glad his tomb was hidden, I am glad it is still here. And the Dominicans are glad, too. It is said that the people went wild with joy when they learned that the ashes were still in their keeping. Come now and see his present resting-place."

She led the way over to the opposite side of the church, where in the noble chapel of the Adelantado Rodrigo de Bastides, who died military governor of Hispañola in 1527, and there lies interred with his wife and child, are the finely carved doors of the vault in which now rest the earthly remains of the heroic sailor who gave a new world to Castile and Leon and himself died a broken-hearted wanderer.

But the tomb of Columbus is only the first of the attractions of this, perhaps the most interesting as it is the most ancient cathedral of the New World. The pages of history are turned back four hundred years as one paces its spacious aisles and pauses at each historic chapel. One would not marvel to meet any figure here,—not Las Casas, the passionate friend and defender of the native races, his worn face full of fiery zeal and ardor under his monk's hood, not the lion-hearted soldier Ojeda, who sleeps in the ruins of the great Franciscan church near by, not Bartholomew Columbus, who gave the city that name which the whole island now bears, nor yet the mail-clad conquerors of Mexico or Peru, such soldiers of fortune as the world has never seen before or since. These and unnumbered others are the figures with which fancy fills the great spaces, while the eye is resting on richly carved and gilded altars, on paintings by Murillo and Velasquez, and on ancient tombs covered with heraldic carving.

"And now," said Miss Chesney at length, "we must not trespass longer on the patience of my excellent friend the sacristan, although I have no doubt he would courteously wait for us hours if necessary. What shall you give him? Oh, a peseta, if you like."

From the fervor of the sacristan's "*Muchas gracias, señor,*" and the lowness of his bow as he ushered them out of the door, which he immediately locked behind them, it is to be supposed that something

larger than the peseta recommended found its way into his palm, but, whatever it was, Lorimer felt as if his benediction might accompany it to one who even indirectly had aided in giving him the pleasure of the last hour. Leaving the tempered light of the cool church and stepping into the brilliant tropical sunshine and tropical heat outside proved, however, a salutary measure toward bringing his mind back from the contemplation of the past to the business of the present. With a murmured apology he glanced at his watch, and was astonished to find how much of the day was gone.

"I am afraid I have detained you too long," said Miss Chesney, catching his surprised exclamation. "You must excuse me."

"Excuse you! Why, I owe you a thousand thanks for a most delightful morning," he replied, with most evident sincerity. "I don't know when I have enjoyed anything so much. But I must now go and begin inquiring about my heiress."

"Where are you going to make your inquiries?"

"My first step will be to seek a man who, I am told, can give me the information I desire. I was assured at Monte-Cristi, where I stopped, the last news of Ancram having come from there, that, Ancram himself being dead, the best person to give me news of his daughter was a German merchant here in Santo Domingo, named Herresdorf."

"Did Ancram die at Monte-Cristi?"

"No: he died at Santiago, in the interior; but I did not think it necessary to go there, since I met a man who was with him when he died, and who promised to obtain all the certificates for me."

They were walking slowly across the Plaza as he said this, and when he finished, Miss Chesney suddenly stood still.

"Santiago!" she repeated. "Isn't that where Mr. Stanford said he had been?"

"Yes, I think he did say so. Why?"

"Because a thought has struck me. What is his business here, do you know?"

"I haven't the least idea. I had never spoken to the man before you introduced us."

"And, now I remember, nobody else knew—on the ship, I mean. Mr. Lorimer, I am sure that man has come out here to look for the Ancram heir also."

"Oh, that's impossible; he couldn't, you know. Who would send him? I'm the only agent the executors have sent."

"Mightn't the niece have sent him?"

"Why should she send him? It is most distinctly not to her interest to look up the heir."

"N-o—but—— However" (walking on briskly), "all this is mere speculation. Go and see your German merchant, and please remember that I shall be much interested in hearing the result of your inquiries. I think if I were in your place I would go to him at once."

"I am going at once. Don't be afraid" (with a laugh): "I have no intention of inflicting myself upon you any longer."

"I should not allow you to do so" (very coolly), "but you may come to dinner at six o'clock this evening, if you like, and be sure to bring me some news of the heiress. Now here is my way, and there is yours. *Hasta luego.*"

V.

It was about an hour after he had parted from Miss Chesney that Lorimer found himself before the house to which he had been directed as that of Mr. Herresdorf. It also was one of the old Spanish buildings, and when he passed through a lofty and massive door-way and turned to the right he found himself in what was apparently a counting-house, but which, owing to its thick walls and grated windows, was so dark to eyes fresh from outer sunshine that he could for a moment distinguish little beside the figures of two or three men seated at desks. One of them, a slender, good-looking young fellow, rose and came to meet him.

"*Buenos dias, señor,*" said Lorimer, hesitatingly. "Señor Herresdorf, *está en casa?*"

"You wish to see Señor Herresdorf?" asked the young man, in good English, though with a foreign accent.—"Father," he turned around as he spoke, "here is a gentleman asking for you."

There was a sound very like a grunt, but probably a German ejaculation, from a remote part of the room, and the next moment an elderly man of rotund figure, wearing spectacles, and of unmistakably Teutonic appearance, came forward.

"Good-day, sir," he said, also in excellent English. "You wish to see me?"

"Yes," Lorimer answered. "I am the bearer of a letter for you from Mr. Neidermeyer of Monte-Cristi." And he offered the letter as he spoke.

Mr. Herresdorf ejaculated, "So!" received, opened, read it, and glanced curiously at the bearer. Then, saying, with more politeness, "Come this way, if you please," he led him back to the end of the room whence he had emerged, gave him a chair beside the desk from which he had arisen, and seated himself directly before him.

"I learn from this letter," he then said, "that you desire information concerning the daughter of Carlos Ancram."

"That is why I am here," Lorimer replied. "I came to the island to look for Charles Ancram himself, and, stopping in Monte-Cristi, where he was last heard of, I learned that he had died in Santiago several years ago,"—Mr. Herresdorf nodded,—"that his widow had married again,"—Mr. Herresdorf again nodded,—"and that she had, with her second husband, gone to Santo Domingo City, taking the daughter of Ancram with her."

"Who is not *her* daughter, you understand," said Mr. Herresdorf.

"Who is not her daughter, I have understood," replied Lorimer, "but only a step-daughter whom she has retained in her charge."

Mr. Herresdorf nodded yet again. "A kind act on her part," he observed, "for the girl has not a penny of her own."

"Good actions are sometimes rewarded very unexpectedly," said Lorimer. "The girl, if she is indeed the child of Charles Ancram,—which fact, I presume, is susceptible of proof,—will soon possess more pennies of her own than she will know what to do with."

"So!" The spectacled eyes beamed upon him with a strong accession of interest. "She has inherited something?"

"A fortune of several million dollars."

"Gott im Himmel!" exclaimed the German, relapsing in his astonishment into his native tongue. "You are sure of this?"

"If she is the daughter of Charles Ancram, I am perfectly sure of it."

"Oh, she is his daughter," said the other. "There is no doubt of that. But I never heard of any expectations: the father, poor Carlos, died in miserable poverty. How does this come about?"

Lorimer told him briefly,—a recital to which he lent a most attentive ear,—and then begged for information concerning the whereabouts of the girl.

"Yes, yes, I shall give you full information," replied Mr. Herresdorf. He paused, however, and seemed to ponder deeply, until, as Lorimer, growing impatient, was about to speak again, he lifted his head and fixed him with his bright, keen glance. "But first," he said, "kindly give *me* a little information. Have you any connection with the gentleman who has already been here this morning on the same errand?"

Great as was Lorimer's astonishment at this question, it was not so much astonishment for the fact communicated as for the apparently striking verification of Katherine Chesney's intuition. For who could this inquirer have been save the man she suspected?

"Has any one been here on the same errand?" he asked. "You surprise me greatly. It was no one of whom I have any knowledge. What kind of person was the—gentleman?"

Mr. Herresdorf turned over some papers, picked up a card which lay on his desk, and handed it to Lorimer. "Robert Stanford" was written on it.

"She was right," Lorimer thought. "But what possible object can the man have?" "I know the person bearing this name," he said to Mr. Herresdorf, "only because we were fellow-passengers on the ship which arrived here this morning. My acquaintance with him is of the slightest, and I had not the least suspicion of his business. Nor, indeed, for that matter, have I now. I represent the legal adviser of the Ancram estate, and am here for the purpose of discovering and communicating with the heir or heirs of David Ancram, deceased. Whom this person represents, or why he should be interested in the matter, I do not know. Did he inform you?"

Mr. Herresdorf shook his head. "He did not speak to me of representing any one," he said, "nor did he mention any inheritance. He simply asked where he could find the daughter of Charles Ancram, and I told him."

"You did tell him?"

"Yes. Why should I not?"

Unable to say why he should not, Lorimer gazed at him in silence for a moment, conscious of a deep sense of vexation, difficult to express in words. Mr. Herresdorf, after waiting an instant for his reply, proceeded:

"I knew no reason for refusing to do so, although the request surprised me very much. For, you will understand, the girl has been a very insignificant person up to this time. Pretty, yes,—people who think of such things regard her as pretty,—but a penniless orphan, supported by the charity of her step-mother. That is not one for whom strangers are likely to come making inquiries. So I was surprised; but I thought, 'Ach, no doubt he has seen her and liked her pretty face, and if he means well, why should I not help the girl to a chance to settle in life?'"

"But did not the thought occur to you that this man, a stranger to you, might *not* mean well?" interrupted Lorimer, rather sternly.

The German shrugged his shoulders. "She has those whose duty it is to take care of her," he replied. "It is not my duty. That was what I thought."

"But you perceive now that you have probably opened the way for a designing adventurer, who has learned of her inheritance, to reach her and impose on her ignorance alike of life and of her own good fortune," said Lorimer. "I think, sir, that as the friend of her father —I presume you were his friend—you might at least have paused before you gave the address of a young girl to a man of whom you knew nothing."

"And so I would," returned the other, coolly, "had I guessed the truth. But how could I guess? It occurred to me that it would be a very good thing if Felisa were taken away from Santo Domingo, where she has no family, and where she might perhaps do much mischief; and so I made a mistake. But it is, happily, not a mistake of great importance. It has not been two hours since this Mr. Stanford was here, and—— Otto!" He turned suddenly around in his chair and called the name sharply. One of the young men at the other end of the room, but not the one who had met Lorimer, rose and approached. "Go," said Mr. Herresdorf, speaking rapidly in Spanish, "to the house of Doña Maria Estragués and discover if her sister-in-law Doña Lucia and Felisa Ancram have left there. Also, in case they have left, ascertain if any one called to see them before their departure."

"Sí, señor," the young man replied, seized his hat with alacrity, and left the room.

"And now, Mr. Lorimer," said the merchant, turning back, "would you object to giving me a few details about this inheritance while we wait Otto's return?"

Lorimer, aware that there was no reason whatever for concealment, gave him all the details he desired, and added that he was empowered to make any financial arrangements which should be necessary for the immediate passage to the States of the heir or heirs of Charles Ancram.

"And this reminds me to ask," he added, "were there no children of the second marriage?"

"Two," Mr. Herresdorf answered, "but they are both dead. Felisa, the only surviving child, is the heir, unless indeed the wife——"

Lorimer shook his head. "A dead man cannot inherit," he said. "Had Charles Ancram survived his uncle even a day, his widow would be entitled to a share of the estate. But he has been dead, it appears, for five years."

"For at least five years."

"And David Ancram died only last year, bequeathing his property to the descendants of his brother Charles, of whom it appears there is but one, this girl—how do you call her?"

"Felisa."

"Who therefore inherits the whole estate."

"And its value is—— ?"

"Not less than four or five millions."

"Gott im Himmel!" said the German again, and then relapsed into silence and apparently profound thought.

Lorimer did not care to break either the silence or the meditation, and so they remained for several minutes longer, until the young man called Otto re-entered, as hastily as he had left, and addressed his employer:

"They are gone, señor. Doña Maria says that they have been gone at least an hour. And a stranger—the gentleman who was here this morning—called just before their departure, and has accompanied them to Rosario."

"What!" Mr. Herresdorf almost bounded from his chair. "He has accompanied them! God! what fools women are! Run, Otto, to the river. Perhaps the boat has not yet gone. If not, tell Gomez to wait until he hears from me: bid him on no account to leave."

"What is it?—what has occurred?" asked Lorimer, who had not understood a word, when, with another "Sí, señor," the young man again vanished.

The German told him what had been said, adding, "You cannot regret more than I do that I should have given this man the information he asked, for I believe now that he has some sinister object in view. But who could have imagined that Doña Lucia would be such a fool as to suffer him to accompany her to Rosario!"

"Remember that Doña Lucia is presumably ignorant regarding the millions," said Lorimer, with a sarcasm which he did not attempt to restrain. "What is Rosario?"

"It is the estate of which Estragués—the man who married Ancram's widow—is manager. It belongs to a rich Cuban."

"And where is it?"

"On the Ozama River, half a day's journey above here."

"By steamboat?"

"There are no steamboats on the Ozama. By the boats which come down loaded with sugar and are towed back by a steam-tug."

"And it is in this manner that these people have gone at present?"

"Yes, if they have gone at all. I hope that they may not yet

have started. There is generally much delay in the departure of these boats,—in fact, in everything in this country, as you have no doubt already observed. But it will serve us well at present, this habit of delay——"

"I would be willing to wager a good deal," said Lorimer, "that on this occasion the boat departed promptly on time."

He proved to be right. A few minutes later the breathless messenger again returned.

"The Rosario boats left as soon as the ladies went down, señor," was his report. "They have been gone an hour."

VI.

"I suppose," said Lorimer, when he met Miss Chesney in the evening, "that you share the common trait of human nature in liking to be proved right in your judgment and conclusions?"

"Can you doubt it?" she replied. "Does not every one like to be proved right? But, according to papa, I like it particularly well."

"Then I am glad to have some pleasant intelligence to communicate to you. You were right in divining the business which brought that fellow Stanford to Santo Domingo."

"Ah! He has come after the heiress, then?"

"He has not only come after her, but he has so far the advantage of me that he has found her."

"Found her! Where?—how?"

"Where? Here in Santo Domingo. How? By the use of that peculiar diligence which is commended to us in the maxim that 'it is the early bird which catches the worm.' Mr. Stanford was the early bird in this case, and he successfully caught his worm—that is, the heiress—while I was studying the antiquities of the cathedral this morning under your able guidance."

"Oh, Mr. Lorimer, I am so sorry! It was my fault that you went there."

"Not at all. You must not think so for a moment. No doubt" (mendaciously) "I should have gone whether you had kindly proposed accompanying me or not. You see, I had not the faintest idea that there was any occasion for haste. How could I possibly imagine that the girl was here in Santo Domingo this morning, or that she would leave before I could obtain her address?"

"Has she gone? But in that case Mr. Stanford——"

"He has gone with her."

Miss Chesney collapsed in her chair. "Good heavens!" she murmured. "Tell me all about it."

By the time he finished his story, she was again sitting upright with bent brows, giving her whole mind to consideration of the situation. "What are you going to do?" was her first question.

"By Mr. Herresdorf's advice, I am going to follow her to this place called Rosario,—a sugar estate up the river. I was at first in-

clined simply to send a messenger with a letter; but he urged me so strongly to go in person that I have yielded to his advice. He blames himself severely for having given Stanford the information he sought, —in fact, he seems terribly concerned about it,—and is very anxious that the truth shall be made known to the girl and her guardians as soon as possible."

"Do you suppose Stanford has not made it known to them?"

"We are in absolute ignorance of how much Stanford knows, or what his intention may be in seeking the girl. We can only suppose he is an adventurer who, having learned of her inheritance, has found some plausible pretext for making her acquaintance, his object being to marry her."

"There is nothing more likely. It would certainly be the object of an adventurer; and in that case he would not tell her of the fortune until he had accomplished his end."

"That is what Mr. Herresdorf thinks. You should see the distress of this worthy German. Not for the girl, you understand,—the girl, he admits, he considered of no consequence whatever, and without hesitation gave her address to this stranger,—but for the millions! 'Five millions!' he repeats, as if the mere words fascinate him. 'And I gave that scoundrel a chance to secure them! Oh, my good sir,'— this pathetically to me,—'why did you not come to me without delay!'"

"Mercenary old wretch!" said Miss Chesney. "I have no sympathy for his distress. But he is right in so far that the delay was unfortunate, since it enabled the man to steal a march on you in this manner. How do you suppose that he learned anything about the heiress or her fortune?"

"I can throw no light on that. It seems pretty evident, however, that he has learned the facts of the case, for the journey to Santiago certainly implies, as you suggested, that his business on the island, like my own, was to find the heirs of David Ancram. But whether he represents any one, or is merely an adventurer anxious to obtain some hold upon the girl before she knows of her good fortune, it is impossible to say. I incline to the last opinion."

"But he could hardly have come out from New York with that idea in his mind, since the journey to Santiago also implies that, like yourself, he was looking primarily for Charles Ancram. There he found the record of his death and learned of the existence of the daughter. Then it is possible that other views and intentions may have developed themselves."

"All that is probable; but then what prompted him to come in the first place?—by whom could he have been sent?"

"You were not born for a detective, Mr. Lorimer. In order to answer that question, isn't it necessary to ask another? Who, besides David Ancram's executors, has any interest in finding his heirs?"

"Nobody that I am aware of. As I remarked when we were talking of the matter before, the niece, who inherits in default of them, has considerable interest in their *not* being found. She would never send in search of them, depend upon it."

Miss Chesney laughed. "And have you never heard or read of people who sent in search of others whom they did not wish to be found—in order to put them out of the way?"

"Good heavens!" said Lorimer, hastily, "I must have given you a very bad idea of this poor woman if you think her capable of planning murder——"

"Oh, the stupidity of men!—that is, some men," cried Miss Chesney, impatiently. "Did I say anything of murder? Is there no other mode of putting people out of the way? Can't you bribe them?"

"Easily enough in most cases. But what bribe could outweigh a fortune of millions?"

"Mr. Lorimer, I really think that your uncle displayed very little knowledge of your character—of the guileless inability to entertain suspicion which apparently distinguishes it—when he sent you on this errand. Naturally no bribe could outweigh a fortune of millions, if the people to be bribed were to know anything about the millions. But let us suppose a case. A person inherits a comparatively small portion of a large fortune, and will inherit the great remainder if certain missing heirs cannot be found. It is therefore to her interest, as you have observed, that those heirs should not be found. What does she do, therefore, granting that she is an unscrupulous person?—and unscrupulous persons unfortunately abound in this world. Why, she sends a secret messenger to the place where the heirs were heard of last, with directions to find out if they are alive or dead, and if alive to contrive means to remove them to some remote spot where the inquiry for them would never come to their knowledge. That," said Miss Chesney, calmly, "is what I should do if I were dishonest and in the position of this woman of whom we speak."

"It is a plausible theory," Lorimer agreed; "but really I have no reason to believe the woman dishonest in any degree, much less so desperately unscrupulous as such a plot would demand that she should be."

"Have you any reason to believe her honest?"

"Well, no. But the maxim of the law is that a person must be supposed innocent until proved guilty, you know."

"The law," responded Miss Chesney, scornfully, "does not act very consistently, then, in arresting people and subjecting them to imprisonment and disgrace before they are tried and found guilty at all. But if you believe the woman innocent of any plot, how do you account for the presence here of this man?"

"I don't pretend to account for it. But I haven't the least reason to connect her with his presence, you know."

"You hadn't the least reason to connect his presence in the island with the Ancram heirs when we talked of the matter before, you remember. But there is nothing to be gained by discussing something which we don't know and can't prove. The point is, what are you going to do?"

"As I have mentioned, Mr. Herresdorf is strongly of opinion that I should go in person to Rosario to communicate my important intelligence. And I suppose he is right."

"Of course he is right. Since you let the girl slip through your fingers here, you are bound to follow her and defeat the object of that man who has gone with her, whatever it may be. I cannot imagine why you are not on fire to go, when you consider that he is no doubt at this moment playing the part which fate clearly intended for you."

"And that part is——?"

"To win the heiress and her millions, beyond doubt."

She spoke with the most positive decision, but was angrily conscious the next moment of flushing under a look which, without need of words, recalled many things to her recollection that she had no desire to recall, and under the influence of which her readiness of speech for once failed her. To her great vexation, she was unable to think of anything to say until Lorimer spoke—very deliberately:

"It is kind of you to place me in the same category with Mr. Stanford. But what have I ever done to lead you to credit me with so much—shall we say, worldly prudence? That is the euphemism generally used for mercenary scheming, I believe."

"Mercenary scheming! I should call it very romantic to find a beautiful girl, endowed with millions, and marry her."

"Then your sympathies ought to be strongly enlisted in behalf of Mr. Stanford, whom we suspect to be acting (according to that view) in the most romantic manner possible."

"And I don't promise that they will not be," she cried, with still more heightened color, "if you continue to put so little spirit into your part. Mr. Stanford may be an adventurer, a fortune-hunter, but he is at least a man who knows how to seize opportunities with energy, and to take with a strong hand what he wants."

"Oh!" said Lorimer, still looking at her with provoking intentness; "that, then, is your idea of what a man should be? I know some women are fascinated by the knock-down-and-bear-off mode of wooing; but I hardly imagined that you would be one of them. I am always glad of a new light on character, however. Thanks for this on yours."

"And thanks for so kindly comprehending me," she replied, her eyes flashing with anger. "As if to commend energy and the resolution and daring which generally accomplish their end was the same thing as to approve what you call 'the knock-down-and-bear-off mode of wooing'! I am sorry you are so obtuse, Mr. Lorimer,—if indeed you really are."

"I don't think I am remarkably obtuse," said Lorimer, with a dispassionate air. "I believe I grasp your meaning. You are commending energy, daring, and resolution (whether unscrupulous or not) as qualities specially adapted to win the feminine heart."

"Naturally" (curtly), "a woman is more likely to believe in a devotion which expresses itself in that manner."

"See, now, how one can be mistaken. I should have fancied that some women—not all, by any means—would appreciate more highly the qualities of modesty, deference, and a chivalrous desire not to exercise compelling force of any kind upon what should be a gift free as heaven's light, or which else is of no value at all."

Again Katherine Chesney flushed, and her vexation was not lessened by feeling that she had been betrayed into discussing a subject which was the last she desired to touch upon with this man, and that in the discussion she had through impatience expressed an opinion which was by no means hers, but which she now disdained to modify or retract. It was a distinct relief that her father at this moment created a diversion by entering the room.

"Papa," she cried, quickly, "what do you think? Mr. Lorimer has lost his heiress and must go in chase of her."

"Chasing an heiress," said Mr. Chesney, smiling as he shook hands with Lorimer, "is not at all an uncommon amusement—or should one say occupation?—but this chase will have some elements of novelty. How have you managed to lose her? I thought she was yet to be found."

"In a certain sense she was lost before she was found. And in fact she is not yet found—by me," replied Lorimer, somewhat ruefully. And then he explained.

Mr. Chesney listened with much interest,—an interest decidedly quickened when he learned that his late fellow-passenger was the mysterious and perhaps sinister element in the loss,—and fully agreed with Mr. Herresdorf that it was Lorimer's manifest duty to follow the girl, in order to communicate the news of her great fortune without delay, and frustrate the designs of a man who, there was every reason to fear, was a scheming adventurer.

This was fully discussed at the dinner to which they then sat down, and presently Mr. Chesney asked by what means he intended to go to the estate called Rosario.

"There is but one means, apparently, of going," Lorimer replied, "and that is by the river. I spoke of hiring a boat to take me up. But Mr. Herresdorf would not allow me to do so. He says that the boats of the estate are now coming down constantly with sugar,—towed by a steam-tug which takes them up and down,—and that the best and quickest way for me to go is with them. He is certain that one or two will be down to-morrow, and that I can return with them the next day. I have been considering whether you and Miss Chesney might not perhaps like to make the trip. I know that you are anxious to see something of the interior of the country."

"Why, yes," said Mr. Chesney, looking a little surprised, "we are certainly anxious to see something of the interior of the country, and going by water would obviate the objection of the bad roads. But—ah—you see, Lorimer, you are not exactly in a position to invite us to accompany you. You are going by private conveyance to a private house."

"I have ventured to speak of the matter to Mr. Herresdorf, who, as the agent directly representing the owner, may be considered the master of the house," replied Lorimer, "and he says that there is not the least objection to your going. In fact, he will be delighted if you will do so, and, instead of merely giving us a letter to the manager of the estate, he will send his son to introduce us and see that we are made comfortable. I really think," glancing now at Miss Chesney,

"that you might enjoy it, since you are fond of new scenes and experiences."

"I am sure of it," said the young lady, with the most promptly cordial assent.—"Papa, it is a chance we could not have hoped for. We are deeply indebted to Mr. Lorimer for thinking of it, and I am in favor of accepting his offer at once."

"If this Mr. Herresdorf represents the owner, his permission should be all that is necessary," said Mr. Chesney, hesitating a little, but evidently much tempted.

"That is his position," said Lorimer. "The manager is directly responsible to him, and very likely appointed by him. I can see that he has control of everything, and I am sure his invitation is sufficient. The only question is, would you like to go?"

"The answer to that is very easily given," said Mr. Chesney. "We should certainly like very much to go, if proper arrangements can be made."

"Will a formal invitation from Mr. Herresdorf come under the head of 'proper arrangements'?" asked Lorimer. "I took the liberty of settling with him that it is to be offered by his son, who will meet me here to-night. I hope"—he spoke to Miss Chesney—"that you will not think I presumed in making such an appointment without first obtaining your permission?"

"On the contrary," she said, "I think you have been planning for us in the kindest possible manner, and we have reason to be very grateful to you for thinking of the matter. It is just what I have been wishing for,—an opportunity to go into the interior of the country. And to go now, with the additional interest of the romantic circumstances surrounding your quest, I think it will be delightful."

"I perceive," said Mr. Chesney, "that the decision is taken out of my hands."

"And don't you like decisions, and all the other troubles of life, to be taken out of your hands?" laughed his daughter, as they rose from table. "Confess that you would not miss this for anything."

"I will first hear what young Mr. Herresdorf has to say," was the guarded reply.

VII.

The last words had hardly been spoken when Antonio appeared in the door-way opening upon the gallery-encircled court and announced that a señor was below inquiring for Señor Lorimer.

"That," said Lorimer, "is of course the young man of whom we have just been speaking. Have I your permission to bring him up?"

"Antonio will do so," replied Miss Chesney; and, addressing Antonio, she added a few words in Spanish, on which the youth, with a prompt "Sí, señorita," disappeared, returning in a few minutes followed by the person for whom he had been sent, and whom he ushered into the apartment.

A gentleman, there was no doubt of that. Katherine Chesney, whose intuitions on this point were unfailing and of lightning-like quickness, decided as much as soon as her glance fell on the graceful young figure which advanced into the room. "What a charming boy!" was her thought,—a thought which would certainly not have taken form in her mind had not her fastidious taste been as much pleased by his air and manner as her eye by his handsome face. For there was in his appearance no sign of the Teutonic father. From the Spanish blood of his mother had come to him the slender grace of his form, with its delicate extremities and lines so finely moulded that awkwardness of movement became impossible, and the picturesque beauty of his Southern face, olive-skinned, delicate-featured, dark-eyed. It was a face singularly attractive in the open frankness of its expression, with a smile which gained a flashing quality from the kindling light it awakened in the eyes, and the regular whiteness of the teeth it displayed.

This smile appeared as he caught sight of Lorimer, who came forward to meet him and at once presented him to Mr. and Miss Chesney. In a few minutes they were discussing the expedition which Lorimer was anxious for his friends to join.

"And why not?" asked young Herresdorf, who spoke English with only such slight foreign accent as added to its charm, inasmuch as it was derived from the noblest and most musical of all languages, the Spanish. "If you would like to see something of the interior of the island, why not accompany us?"

"We should like very much to do so," said Miss Chesney, frankly; "but we feel a hesitation in going uninvited to a private house——"

"My father, who represents the owner, has sent me to invite you," said the young man. "And even if it were otherwise, no one in Santo Domingo would think it strange that you should go. We have not very much to offer, perhaps, but hospitality is the law of our island. When you have left the towns you find no—how do you call them?—houses of public entertainment at all. You must either repose yourself under the trees or in a private house. It is expected."

"That indicates a very fine spirit of hospitality in the people," said Miss Chesney, smiling. "And we are exceedingly obliged to your father for his kind invitation. But we should be a large party, and to go in this manner, altogether unexpected, would probably be to give a great deal of trouble and inconvenience to the people of the house where we are bound. You see, I have been so long a housekeeper myself that I know what it is to have unlooked-for guests on one's hands."

"Ah," said the young man, with one of his flashing smiles, "the cases are different. You would expect to do much for your guests of which Doña Lucia—that is, the wife of the manager of the estate—would never think. She will simply give you what she has, and of what she has not she will not trouble herself. If there are not beds enough for us all, Mr. Lorimer and I will take some hammocks, hang them up, and sleep in them very well indeed. So pray do not hesitate, but come."

"In that case," said Katherine, looking at her father, "I really think we may permit ourselves the pleasure of going—eh, papa?"

"I suppose we may," answered Mr. Chesney, "since you are so anxious, and Mr.—ah—Herresdorf is so kind. When do you expect to go?" asked he, addressing the latter.

"We hope to go day after to-morrow," was the reply. "The Rosario boats will be down to-morrow with sugar for the Clyde ship which is loading here at present; and we will return in them the day after."

Miss Chesney glanced at Lorimer. "That means," she said, "that the man who has gone in advance of you will have three days in which to pursue his plans, whatever they may be, before you can reach him."

"Very true," Lorimer answered, "but there is no remedy that I perceive. And after all, you know, I have really no concern with the movements of Mr. Stanford. He may have no such plans as we credit him with; or, if he has, it is no affair of mine to frustrate them. My business here is simply to find the heir of David Ancram and communicate to her the news of her good fortune."

Miss Chesney regarded him with undisguised scorn. "You have no energy, no spirit of adventure, no—no romantic ambition," she said. "You might as well be a mere lawyer's clerk."

"Which is really what I am for the time being," he replied, calmly.

"And the beautiful heiress?"

He looked at her steadily. "The beautiful heiress, after I have conveyed the news of her inheritance to her, is a person with whom I am not at all concerned."

"You are hopeless! you are incorrigible!" She turned her back upon him, to give further point to her words, and addressed the young Dominican, who had meanwhile been talking with her father.

"Mr. Herresdorf."

"Señorita?" he responded, turning toward her.

"I wish you would tell me something about this young girl who has suddenly become the possessor of such a large fortune. What is her name?"

"Felisa, señorita."

"Felisa! How pretty, and how singularly appropriate to her present circumstances! Of course one might moralize about the dangers and temptations of wealth; but I prefer to think of the intoxicating delight of finding one's self suddenly possessed of five millions while still young, beautiful—she *is* beautiful, is she not?"

It was a simple question, but the young man's face flushed in answering it.

"She is the most beautiful woman I have ever seen, señorita," he replied.

"I fancied she must be beautiful," said Miss Chesney, with the air of one whose wisdom is justified. "And is she very young?"

"Only seventeen."

"Happy girl! What vistas of pleasure are opening before her!—No, papa, don't shake your head. I can't possibly moralize over her.

I can only think of being seventeen, and beautiful, and having five millions. Fancy what her life would have been on this island had she remained poor and obscure, and what it will be now!"

"She would probably have been a happier and a better woman had she never inherited such a fortune," said Mr. Chesney, dogmatically.

"How can you know that? And why should wealth necessarily be a demoralizer? I don't myself believe that it is. It must be a very poor character that is injured by the possession of means for happiness and culture and doing good. Think of the horrible helplessness and narrowness of poverty,—how it cripples the faculties, embitters the nature, and rends the heart! Could any effects of wealth be worse than these? And if one has ambition, as every one should have,"—here she glanced again at Lorimer,—"wealth can make its gratification possible. And so I feel that the beautiful and happily named Felisa is to be most heartily congratulated, and I refuse to think of her as an object of compassion at all."

"She will certainly be an object of compassion if she becomes the prey of a fortune-hunter, and it is more than probable that she will," said Mr. Chesney.

"I fail to see why even that is necessary," his daughter began, when Lorimer interposed.

"Mr. Chesney is quite right," he said. "I may be old-fashioned, altogether out of date, but I have so great a contempt for the man who plays the part of fortune-hunter—that is, who seeks and marries a woman for her money—that I hardly think a worse fate could befall her than to become the prey of such a schemer."

"You are out of date," said Miss Chesney. "You belong in a pastoral. We have outgrown those ideas; for how would rich women marry at all if it was necessary for them to be convinced, as a preliminary, of the disinterestedness of their suitors?"

"Character is the only test," said Lorimer, rising. "There are men whom it is impossible to suspect of such motives; and a woman must be wilfully self-deceived who does not know when she is really loved, and when merely sought, no matter with what degree of simulated ardor."

"We are great fools sometimes, you know," said Miss Chesney, candidly.

"Not such fools as to be unable to tell that, if you choose to do so," he answered. Then, taking her hand, he said good-night. "Mr. Herresdorf and I will talk over the details of our expedition," he added, "and I will let you know to-morrow if any change in the programme is decided upon."

When they had passed out of the great dark portal of the house, Lorimer offered his companion a cigar. "Let us sit down in the Plaza, if you have nothing better to do," he said. "The night is too beautiful to put a roof over one's head any sooner than must be."

The young Dominican assenting, they walked over to the Plaza and sat down on one of the stone benches. There was no music this evening, and therefore there were no promenaders nor any loiterers besides themselves. The statue of Columbus had all the silent square

and the ineffable beauty of the tropic night to itself. The moon riding high in the violet heaven was lightly obscured now and then by white scudding clouds, which threw their delicate shadows over the heroic figure of the great discoverer and the fortress-like mass of the ancient cathedral. There was a moment's silence after the two men sat down. Lorimer was gazing at his surroundings with a sense of deep satisfaction in their picturesque antiquity, when his companion spoke.

"It is quite true," he observed, abruptly, "what the young lady —how do you call her?"

"Miss Chesney."

"Yes, Miss Chesney, said. It is a wonderful good fortune which has come to Felisa, who has now all the world before her, to do what she will, to go where she will, and to have all she wants. And Felisa wants much,—very much."

"You know her well, then?" asked Lorimer, interested.

"So well, señor, that I do not think any one could know her better. I have known her ever since she came here, a mere child. And I have been thinking it is also true what you were saying about the fortune-hunter, how no one is more contemptible than a man who seeks a woman for her wealth, and no one is more to be pitied than the woman who becomes his prey. But, señor, tell me,"—and the handsome young face gazed at him very earnestly,—"do you think that a man who had always loved a woman, who loved her long before she became rich, would be a fortune-hunter if he sought her after she had inherited a fortune?"

"No, certainly not," replied Lorimer, with decision. "He only is a fortune-hunter who seeks a woman for her fortune and not for herself. But in your case—I mean the case you have put—there could be no question of such a thing, since he loved her before she had become rich. To avoid all danger of doubt on her part, it is to be hoped that he told her so."

"Many times, señor. For I do not wish to make any mystery with you, and, as no doubt you guess, I am speaking of myself. I have always loved Felisa, and she has always known it. But my father was desperately opposed to our marriage and positively refused his consent,—for which he is very sorry now."

"No doubt," said Lorimer, dryly.

"And, since I am dependent on him, there seemed no alternative for us but to wait. Only last night—does it not seem strange?—only last night I implored him to give even a partial consent, so that I might have at least the right of seeing Felisa openly, for, by his request, her step-mother had forbidden her to see me; but he would not yield. He forbade me ever to speak to her again. In that I had no intention of obeying him, for I was resolved to marry Felisa whenever I was able, but there seemed no hope for us at the present time. I felt bound to tell her so, when we met by agreement to say farewell before she left this morning. And then she was angry,—very angry."

"With your father?"

"Yes, and also with me. Her position is not a happy one in her

step-mother's family, for, although Doña Lucia is kind to her, she is sheltered, clothed, and fed by the charity of those to whom she does not belong, and her pride feels it keenly. She had looked to me to release her from this position, and when I told her that it was impossible for me to do so until I could render myself independent of my father—which I promised, however, to spare no effort to do—she was indignant and said some very bitter things."

"Very unreasonable ones, too, I am sure," said Lorimer. "My dear Mr. Herresdorf——"

"Ah, if you please, call me Ramon," interposed the young man. "I cannot feel that you are talking to me when you address me as Mr. Herresdorf. No one ever calls me so."

"Ramon, then, with pleasure. Do you know that you interest me extremely, and I am delighted to have come as the *deus ex machinâ* to clear the way of your romance? I only wish I had arrived yesterday."

"So do I, with all my heart," said Ramon, with a sigh. "For Felisa went away angry,—so angry that she would not listen to me, nor even look at me."

"Why didn't you force her to do so? Sometimes it is necessary to assert yourself with a woman before she will respect you."

"The place forbade it, señor. We met at the cathedral door yonder, —for she made an excuse of desiring to hear mass before leaving the city,—and when I tried to make her listen to me she broke away from me and went into the church. I could not follow her there. It would have been to make a scandal."

"By Jove!" ejaculated Lorimer. He took his cigar from his lips and stared at his companion. "So it was you!" he said.

"It was I, yes," the other answered, uncomprehending. "Who else could it have been?"

"And the girl who was in such a passion—— Oh, I see it all now!" Lorimer cried. "Why couldn't I see it at the time? Why on earth didn't some instinct tell me that the person I had come to Santo Domingo to seek was within three feet of me? But catch an instinct behaving in a sensible, serviceable manner like that! Oh, confound it all!"

"I—don't understand," said his companion, staring in turn. "Were you in the church?—did you see Felisa?"

"I saw her, and I also saw—hold out your hand for a moment. Thanks, yes—that is the same hand which tried to detain her. Well, all that I can say is that your inamorata has a fearful temper."

"She has a temper," confessed the lover, "and perhaps what you would call a violent one——"

"I do call it so, most emphatically. I don't think I ever saw any one in such a rage as she was this morning."

"She was very angry," Ramon admitted. "That is what I told you. And when Felisa is angry she is—how do you say?—desperate. She will stop at nothing. It is that which makes me uneasy."

"But what do you fear? What can she do? You are not afraid of her drowning herself?"

"No, I am not at all afraid of her drowning herself; but I am

afraid she will have nothing more to do with me. Her last words were, 'I will never speak to you again. I will help myself, or I will find some one else to help me, since you do not love me sufficiently to do so.'"

"Most abominably unreasonable and selfish," said Lorimer, "but probably of no more weight than this." And he blew out a light cloud of cigar-smoke.

"Perhaps not, if this money had not come," said the young man, as he watched the light curling rings dissipate in the air. "But now, how can I go to her, now that she is rich, with the memory of those words between us?"

"My dear boy," said Lorimer, kindly, "the whole matter in my opinion resolves itself into the question, does this young lady love you, or did she only desire to make a convenience of you, to escape from the disagreeable conditions of her life? If the first, her fortune will only smooth the path of her love; if the second, you should congratulate yourself upon escaping her, if she had twice five millions."

"I believe that she loves me," said the other, simply. "I cannot doubt it. But I fear that she doubts my love, that she thinks I was not ready enough to brave my father on her account. And then her pride was all in arms—I have told you she is very proud—at being rejected and despised. Now it will be her turn; now she can reject and despise both my father and myself; and, señor, I fear, I greatly fear that she will do it."

"Then I repeat that you will be well rid of her," said Lorimer, who was dimly conscious that he was not playing the part of confidant with very delicate sympathy. "A woman who is possessed of a perfect devil of a temper and pride to match would be a terrible companion for life, no matter if she were beautiful as Venus and rich as Crœsus."

"It is perhaps too much to say that she is 'possessed of a devil of temper and pride,' señor."

"Not a bit," said Lorimer, positively. "I shall never forget her face this morning, nor the look she gave me,—never. You are a brave man to think of undertaking such a termagant, no matter what her charm. But if she loves you, the five millions will not change her; and if they do change her, she has never loved you. That is how the matter stands."

"Yes," agreed the other, dejectedly, "that is how it stands."

VIII.

"Do you remember," said Lorimer to Miss Chesney the next day, "the bit of drama which interested us so much in the cathedral yesterday,—the girl and the hand, you know?"

"Of course I remember," she replied. "How could I forget anything so interesting? You don't mean to say that you have any further light upon it?"

"I mean to say that I have the fullest possible light. The girl was the heiress of whom I am in search, the happily named Felisa——"

"Mr. Lorimer!"

"And the hand was that of our young friend Ramon Herresdorf."

"You amaze me. Are you sure of this?"

"Perfectly sure. The party of the second part opened his heart to me last night, and, quite unsolicited, told me all about it."

"And what was the meaning of the scene?"

"Just what we imagined. A clandestine meeting of lovers between whom intercourse had been forbidden, a stern and mercenary father in the background absolutely refusing consent to their marriage, a headstrong unreasonable girl desiring her lover to accomplish impossibilities and leaving him in a furious passion, with the assurance that she would have nothing more to do with him, because he represented to her that living on air was, even in Santo Domingo, a slight impossibility. *Voilà tout!*"

"And that was Felisa!" said Miss Chesney. "How strange that you should have met her and been so close to her—the very person of whom you were in search!"

"It is certainly most unfortunate that she was not ticketed in some way. I begin to think that a law requiring every person to wear a badge with his or her name upon it would be a good thing. I'll present the idea to some aspiring legislator when I go home."

"What a rage she was in!" pursued Katherine, paying no heed to this frivolous remark. "I never saw any one more angry, nor a face more indicative of undisciplined passion. I am afraid she is not very happily named, after all. Not even five millions can insure happiness to one possessing such a temper. But she is wonderfully beautiful."

"So is a tigress, but one would not care for her as a companion. I suggested as much to young Herresdorf."

"And he——?"

"Is in love. That says everything, doesn't it? And, being in love, he is much disturbed over the five millions complication."

"Then he is a remarkably unworldly young man,—almost too unworldly to be believed in."

"What a deplorable cynic you are! But you do him injustice. He does not profess such extreme unworldliness. On the contrary, I suppose he would be as pleased as is natural to humanity over the prospect of so much money, if in coming just at this time it did not render his position a little awkward."

"I cannot imagine why, since he was in love with the girl, and she knew it, before the money was dreamed of by either."

"Ah, but remember the scene of yesterday. I am afraid you do not understand its full significance. That passion which we beheld, that volcanic rage, was provoked by his refusal to disregard all considerations of prudence and by an immediate marriage to release the fiery young lady from a painful position of dependence. Also her pride was intensely wounded by his father's absolute refusal to sanction an engagement between them. The end of the matter was that, closing her ears to his reasonable arguments, she left him in the manner we

saw, declaring that he did not love her and that she would find some one else to help her. Can you not fancy that, after this, he feels the fortune to be something of an obstacle between them? Fate, you see, has given her the opportunity to say, 'Yesterday you would not help me: to-day I do not need your help. Yesterday your father did not think me good enough to be your wife: to-day I do not consider you good enough to be my husband.' That is what he fears to hear from her."

"Remembering her face, I cannot doubt that it is very likely what he will hear," said Miss Chesney. "But everything depends upon whether she really loves him or not."

"So I told him, adding that if she had only wished to make a convenience of him he would be well rid of her, especially since no amount of wealth could compensate for such an infernal temper."

"You seem to have been very sympathetic. And so, I presume, in view of this complication, and of the 'infernal temper' besides, you have given up the romantic part to which I assigned you?"

"If it were possible for one to give up what he has never undertaken, I should say yes. But, if you remember, I replied to your kind suggestion by stating that I did not find in myself any inclination to play the romantic *rôle* in question."

"It is a pity," said the lady. "It seemed to arrange itself admirably. The idea of your coming here to find a young and beautiful heiress—for I was right about the youth and beauty—and not marrying her is an absurd anticlimax. I suppose I shall now have to transfer my interest to Mr. Herresdorf."

"Why not to Mr. Stanford? There is a man after your own heart, prompt, energetic—— By Jove! I didn't think of it before, but if he has the intention with which we are disposed to credit him, fate has played into his hand with a vengeance. Supposing that his intention is to marry the heiress before she hears of her good fortune, he finds her ready, moved by anger, disappointment, and wounded pride, to accept any hand which is held out to her."

"Why do you say that? She may be angry with her lover, and yet not ready to accept another man in order to——"

"Spite him? She surely will. Again, remember that face yesterday. It was the face of one ready for any desperate deed."

"Then why," cried Miss Chesney, turning upon him, "are you idling here, instead of taking young Herresdorf and flying to her rescue? If I were in your place and thought that, I would not waste an instant. She is only a child, after all, and to let her ruin her life, so full of bright possibilities, by marrying a scheming adventurer, will be shameful."

"Well, you see," replied Lorimer, very deliberately, "I am not equipped with a pair of wings, and consequently I cannot possibly fly to her rescue. And, short of flying, there is no way of reaching her except by the Rosario boats lying in the river at this moment. Besides, marriages are not usually made up in such hot haste. They only met yesterday morning, so that, however ready the fair Felisa may be, they can hardly be married before we reach Rosario to-morrow."

Miss Chesney regarded him with a glance indicative of exasperation in the highest degree.

"I cannot imagine," she said, "how it is possible for a man to have so little energy as you possess. It is no wonder——"

"Go on," said Lorimer, calmly, as she paused. "It is no wonder——?"

"That you have never done anything in life, I was about to say," she answered. "But that is very rude, and I beg your pardon. I have no right to criticise your character or modes of action."

"Inaction, you mean, I fancy," he replied, quietly. "And, waiving the question of a right to criticise, you are right. It is no wonder that I have never done anything in life, nor so far won anything worth winning. As a matter of fact, very few things in life appear to me to be worth any exertion, and those which are worth every exertion seem to be beyond the reach of exertion to attain. Yet I really believe I am capable of energetic action should a need for it arise. Show me, for instance, how to win your favor,—which so far has been one of the things beyond the reach of exertion,—and, if necessary, I will go out and tilt at windmills."

"Tilting at windmills would certainly not be a means of winning my favor," said she, flushing slightly. "I am not so foolish. And I really had no intention of giving the conversation such a personal turn. 'Let us return to our sheep'—that is, to your particular lost sheep, Felisa. Do you think young Herresdorf is very much attached to her?"

"Very much, I think. He has certainly given every proof of it, short of the insane one she demanded."

"Then I formally transfer to him all right, title, and interest to the part which I vainly assigned to you. And I sincerely hope that he will put some spirit into it."

"It is more than probable that he will. Do you know, by the bye, that your going with us may be of infinite service to this poor girl? Where her lover's influence might fail to defeat the schemes of Stanford,—since we are to continue to credit him with schemes,—your influence, as that of a woman belonging to the world she is about to enter, may be powerful to succeed."

"You are possibly right," said she, thoughtfully. "A woman, especially a woman of the world,—and I suppose there is no doubt of my being that,—may have more influence than a lover with whom she is incensed, over this passionate, undisciplined nature. Especially she would be likely to give to my opinion of Stanford a weight which she would not give to his. Yes, I see what you mean, and I am glad it is decided that we are to go with you. The story is an interesting one, the situation exciting. I want to see the end—and perhaps help to make it the right end."

"You will be an invaluable ally," he said, looking with admiration at her bright, determined face. "It is understood, then, that the rescuing expedition starts to-morrow, at as early an hour as we can induce these very leisurely people to put themselves under way. I will let you know to-night what that hour will be. And now, can't

we go somewhere to pass the time? There must be some more ruins or antiquities to see."

Miss Chesney laughed. "What an intelligent antiquarian interest you manifest!" she said. "Papa and I are going across the river to the original site of the city, to visit the remains of the tower in which Columbus was confined; for you know it is an historical mistake to suppose that he was confined in the castle here, which was not built at that time."

"I didn't know it," replied Lorimer, as humbly as befitted his ignorance. "I am sure the castle here looks old enough for anything; and everybody points it out as the place where Columbus was confined."

"'Everybody' simply repeats like a parrot what ignorant people have said. The castle is nearly four hundred years old,—it was built about the year 1509, after the settlement was removed to this side of the river,—but it is not old enough to have been the place of Columbus's imprisonment. That took place in 1500, if you remember,"—Lorimer endeavored, not very successfully, to look as if he did remember,—"while the city was yet on the east bank of the river. He was incarcerated by the usurper Bobadilla, in a small tower over there, which from that event was called the *Torrecilla de Colon.* I believe very little remains of it; but we are going to visit the site, and you may come with us if you like."

"I certainly do like," was the prompt reply. "My antiquarian interest is quite intelligent enough to make me anxious to see the scene of such an historical event. A beastly shame, too, as our English friends would temperately observe."

"An act," said Miss Chesney, "which makes one glad to remember that speedy retribution overtook Bobadilla, and that the ashes of Columbus do *not* rest under the flag which floated over that tower and over the vessel that carried him in chains to the ungrateful land to which he had given a new world."

IX.

Nothing could be more radiantly beautiful than the morning which saw what Lorimer called the rescuing expedition set forth. The great boats which had come down the river laden with sacks of sugar were now ready to go back empty, save for some stores which Mr. Herresdorf sent to Rosario, and the very light luggage of the passengers they were to convey. The lightness of this luggage was a surprise to those who did not know what a veteran traveller Miss Chesney was, and who had looked for a ponderous trunk instead of the two very portable satchels which she sent down. Her own appearance, when she arrived at the starting-place, was what men call "practical" in the extreme. Her duck skirt and blouse waist of soft, cool India silk were, with the simple but becoming sailor-hat, just what the expedition called for; and she herself was as radiant as the day, so fair,

blithe, and charming that Mr. Herresdorf, who met her for the first time, was quite overcome by her beauty, and bestirred himself in an unexampled manner in ordering the arrangements for her comfort. Moreover, he took occasion to say to her much what Lorimer had expressed the day before.

"I regard it as a very happy thing for this girl who has so unexpectedly inherited a great fortune," he said, "that she should be brought into association with a lady who belongs to the world she is now to enter, and who will be an object-lesson to her of what she should become."

Miss Chesney smiled. "Without flattering myself that I am very effective as an object-lesson," she replied, "I hope that I may be of some service to this young lady, whose life is about to undergo such a sudden and great transformation. I confess that I am immensely interested in her. The story is like a romance: one is full of expectation as to what the heroine will do."

It was evident from the involuntary change of Mr. Herresdorf's countenance that he was in a state of not altogether agreeable expectation as to what the heroine would do.

"H'm—yes," he said, hesitatingly. "The story is a good deal like a romance, but I wish we had known of this inheritance a little earlier. It would have prevented much—er—trouble, for the girl is of a disposition difficult to calculate upon. Had I known it only a few hours earlier, I should not have given information concerning her to a man who, I fear, is a scheming fortune-hunter."

"What else are *you*, you mercenary old wretch!" was the very uncomplimentary mental comment of Miss Chesney. But, not being in the Castle of Truth, she said aloud, "Oh, I hope we are going to defeat his schemes, and bring the heiress back with us in triumph. We have good reason to hope so, since I am informed that there is an attachment of long standing between her and your son."

"Of long standing certainly," Mr. Herresdorf assented, "but—ah—unfortunately I have hitherto been obliged to oppose it, owing to the fact that neither of them was in a position to think of marriage. Now, of course, matters are entirely changed. But we don't know how she will regard them."

"We'll hope for the best," said Miss Chesney. "I must believe that romance will carry the day. You see, I have quite fallen in love with your son myself——"

"He is deeply honored," said Mr. Herresdorf, bowing.

"So I can't imagine the girl he is in love with resisting him."

"I hope that you are right," said the father, very sincerely; "but she has, I regret to say, an extremely violent character."

"If it is violent in one respect it will probably be violent in another," said the young lady, with cheerful optimism. "Oh, I am sure everything will end as it should, and I promise you that I will do my best to bring about the proper ending."

"We are indeed most fortunate in securing such assistance," said Mr. Herresdorf, bowing again.

And then he proceeded to order fresh arrangements for the comfort

of this valuable ally. Chairs had already been placed on the small forward deck of the tug, so that the passengers might enjoy the breeze and have full opportunity to observe the scenery as they ascended the river; he now delayed them longer in order to have an awning put up, so that Miss Chesney might be spared the fatigue of holding a parasol for several hours. This finally accomplished, and the boats attached with towing-lines, the little tug gave a shrill whistle and started up the river.

"How delightful!" said Miss Chesney, with a soft breath of satisfaction.

And indeed it would be difficult to imagine anything more delightful than the conditions which surrounded them. The air of crystalline clearness possessed also a quality of the most exhilarating freshness, the sky above was of the tint of lapis-lazuli, and the broad, beautiful river beneath of clearest emerald, while, glancing seaward, they could perceive the sparkling ocean spreading to the distant horizon and its waves breaking in white surf around the rocky point above which rose the picturesque mass of the castle. Flooded with brilliant sunshine the historic city lay, crowning the heights within its bastioned walls, its mighty masses of ruins and the towers of its ancient churches standing in bold relief against the turquoise sky, with the plumy palms that shot up here and there from its courts and gardens. A beautiful grove of these royal trees lined the opposite (eastern) bank of the river, while a little farther along rose the green hill-side against which stands the ancient double-arched structure of stone over the spring or well of pure delicious water known as the Well of Columbus, where even to the present time all sea-going vessels take their supply.

A few minutes later, however, a bend of the stream shut all this picture from their view, and they saw before them only the broad, deep river, with its clear, swift current and banks fringed with the luxuriant growth of the tropics. A magnificent river it is, this lordly Ozama, especially after it has received its beautiful tributary the Isabella, and, like all the other rivers of this island,—to which Nature has given absolutely everything that is hers to give, and which man has only desolated and destroyed,—it flows through lands of the richest fertility, where only occasionally the forest has yielded to fields of sugar-cane, which year after year renews itself without cultivation. To the eyes of those who now ascended it, the enchanting vistas which it presented at every turn, the wild, strange, wonderful beauty into which they entered, was in all respects the same as that which met the gaze of the first bold Spanish adventurers who looked upon it. Now and again a wooden wharf on the bank, and a road cut through the close, almost impenetrable mass of forest, indicated an estate near by, and once or twice they even perceived the smoking chimney of a sugar-house where the grinding of cane was in progress. But the river itself flowed as majestically still and silent between its walls of living green, and those walls seemed as untouched in their riotous splendor of towering trees and every conceivable form of undergrowth and parasite, as if no such signs of man existed. As they proceeded onward, these signs became even more rare, and since they met only a canoe now and then, pro-

pelled lazily by some negro or half-breed and containing generally a little fruit for the city market, it seemed as if this marvellous emerald water-way led them, by one winding curve after another, into the very heart of a primeval world,—a world of Nature in all her virgin freshness, with such abounding variety, such wild luxuriance of loveliness, as she displays only beneath a tropical sun. Rare and beautiful birds abounded, and now and again a snow-white heron made an exquisite picture, poising itself on the branch of some tree fallen over the water. It was at sight of one of these that Lorimer forgot himself far enough to wish for a gun, until shamed by Miss Chesney's eyes.

"I wonder," she said, severely, "if it is not possible for a man of English blood to see a living creature without wanting to slaughter it! How correct was the Frenchman's description of an Englishman's idea of amusement!—'Let us go and kill something.' And the spirit survives wherever you find what is called the Anglo-Saxon, by whatever national name he describes himself."

"One doesn't expect a woman to sympathize with sport," said he, in an ill-judged attempt at self-defence.

"Oh, I beg your pardon," she replied. "There are numbers of women who are so afraid of being considered womanly and of possessing a little sensitiveness and a few surviving prejudices in favor of humanity, that they outdo men in their enthusiasm for what is called 'sport.' Well, I am not afraid of the imputation of being sentimental and humane when I say that what you call sport is generally in its essence only cruelty. What could be more cruel than to desire to cut short the happy existence of that beautiful creature yonder—that creature who makes the world lovelier by merely existing in it—for no possible reason except to exercise your skill on a living target?"

"Of course," he hastened to say, "if I had a gun I should not think of shooting while you were by, since you hold such sentiments and the result would annoy you."

"It would do more than annoy, it would enrage me," she said, promptly, "as wanton cruelty always does enrage me. I am disgusted with you that you should even think of such a thing."

And then, to indicate how deeply he was in disgrace, she turned her back upon him and began to talk to Ramon Herresdorf, who sat on her other side.

"I feel," she said, "as if this steam-tug was a dreadful anachronism in these wild, beautiful, peaceful waters. We ought to be in one of those native boats, silently and swiftly gliding along, as if we were indeed penetrating an unknown world. One might fancy then that, instead of a modern sportsman anxious to slaughter inoffensive herons, one had for companion a mail-clad *conquistador*."

"Who would slaughter inoffensive Indians instead," remarked the sportsman thus alluded to.

"That is nonsense," said the young lady, without turning her head. "The Indians were not inoffensive. They met the discoverers with arms,—did you never hear of the *Golfo de las Flechas?*—and although, on general principles, one regrets that men should kill one another, one cannot be ignorant of the fact that they have been doing it since

the beginning of time. From the denunciations of the conduct of the Spaniards toward the inhabitants of the New World to which one is so freely treated, one would really suppose that the forefathers of the critics had been models of justice and kindness in their treatment of the aborigines, and that the Indians were in possession of the continent of America to-day, instead of having been despoiled and tricked out of the whole of it. Forefathers, do I say? Is there no killing and no cheating of them going on at present? If not, it is only because there are, practically speaking, none left either to kill or to cheat. I advise you to read 'A Century of Dishonor,' and then venture to talk of so-called Spanish cruelties!"

"I really haven't, you know," answered meekly the victim of this attack.

"If there is anything that I detest," the speaker went on, unheeding the disclaimer, "it is the contemptible phariseeism which English and American writers have always displayed in dealing with this subject. Putting aside the story of the American continent, which one would think would be enough to close their lips, if one considers only what took place in the Spanish Main, have they never heard of Drake and Morgan and their followers? History records nothing worse than the deeds of those freebooters; but, instead of being hanged as double-dyed pirates and murderers, they were crowned with honors and titles by their countrymen, and are held up as heroes to the present day."

"But I must positively insist that I don't admire them: I consider them, on the contrary, about as bad scoundrels as the world ever produced," protested Lorimer. "And, in any event, all that took place very much before my time, and I fail to see why I should be reviled on account of it."

"I am not reviling you in particular," said Miss Chesney; "I am speaking generally. I could say a great deal more——"

"I really hope you will not," he interposed. "At least, I mean, I hope you will find a less exciting topic."

"I am not excited at all" (with lofty calmness). "I am only tired of hearing the same second-hand remarks made over and over again by every English or American traveller that one meets in Spanish-American countries."

Here young Herresdorf laughed. "I should not think," he said, "that you would be likely to hear them repeated twice by the same person. It is a very good thing and a very unusual thing to hear any one who is English or American speak as you do."

"I happen to have a sense of justice," said she, "and to have read some history, not merely a little fiction under that name."

Then Mr. Chesney, who had meanwhile been smoking in meditative silence, made a diversion.

"I begin to think that the difficulties of exploring this country have been greatly exaggerated," he said. "Certainly it cannot be more difficult to penetrate now than it was in the days of the *conquistadores*, who explored every part of it more thoroughly than it has ever been explored since."

"I assure you, señor," said Ramon, "that it is not difficult at all.

It is a little fatiguing because of the necessity of making all journeys in the saddle, and because there are no public houses at which to stop. But if one has a good horse, and if it is not the rainy season, when the roads are likely to be almost impassable, the journey from Santo Domingo to Santiago or to Samaná is not difficult at all."

"I vote that we try it," cried Miss Chesney. "It is what I have wanted to do from the first. Do you think we could get good horses at this hacienda, or whatever you call it, to which we are going, Mr. Herresdorf?"

"Oh, yes, señorita, if you desire it, I have no doubt Don Mariano will find horses for you. But I thought—I hoped——"

"Yes?" said she, as the young man stammered and paused. "What was it you thought or hoped?"

"If you will allow me, then, to say so,—that you would return to Santo Domingo, and that Felisa might accompany you."

"Ah, I see," said she, with a glance at him as kindly as it was bright. "You think I may be of service to you in managing this possibly refractory young lady."

"I think," he responded, gravely, "that you may be of great service to *her*. Believe me, I am not thinking of myself."

"But I am thinking of you," she replied, quickly. "Will you pardon me if I say that I have heard your story and that I am very much interested in it? You have my best wishes, and shall have my best help: I promise you that."

"You are very kind," said he, and there was a grateful light in his handsome dark eyes. "I think your help will mean a great deal. Felisa cannot but listen to what you will say to her. I do not mean," he added, proudly, "with regard to myself. If her own heart does not speak for me, I would not wish anything to be said in my behalf. But you can tell her what it is well that she should do, now that she is rich and important in the world."

"Well," said Miss Chesney, "I am a heretic on that as well as on a good many other points of the world's creed. I don't think that the mere possession of money constitutes importance. People in my eyes are important from what they are or from what they do. In other words, I value only character and achievement. Wealth is a mere accident, and, although a very powerful accident if used as a means to an end, it is really of no importance in itself except to its fortunate possessor. One should grow accustomed, I suppose, to the vulgar homage paid to it generally; but I never witness a display of the kind without wonder. Why on earth a man or a woman should be an object of intense interest and even adulation to others, who do not happen to be beggars, because he or she is rich, passes my comprehension, accustomed as I am to the phenomenon."

"And yet," said Lorimer, who was lending an attentive ear to the conversation, "I have heard you speak very eloquently of the value of wealth and the great disadvantages of poverty."

"And so you might hear me again," she answered. "But because I recognize the value of wealth to its possessor, is that any reason why I should think the mere fact of its possession renders him or her of

importance? Be more logical, if you please. And as for you, Mr. Herresdorf——"

"Ah, Ramon, if you please," entreated the young man. "'Mr. Herresdorf' I do not know at all as my name."

"In your pretty Spanish fashion, Don Ramon, then, pray understand that it is for your benefit I have made this little sermon. Do not feel and do not behave as if this girl had by the accident of her inheritance become a much more important person than she was before. She is a very fortunate person because of the great opportunities which this money gives her; but her importance is yet to be determined by the use she makes of it. For my part, if she fails to recognize the value of the disinterested affection which was hers in poverty and obscurity, I shall rate her importance as a human creature very low indeed."

"I think, señorita," said the young listener to this admonition, "that you are very wise. But, as you have said yourself, the world looks at these things differently, and unhappily I cannot close my eyes to the fact that Felisa is now very rich and that I am as poor as on the day she left me because I could not agree that we should be married at once."

"If Felisa," said Miss Chesney, emphatically, "does not understand that this is the one opportunity of her life—now that she is so rich—to know without doubt that she is loved for herself and not merely sought for her money, she is a very foolish Felisa indeed, and one who will deserve the fate which will certainly befall her of becoming the victim of a fortune-hunter."

X.

The beautiful journey into wonder-land lasted several hours; and just when the party began to feel more and more as if they were explorers of a virgin world, since for many miles the marvellous forest fringing their way had been unbroken, and the clear, shining river with its swiftly flowing current undisturbed by any human presence save their own, the tug suddenly gave a shrill whistle, and Ramon said to his companions,—

"We have arrived. This is Rosario."

They looked around them. Still the green forest, with its dense, impenetrable undergrowth, its giant creepers and wonderful parasites, but just before them was a hewn-out opening such as those they had seen before, a wooden wharf at the water's edge, and a railroad track leading up a hill-side beyond.

"What!" said Mr. Chesney, with surprise, "is there a railroad here?"

"Oh, yes," Ramon answered, smiling, "such as is on all the sugar estates. One or two small engines and some cars with which to bring the sugar down for loading on the boats."

"How far distant is the sugar-house?"

"About a mile or a mile and a half."

"It is strange that it was not placed upon the bank of the river, so as to load the sugar directly on the boats."

"The railroad would be needed all the same to bring the cane from the fields," said the young Dominican, "and hence it is best to have the sugar-house where the residence is, on the high lands, or *llanos*, as we call them, in the middle of the estate."

"The owner must be a wealthy man."

"He is rich, yes. There is about half a million invested here, and he has an estate twice as large in Cuba."

"A fortunate man," said Mr. Chesney,—speaking before the insurrection in Cuba had by its use of the torch desolated that fair island.

The tug now whistled again, and was answered by another whistle inland. "They hear us, and are coming down," said Ramon.

A few minutes later they steamed up to the wharf and disembarked, just as another shrill whistle was heard beyond the tree-tops, and the next moment a small engine, with flat-car attached, came rushing down the steep incline of the hill toward them. On the car, balancing himself with great skill in a standing position, was a small, dark man, who jumped off as soon as it halted, and came to meet them. He greeted Ramon cordially, and if he was surprised at the unexpected appearance of the strangers he did not manifest as much. Perhaps, as soon transpired, he was too deeply engrossed with other thoughts to notice them very much.

"This," said Ramon, turning to the others, "is Señor Estragués, the manager of the estate. He speaks no English, therefore I must introduce you in Spanish.—These," he added to Señor Estragués, changing his tongue, "are Mr. and Miss Chesney, whom my father begs you will consider his guests, and Mr. Lorimer, an American gentleman, who has come to make an important communication regarding Felisa."

"Felisa!" cried Señor Estragués, throwing up his hands. The sound of the name appeared to transform him. He lost all the quietness of demeanor which up to this moment had characterized him, and became a picture of excitement as he poured forth a torrent of words, speaking so rapidly that neither Mr. nor Miss Chesney, both of whom knew Spanish fairly well, could follow him. That his speech conveyed some very important tidings, however, was apparent not only from the words they were able to distinguish, but from the effect they produced upon young Herresdorf. As he listened, as he grasped the full import of what was said, he became pale as if the news were that of death, and his great dark eyes grew wildly startled in expression. He seized the arm of Estragués with eager questioning, to which the other returned another torrent of words.

"For heaven's sake, what does it all mean?" Lorimer asked Miss Chesney. "Can you understand them?—has the man lost his senses?"

"He speaks so rapidly I can only partially understand him," she replied. "But I think—I fear that some harm has come to Felisa."

"Harm!" cried Ramon, turning toward her. "The worst—the worst, señorita! She has gone away with that man."

"Stanford?" exclaimed Lorimer and Miss Chesney together.

"Stanford—yes. May the curse of God be upon him!"

Lorimer and Miss Chesney looked at each other aghast. If this were so, what terrible, what irremediable thing had happened through the fatal delay of that first morning, through the lost hours they had so lightly idled away in the companionship of each other! This was perhaps the first thought in the minds of both. Then Lorimer turned to Ramon.

"Where has she gone?—and how long?" he asked. "Surely she can be overtaken. Tell this person—he is her step-father, is he not?"

"The husband of her step-mother."

"Tell him what news I have brought, and that we must save the girl from the scoundrel who has taken her away, at any cost."

In language almost as rapid and vehement as his own, Ramon then told Señor Estragués of the news which Lorimer brought. It had the effect of absolutely overwhelming him and for a time rendering him incapable of speech. "Felisa!" he gasped, in a tone of incredulity,—"Felisa!" and could say no more.

"Tell him," said Lorimer, imperatively, "that there is not any doubt of it,—that Felisa is in her own right one of the richest women in the world, and that this villain who has taken her off knew it. Have you told him that? Well,"—as Ramon signified assent,—"tell him now that we must get her out of his hands, if any effort can accomplish it, and ask him where they have gone."

"He does not know," replied the young man, despairingly.

"Nonsense! He *must* know! How long have they been gone? What" (impatiently) "are the circumstances of the flight?"

"It is supposed that they left this morning at daybreak," Ramon answered. "Their absence was discovered when the family arose. Then was found a letter from Felisa, saying"—here the speaker for a moment choked—"that she was gone for—for always, and that she wished me to be told that she had found some one to help her, though I would not."

"Didn't I tell you she was possessed of a devil?" said Lorimer, too angry to consider his words. "She is as heartless and cruel as she is bad-tempered. You are well rid of her, and, by heaven! I think the best thing would be to allow her to abide by her choice."

"No, no!" cried Miss Chesney. "She is but a child,—a passionate, bad-tempered child, it is true, but life-long misery is too heavy a punishment for her fault. Besides, think of allowing the wretch who has carried her away to be gratified by succeeding in his scheme. Never! You must save her at all hazards, at any cost, if she possibly can be saved."

"Yes, señor," said Ramon, "the señorita is right. She must be saved if possible. As for her treatment of me, that does not matter; that concerns only myself. Do not think of it again. But she is so young, and she has now such brilliant prospects, that we must not fail to make every effort to save her from this scoundrel, who has deceived her and taken her away in ignorance of her great fortune."

"She isn't worth an effort," said Lorimer, "but, since I feel partly

accountable for this, because I delayed in seeing your father on the day of my arrival, I will do my utmost—if we find that there is anything to do."

"And meanwhile," inquired Mr. Chesney, "are we to stay here all day discussing the affair?"

This recalled them to the fact that the engine and car were waiting. Señor Estragués, roused to a sense of the proprieties of life, made the usual compliments to the guests commended to his charge.

"My house is yours," he assured them, "and we will do all we can to render you comfortable, but I regret that you will find my wife in great distress on account of this unhappy occurrence, this conduct of one whom she loved as her own child."

"Doña Lucia has indeed deserved better treatment from Felisa," said Ramon, addressing Miss Chesney. "And, although she chafed against her life here, she could not say that Don Mariano was not also kind to her."

"I endeavored to be so," said Don Mariano; "but she is of a disposition the most violent, the most unhappy."

"I am intensely disgusted with her," said Miss Chesney; "but all the same, for the sake of the five millions and in order to defeat Mr. Stanford, we must move heaven and earth to save her.—Now we will go, papa. I am afraid you are not as much interested in this truant and errant heiress as the rest of us are."

"I confess," answered Mr. Chesney, "that I am not so much interested as to forget the need of rest and refreshment. I fear, however, that we cannot expect much attention or comfort in a house upset by an elopement."

"Do not fear, señor, but that your needs will be attended to as well as possible," said Ramon. "I will take care of that."

"Oh," said Mr. Chesney, who had the grace to look a little ashamed, "anything will do. I only regret that we should intrude at such a time on people who are so much disturbed. What a very—um—unfortunate kind of young person this heiress appears to be!—As for you," added he, addressing Lorimer, "I believe we spoke the other day of your chase of her. Instead of ending, it seems to be now only beginning."

"So it appears," Lorimer assented, despondently.

They had all by this time mounted upon the flat-car, where the chairs from the deck of the tug were placed. Miss Chesney, however, declined to sit down, since the danger was great of flying off at a tangent into space: she preferred standing like the men, and balancing herself with the aid of her father's arm. The little engine put itself in motion, climbed the steep grade with some puffing, and on gaining the top sounded a whistle of triumph and rattled away briskly over the level land, which now spread far as the eye could view, covered in the immediate foreground with fields of densely growing, luxuriant cane, and in the distance with forest.

A few minutes brought them in sight of the smoking chimney of the sugar-house; a little later they paused before its great mass of machinery, where the air was filled with the odor of sugar, and where

Don Mariano, springing down, apologized for the fact that it was necessary to walk across the few yards intervening between the end of the track and the residence near by. This residence was a large wooden building, a single story in height, surrounded by a wide veranda. At sight of it Miss Chesney paused.

"I think," she said to young Herresdorf, "that Doña Lucia—is not that how you call her?—should have a little warning before we come upon her. Do you go, therefore, and beg her not to give herself any trouble about us. Meanwhile, as I have never seen the process of sugar-making, I will go over the sugar-house, if Señor Estragués does not object, and if he will call some one to act as our guide—for you will come too, papa, will you not?—No, Mr. Lorimer, certainly not you also, because your duty is to go at once and make your communication of Felisa's inheritance to Felisa's step-mother and guardian."

"You think of everything, señorita," said Ramon, "and you are very considerate. I will tell Doña Lucia what you say."

He then spoke to Don Mariano, who, answering, "Sí, sí!" with great alacrity, called a young man from the sugar-house and committed the strangers to his care. Mr. Chesney somewhat reluctantly acquiesced in his daughter's arrangement, the wisdom of which was justified in his eyes only by the reflection that it would give time for such preparations as might be required for their reception.

It is unnecessary to follow Lorimer in his interview with the step-mother of the wilful Felisa. What he was chiefly struck with was the extreme unworldliness she displayed in her indifference to the news of the great fortune which the girl had inherited. It did not seem to occur to her, nor in any perceptible manner to augment her distress, that all benefit in this inheritance (if Stanford succeeded in his object) would now be lost to those who up to this time had cared for and befriended the otherwise friendless girl.

"Yes, it is a pity," she agreed, "a great pity, that Felisa should have gone away in ignorance of what would have given her the freedom she desired. For she was like a wild bird beating her wings against a cage, señor," the kind woman added. "But at least, if this is so, the man will—marry her?"

"Marry her?" repeated Lorimer, grimly, when this was translated to him. "Be sure of that. Until he marries her he has no claim upon the only thing he cares for,—her money. It is *the heiress* whom he has carried off, and to whom he has not breathed one word of her inheritance. But he must have known or suspected my errand in the island, else why should he have been in such haste? The lady of your heart, Ramon, was certainly satisfied with scant wooing."

"She was so angry with me, señor," said Ramon, "that she grasped the first means of revenge. Else this is not like Felisa, who is as proud as she is passionate."

"The scoundrel found his opportunity ready-made for him," said Lorimer. "And the worst of it is that you and I both helped to make it. But if we are to frustrate him—of which, I fear, there is little hope—we must set to work at once. Find out everything about

the flight. Ask how they were mounted, and in what direction they are supposed to have gone."

Ramon turned to Don Mariano, who to these questions poured forth a flood of reply, from which the following sum of definite information was extracted and translated to Lorimer. Stanford, it transpired, had on the day before visited a small native proprietor resident near by, who was the possessor of two horses, and bargained for their use for a few days. At daybreak he appeared at this man's house, took the horses, and rode away, accompanied by a boy about twelve years old (the son of the owner), who was to bring them back. Further than this nothing was known positively. It was supposed that Felisa had been waiting for him near by, and that, having mounted her on one of the horses, he took the boy up behind himself on the other. But this was only conjecture. All that was certain was that they were gone, leaving behind the note from Felisa which Ramon now held in his hand, and that there was no clue to the road they had taken.

"But where is it supposed that they would go?" Lorimer impatiently asked.

Ramon spread out his hands with a gesture which expressed a large ignorance on this point.

"Señor," he replied, "how can one say? The whole island is before them. We can know nothing until we follow and inquire. But in my opinion they will make for Samaná."

"Why for Samaná? Isn't that very far from here?"

"On the contrary, it is very near. You imagine it far because you were there in the ship, which then came around the coast to Santo Domingo City; but by land, across the island, it is but a short distance."

"How far?"

"To Sanchez, at the head of Samaná Bay, it is not more than twenty leagues from here."

"Is it possible? Then of course to Sanchez they would go, since they could there take ship and leave the island, which Stanford would certainly desire to do as quickly as possible. Does not the man from whom the horses were obtained know their destination?"

"Don Mariano says that no information could be obtained from him."

"Nevertheless, be sure he knows, and if the destination had not been near by he would not have given his horses, nor sent a child to bring them back alone. We may regard that as certain. However, it may be as well for you to see what you can do in the way of extracting information from him as soon as our arrangements for pursuit are made. Can Don Mariano mount us?"

To this question Don Mariano promptly signified assent. He had not thought it necessary to take any steps toward pursuing Felisa when he had conceived her to be only a very wilful, troublesome, and unimportant person: indeed, it is likely that his sentiments with regard to her had been altogether in accord with those of Mr. Herresdorf, and that he had secretly regarded her departure as a good rid-

dance. But his feeling also had undergone a great change since the news of her inheritance had reached him, and he was now ready and eager to aid in organizing pursuit. It appeared that he had at command several very good horses,—better animals in every respect than those on which the eloping pair were mounted,—and while he went to have these made ready, Doña Lucia on her part hastened away to have a lunch spread as soon as possible, first begging Ramon to go and bring in Mr. and Miss Chesney, with the assurance that she would do her best for them. Lorimer, however, bade Ramon devote himself to the preparations for their immediate departure, while he would bear Doña Lucia's message.

Going over to the sugar-house, he met Mr. and Miss Chesney emerging from it, the former declaring that he did not find the fumes of boiling sugar sufficiently sustaining to take the place of more solid nourishment. "The people can at least give one a glass of milk," he was saying when Lorimer met them.

"Doña Lucia begs that you will come over to the residence, where she will do all in her power to make you comfortable," he said. "She is at this moment engaged in preparing a lunch which it is to be hoped will include something besides a glass of milk."

"If it includes that, I shall be satisfied," said Mr. Chesney. "Well, have you discovered anything further about the flight of your eloping pair?"

"Only that they will probably make for Sanchez, at the head of Samaná Bay. It seems—strangely enough, to me—that we are near the place."

"Why, of course we are near it," exclaimed Miss Chesney. "Have you never looked at a map of the island? It is not more than a hundred miles across from Santo Domingo City to Samaná, the two points being almost opposite each other, at the narrowest part of the island."

"I am afraid that I don't know much of the geography of Santo Domingo," Lorimer admitted. "But at all events I shall start in half an hour in that direction on a forlorn hope of pursuit."

"Very forlorn, I think," said Mr. Chesney. "How are you going?"

"On horseback, of course. No one travels otherwise here, you know."

"Papa," said Miss Chesney, stopping abruptly to address her father, "here is our chance to see something of the interior of the island. What is to prevent our taking horses also and going with Mr. Lorimer over to Samaná?"

"Katherine," replied her father, with energy, "I think you are distracted. What is to prevent us? Why, everything. How are we prepared for any such expedition?"

"We are perfectly prepared," said the young lady. "In the vague hope of penetrating farther after we once got so far as this, I have brought everything necessary for a ride of a hundred—two hundred—three hundred miles! In point of fact, I would undertake to explore the whole island with the equipment we have."

"But it isn't a hundred miles from here to Samaná," said Lorimer,

on whom flashed delightedly the hope of a companionship which would have made a journey over Sahara agreeable. "At the utmost it is not reckoned to be more than sixty, and that seems doubtful. Really, sir,"—turning to Mr. Chesney,—"I wish you would take the idea into serious consideration. It *is* a good opportunity to see something of the interior of this island, which is an absolute *terra incognita* even to its own inhabitants, and such a traveller as yourself cannot possibly be content to leave it without having seen any more than a fringe of coast."

"H'm!" said Mr. Chesney, "I don't know. I doubt if there is anything in the interior to repay one for the certain hardships to be encountered."

"There is everything," cried his daughter, enthusiastically, "and here we are at a good starting-point, with an easy destination ahead of us. Oh, papa, *don't* think, *don't* consider; just say that you will go."

"Confound this heiress of yours, Lorimer!" said Mr. Chesney, irritably. "I believe that she is at the bottom of the whole thing.—You want to go," addressing his daughter, "because of your interest in this ridiculous chase."

"I am interested in it,—very much interested," she acknowledged; "but if there were no heiress and no chase in question, I should still want to go. Think! It is only a ride of fifty or sixty miles at the utmost; and what is that to us? To people unaccustomed to travelling, or to horses, it might be something formidable; but not to us."

"I doubt if there is such a thing as a decent horse to be had here," said Mr. Chesney, beginning to waver.

Miss Chesney shot a radiant glance at Lorimer,—a glance which said that she considered her point gained.

"Oh, I hope we may find some horses that can carry us," she said. eagerly. "Let us hasten and see."

XI.

The man as well as the woman who hesitates is lost. It was vain after this for Mr. Chesney to attempt to stem his daughter's determination to make one of the rescuing expedition. And in fact, after discussing the matter with Don Mariano, and being assured that the journey to Samaná involved no hardship beyond that of one night spent on the wayside in some hut of the country, he began to think that it might be as well to embrace such an opportunity to see something of a land almost as unknown to-day as when the great Discoverer led his little band of gentlemen over the mountain pass, still called in memory of them the Pass of the Hidalgos, into that plain, perhaps the most beautiful and most fertile in the world, which he named in his delight the *Vega Real*,—Royal Plain.

The horses Don Mariano provided for the party, which included himself, were not handsome in appearance, but wiry and enduring, as the horses of the island mostly are. And great was the surprise,

greater yet the admiration, of Lorimer and young Herresdorf when Miss Chesney made her appearance equipped in a linen riding-habit that sat admirably upon her slender figure, and wearing a soft felt hat which was as becoming as it was suitable for the occasion. In this attire, and with a light mackintosh tied behind her saddle, she declared herself ready to ride to the Haytian frontier, if need were.

It was settled that the party should carry no weight, in order not to lessen the speed of their progress; but a servant followed on another horse laden with their bags and with some hammocks which Doña Lucia was thoughtful enough to provide,—"for beds you will not find," she said, shaking her head.

There was no long delay over these details of departure. Within an hour after Lorimer had met Mr. and Miss Chesney at the door of the sugar-house, they were mounted and riding away, for every one knew that if there was now little hope of saving the headstrong girl from the fate she had brought upon herself, that slender hope was diminished by every moment of further delay. Even Mr. Chesney began to show signs that the spirit of the pursuit was waking within him, and made no protest when it was declared that they must ride as briskly as possible. Their horses were fresh, and they started off at a good pace.

"I am almost ashamed to say that I find this very exhilarating and delightful," Katherine Chesney confessed to Lorimer as they rode side by side over a road which wound through the luxuriant cane-fields toward the forest before them. "It would be delightful enough simply to be mounted on horseback and going into scenes new, fresh, and wild; but when the excitement and interest of the chase on which we are bent are added to it, it is an experience which I would not have missed for anything. Really, Mr. Lorimer, I owe a great deal to you and your heiress."

"I am glad you enjoy it," said Lorimer, smiling. "It reconciles me to what I should otherwise consider a very disagreeable business. For I confess I don't like pursuing runaway young ladies. It is not exactly the *rôle* I should choose in the drama of an elopement."

She laughed. "But remember that this is not an ordinary elopement. Our object is not to separate lovers, however foolish, but to rescue a deluded girl——"

"And her millions."

"Certainly her millions, from the man who is carrying her off for the sake of those millions. We are chasing *him*—remember that: we are trying to defeat him in one of the most audacious schemes of abduction ever attempted."

"Can one exactly call it abduction, when the lady has gone of her own free will?"

"Do you consider it free will, when she is in ignorance of his motive, and wild with passion besides?"

"Not to speak of an amiable desire to revenge herself on the man she has up to this time professed to love. It is really impossible for me to feel any interest in the chase on her account; but I agree that we want to frustrate the scoundrel who has carried her off, and I sup-

pose the Anglo-Saxon blood for which you were scorning me on our way up the river is pleasantly excited by the fact of chasing anything."

She could not but laugh again. "Well, who ever questioned that a chase is exciting? Oh, do you think there is the least hope that we shall overtake them?"

"Not much, I am afraid,—to speak quite candidly. But we should not feel satisfied unless we made the effort, you know."

"Not you and I, at least. For I cannot forget that your delay—of which I was the cause—brought all this about."

"Don't exaggerate. It only gave an opportunity which no one could possibly have foreseen. And I confess that I cannot altogether regret it, when I think that as one consequence we are making this little expedition together, and that you are enjoying it."

"I can't help that," said she, a little contritely; "but my heart is quite set on accomplishing the object of our expedition, I assure you. Why are we stopping here now?"

"This, I presume, is the house of the man who furnished the horses, and who is supposed to know something of the route of the absconding pair."

"You speak as if they were forgers," said Miss Chesney, as she drew up her horse where the others had already paused, in front of one of the palm-thatched houses common in the country,—a rude, simple building of two rooms, with one or two primitive outhouses. Under a great tamarind-tree in front of this dwelling, a man of the darkly mixed blood of the island *paisanos* stood, talking with a rather sullen air to Don Mariano and Ramon.

"I don't understand what that fellow is saying," Lorimer observed, "but I am sure from his manner that we are wasting time in halting here. There is no information to be drawn from him."

But this proved to be a mistake. Questioned authoritatively, the man finally admitted that the horses had been engaged to go to Sanchez, from which place his son was to bring them back. Of anything save this bare fact he professed complete ignorance.

"It does not matter," said Ramon, turning to Lorimer as they rode on. "We are certain now that we are on the right road. The rest lies with their horses—and with ours."

"Do you know anything of their horses?" Lorimer asked.

"Don Mariano says that they are very poor. He thinks they will certainly break down in crossing the cordillera."

"Ah!" cried Miss Chesney, with a smile, "we shall cross the mountains, then?"

"Without doubt, señorita: did you not know it? We must cross them to reach the north side of the island. Where do we cross? There is only one place,—the *Sillón de la Viuda.*"

"The Widow's Saddle," translated Miss Chesney. "What a singular name!"

"The defile looks in the distance like the deep seat of a saddle," Ramon explained. "But why of a widow, I do not know. There is a story, no doubt—— Ah, señorita, you are startled! Do you not know what that was?"

It had been a sudden, sharp report, like a pistol-shot close at hand, —for they had now entered the forest,—which made Miss Chesney suddenly rein up her horse. "Certainly I know what it was," she replied, quickly. "It was the discharge of a gun."

"Not at all. It was only the explosion of the *higuero*—I know not how you call it. *Mire!*" He rode into the woods, and in a moment returned, bearing a corrugated, tomato-shaped fruit in his hand. "This it was," he said. "When it is dry, it explodes suddenly with a loud noise, as you heard, and scatters the seed, of which it is full, in all directions."

"The sand-box fruit," said Lorimer. "I have heard of it, but I never saw it before. Like Miss Chesney, I had no doubt that report was caused by the discharge of fire-arms."

"Dare you put it in your pocket?" asked she, handing it to him with a smile. "I must take it home, unless it explodes meanwhile."

And now for a time there was little conversation possible, for their way was the merest apology for a road, being in fact hardly more than a trail cut through the forest by the simple means of clearing out the dense undergrowth and such trees as stood immediately in the line followed. As they rode in single file, with the thick foliage arching over their heads and the wonderful tropical verdure on each hand, it was difficult to believe they were following any path at all, and not breaking a way for themselves through the virgin wilderness. Then came the fording of swift, clear, flashing streams, the banks of which were such a marvel of vegetation, of climbing, flowering vines and parasites, of exquisite orchids and beautiful ferns, that only the thought of the pressing necessity for haste prevented Miss Chesney from demanding a halt, that the eye might be, in some degree at least, satisfied with gazing upon these strange, new forms of beauty.

Then presently out of the forest again and riding over rolling savannas, broken by belts of timber and covered by luxuriant grass, but almost entirely without sign of cultivation or habitation. And here came into view the mountains toward which their faces were set, —glorious, cloud-capped heights, to the feet of which rolled these magnificent plains. Katherine Chesney uttered an exclamation of delight.

"Oh, what a picture! What a scene!" she cried. "And it is there we are going?"

"Yes, señorita," Ramon answered. "Do you see that deep depression yonder in the range? That is the *Sillón de la Viuda;* there we must cross."

"Can we cross to-day?"

"Hardly, I fear. We are still many leagues distant from the cordillera. If we can only reach the foot of the mountains by night, so as to be ready to ascend early to-morrow, we shall do well."

"But if we stop," said she, "I do not see how we can possibly overtake those whom we are pursuing, and who have so much the advantage of us in their start."

"Putting all question of ourselves aside," said Lorimer, "it would hardly be possible for our horses to go on indefinitely."

"Indefinitely,—no. I never thought of that. But we should go on until we reach the place where they have stopped. Else what is gained by our riding after them?"

"If we were alone, we men, and our horses could stand it, we might do that——" Lorimer was beginning, when she interrupted him impetuously:

"What do you mean by talking in that manner? 'If you were alone.' Do you suppose I came along to be a drag upon you, to retard your movements in any degree? Do you imagine that I am not as capable of riding on until we accomplish our end as you are? If I had thought otherwise I certainly would not have come. I am astonished at you, Mr. Lorimer,—astonished. I thought you knew me better."

"I should have done so," replied Lorimer, meekly. "I am rather astonished at myself for venturing to suggest that you had any feminine weakness. We'll promise not to consider you, then; but we must not break down our horses, you know: that would be to make success impossible. And I fancy that by the time we reach the foot of those mountains yonder we shall be obliged to give them a rest."

"If we can only reach there!" said Ramon, gazing at the great mass of the yet distant range, as if his fiery impatience were almost more than he could bear.

"If we only had some roads!" said Lorimer. "I am sure this is the original trail of the *conquistadores*, and that no one has ever done a stroke of work on it since they made it."

"There is a faint hope," said Ramon, on whose preoccupied attention this remark fell unheeded, "that if we can reach the foot of the pass we may there find those whom we seek. It is true they have the start of us by several hours; but, unless they are able to cross the mountains before night, they must stop on this side; for no one would attempt the pass after nightfall. Now, it is not likely they have been able to cross, because their horses are poor, and the roads, as you perceive, are very bad. Therefore, I repeat, there is a hope—a faint hope—of overtaking them at the foot of the pass, if we are only able to reach there ourselves."

Miss Chesney set her mouth in a resolute line. "We *must* reach there," she said. "It is not a thing to be debated or questioned; it simply must be done. I, for one, will not consent to stop short of it."

Ramon glanced at the sun with something like a groan. At that moment he would have given much for the power of Joshua. "If we can accomplish it!" he said. "But it will be hard work."

It was hard work, both for the horses and their riders. The condition of the roads made fast riding an impossibility, let them chafe as they would, and although whenever they found themselves on an open stretch of the *llanos* they had a wild and, to Katherine and Lorimer, an exhilarating gallop, their progress was on the whole so much retarded that the near approach of night—which follows in this tropical region almost immediately on the setting of the sun—found them still several miles distant from the great cordillera, which now loomed before them like a mighty wall.

"Señorita," said Ramon, suddenly riding up to Miss Chesney's side, "we are now near an *estancia*,—that is, a small farm, you know,—where Don Mariano and your father are talking of stopping for the night. It is well that you shall stop; but Mr. Lorimer and I will, I think,"—he glanced at Lorimer,—"ride on to the foot of the pass. We cannot be much more than a league distant from it now."

"And if you can ride on," said Miss Chesney, "what is there to prevent our doing so? I will not consent to stop. It is absurd. We are not riding to amuse ourselves,—at least not primarily,—and since we came out to do a thing, we should do it."

These sentiments she very forcibly repeated to her father and Don Mariano when they presently announced to her their intention of stopping at the *estancia;* and such was the effect of her eagerness and eloquence, not to speak of her obstinacy, that it was finally resolved to push on and make an effort to reach the foot of the pass before night absolutely fell upon them.

"You acknowledge that there is a faint hope of finding them there," she said to Don Mariano, "a faint hope that they have not been able to cross the mountain. How, then, can you entertain for a moment the idea of halt or delay? Is it not imperative that we should rescue that girl at the earliest possible moment?"

"Yes, yes, that is certainly imperative," Don Mariano agreed, somewhat awed by her flashing eyes. "But it is only a hope, a very faint hope, which we have of overtaking them this side of the pass; and if we do not, and are belated in the woods——"

With a curling lip she pointed to the sky. Floating high in the eastern heaven was the moon, very near its full,—a beautiful pale white orb in the sunlight pouring upon it, but with the promise of an infinite resplendency when the king of day should be withdrawn and her chaste majesty should rule the night.

"Is there any danger of our being very badly belated with that to guide us?" she asked.

"That," replied her father, dryly, "can show us our way, it is true, but it cannot provide us with shelter."

"Oh, for shelter," said Ramon, eagerly, "there is an empty house—a hut, but as good as that at which you were about to stop—just at the foot of the mountain, where travellers often halt. With the hammocks, you can be as comfortable there as at the *estancia*,—perhaps more so."

"Then, in heaven's name, let us get on," said Mr. Chesney, pettishly.

And so they pressed on. Their horses were now very tired, so fast riding was impossible; but as the sun presently sank in the west, with a wonderful but short-lived glory of gold, the air freshened, and a delicious breeze, filled with a wild, sylvan fragrance, inexpressibly suggestive of the mountains whence it came, began to blow in their faces from the great heights they were steadily approaching. It revived their energies, exhausted by the long ride during the hot afternoon, and in the more elastic tread of their horses they perceived that these also felt it. Then, as the twilight yielded to the reign of night, and the moon lent

her enchantment to the scenes through which they rode, to the deep forests, where the air was heavy with perfume, to swift, silvery streams pouring down from their mountain sources, and to the wide glory of spreading plains and majestic towering heights, a silence as of awe in the vast, marvellous beauty of nature fell upon them. Katherine Chesney said to herself that she would never forget this ride as long as she lived.

But, enchantment though it was, it came to an end at last. Just when Miss Chesney began to think that it was like a dream which need have no ending, but would go on indefinitely in ever-deepening beauty, Ramon, who was riding in front, uttered an exclamation and turned to his companions.

"The house!" he said, pointing.

The next instant they saw before them the house of which he spoke,—a rude, thatched hut, standing near the road, by the side of a stream singing over its stones, and under the shade of immense spreading trees.

They looked at each other. Apparently those whom they sought were not here, for all was still, dark, and silent; no horses were fastened near the house, nor was there any gleam of light.

Ramon said nothing. He rode forward and flung himself from his saddle before the door.

The rest of the party halted and sat motionless on their horses, watching him. Instinctively they felt that it was his right to enter that house first and determine if it was as empty as it seemed. And yet, as he disappeared in the door-way, for door there was none, a sudden thought came to Lorimer. "He may need help," he muttered, and sprang from his horse.

He had hardly done so, and, with his bridle in his hand, taken a few steps toward the door, when Ramon reappeared, his face, as the moonlight shone upon it, ghastly pale.

"Come!" he said, quickly, as his glance fell on Lorimer. "The man is here,—wounded."

XII.

Lorimer delayed only a moment, to repeat to the others what had been said, and to add in imperative aside to Mr. Chesney, "Don't allow Miss Chesney to enter," before he hurried into the house.

Its interior seemed to him so dark, although the brilliant moonlight was pouring in through chinks and crevices of the rude walls as well as through the wide, empty door-way, that he could not at first distinguish anything. But a groan guided his steps, and the next moment he was standing by a man's prostrate form, which lay extended on the earthen floor.

"What is the matter?" he demanded, sternly. "How are you hurt?"

The man ceased groaning to utter an astonished oath. "Who are you?" he asked. "What is a white man doing in this infernal place?"

"Never mind who I am" (more sternly). "How are you hurt?"

"I'm stabbed—killed, likely—by a she-devil! She's my murderess, if I die. Remember that."

"You'll die now, this instant, if she has been harmed!" cried Ramon, fiercely. "Where is she?"

"She's gone, curse her!" was the reply. "She stabbed me, and then, taking the horses, made off, leaving me to die. She is my murderess, I tell you. Her name is Felisa Ancram."

"We know perfectly well who she is—and who you are," said Lorimer, coolly, restraining Ramon by a strong hand on his arm. "We are here, a party of us,"—Don Mariano had now entered,—"in order to take her out of your hands. We have been following you all day, and it is on the whole a good thing for you that you are found in a helpless condition. But be sure of one thing,"—his voice again grew sternly significant,—"your helplessness will not serve you to escape your deserts if Felisa Ancram has suffered the least injury at your hands."

"*She* suffer injury at my hands, d—n her!" cried the man, in a tone of mingled rage and fear. "It is just the other way. *I* am injured—murdered, perhaps—by her, and only because I tried to kiss her. As if a man hadn't a right to kiss the girl who was running away with him!"

"We will take your statement for what it is worth until we find the young lady," said Lorimer. "It will not be well for you then if it does not agree with hers. Now, as a matter of humanity, I suppose we must look after your wound."

He turned to Ramon, but Ramon was talking to Don Mariano, pouring forth in Spanish a recital of what the man had said, and, seeing that there was no assistance to be hoped for in that quarter, he went outside, where Mr. and Miss Chesney, having dismounted, were standing in the moonlight, holding their horses.

"Oh, here is Mr. Lorimer," cried the young lady, in a tone of eagerness, as he appeared. "Now we shall know what this means."

He could not but smile as he went up to her. "It means," he said, "that the astonishing Felisa has developed a new *rôle*. She has stabbed the man with whom she eloped, left him with perfect nonchalance, taken the horses, and continued her journey alone."

"What!" exclaimed Mr. Chesney, while his daughter cried incredulously, "It is impossible!"

"The man is in this hut," Lorimer replied; "stabbed—dangerously, he thinks—by this gentle young lady, for no other reason, he says, than that he attempted to kiss her."

"Mr. Lorimer! you don't believe it?"

"It is very likely that he lies," returned Lorimer, coolly, "but equally probable that he is telling the truth. I confess I am ready to believe anything of my interesting heiress. At all events, we must accept his statement until she contradicts it. And meanwhile we are bound to look after his wound, helpless as he is in our hands."

"I suppose so," the young lady agreed, "although I am perfectly sure that he has only got what he deserved. Have you examined the wound at all?"

"Certainly not: how could I, in that dark place?"

"You must bring him outside," said Mr. Chesney. "This moonlight is brilliant enough for any purpose, and I will examine him. The necessities of life have taught me a little surgical knowledge, and we never travel without simple aids in case of accident—eh, Katherine?"

"Certainly not, papa. I have a roll of surgeon's plaster with me; but it is in my bag, and that is not here yet."

"It will come in time, perhaps. Meanwhile we'll see how he is hurt, and improvise some bandages."

"I'm rather afraid of moving him," said Lorimer, hesitatingly. "If he is badly hurt, the danger of bleeding would be great, you know. And yet to do anything for him without light is impossible."

"So impossible that we must risk it," said Mr. Chesney, entering the house.

The moment after he and Lorimer had gone in, Ramon stalked out, indignation on his handsome young face.

"Do you know," he said, walking up to Miss Chesney, "that they are going to doctor that scoundrel—tie up his wound—I don't know what not—while what he deserves is to be left to die like a dog!"

"He deserves it, perhaps," she replied, "but one must consider humanity even in the case of a scoundrel, you know. And we must also remember," she added, for the young man's pale, fierce face rather frightened her, "that Felisa went with him of her own will, and that she seems to have punished him severely for a very trifling offence."

"That is his story. How do we know that it is true?" said he. "Not that I think her to blame if it is true. She was right,—quite right."

"Well, right or wrong," pursued Miss Chesney, "it will be awkward for her if the man dies. So, for her sake, you see, we must try to save his life."

"Awkward for her?—not at all," said Ramon. "Do you think any one would blame her for defending herself? There is not a man in Santo Domingo that would not applaud her."

"Perhaps so, but—er—you must remember that it was her own fault that she was in the position on which the man presumed."

"If he were worth calling a man" (very hotly), "he would have felt bound to treat her with more respect because she had trusted herself to him."

"You are a dear, chivalrous boy," said Miss Chesney, patting him on the arm as if she had been his mother, "and your sentiments are those of a paladin. But it will not do, it really will *not* do, for a woman to fancy that men in general are paladins. That, I suppose, was your Felisa's mistake. But here comes the man who has suffered for it—and for his own. Poor wretch! he looks half dead."

"From fear of death!" said Ramon, scornfully.

And indeed fear of death had a great deal to do with Mr. Stanford's condition, as the examination of his wound soon proved. It had been inflicted by a small, keen dagger, which, instead of penetrating the heart, as it might have done had the blow been dealt by a stronger

and more practised hand, had, happily for him, glanced from the rib, and made only a deep and painful flesh-wound, which had bled profusely, but was not in itself dangerous, Mr. Chesney declared. The man with the baggage came up while the examination was in progress, so that the plaster was produced, handkerchiefs were used as bandages, and the wound was not unskilfully bound up. The patient was then propped against a tree, given a stimulant to revive him, for he was faint from loss of blood, and sternly bidden to give a full and (if he were wise) truthful account of his late proceedings.

On the degree of his astonishment, the intensity of his mortification, when he recognized the familiar faces of his late fellow-voyagers, Lorimer and the Chesneys, in this hostile party which had so unexpectedly overtaken him, it is not necessary to dwell. The humiliation of his position, the complete failure of his bold stroke for securing possession of a great fortune, made him furious; and at first he refused to speak, taking refuge in sullenness and pretended weakness. But a few forcible words from Lorimer were sufficient to unclose his lips.

"See here," said that gentleman. "As I have already told you, we have no intention of adding to the injury which you have—very justly, I am sure—received from Doña Felisa, until we hear whether or not she corroborates your account. Until we find her, you are safe, and if when we find her your story proves to be true, we will let you go—with the contempt you have merited. But meanwhile it appears to me that you are dependent upon us for everything. We have found you here without any means of getting away or even of sustaining life, and, if you do not desire that we leave you in the same condition, it will be well for you to tell us what we want to know."

"What is that?" asked the other, opening his eyes with a glance which matched the snarl of his voice.

"In the first place" (very suavely), "how did you discover that the young lady was so well worth carrying off?"

"Was there any mystery in that? How did you discover it? As for me, I was sent here to find the Ancram heirs. Since you know all about it, I suppose you are on the same errand."

"We are not at present discussing my business. Kindly inform us who sent you here to find the Ancram heirs."

"A person who had a right to send me."

"Any one, I presume, has that right. The question is not of right, but of interest. Was it some one who was interested in their *not* being found?"

"What is the use of beating about the bush?" replied the other, impatiently. "Of course it was Miss Harrison: who else had any interest in the matter? I am a distant cousin of hers, and she sent me to look for the missing heirs, with instructions to find means to convey them to some place where they would not be likely to hear of the search for them."

Lorimer looked at Miss Chesney, who was seated somewhat in the background, but near enough to hear all that was said. There was a smile in his eyes, which she understood to be a recognition of the ac-

curacy with which she had divined the nature of this man's errand to the island. Then he glanced back at the speaker, amused, contemptuous.

"And were you, in accordance with your instructions, intending to convey the heiress of the Ancram fortune where she would never be likely to hear of that fortune, when you induced her to leave her home?" he asked,

"Am I likely to have been such a fool?" returned the other, shortly. "When I found the heirs resolved into one girl, of course I made up my mind at once to throw over Miss Harrison's interest and look out for my own. My plan was to get hold of her before she heard the news, and marry her off-hand. For all practical purposes the fortune would then have been mine. I shouldn't have been in such haste. I should have gone to work more slowly, only I didn't know what day would bring the news. I never suspected you had it, or I might have acted differently."

"I don't really see that you could have acted with a more single regard for your own interest, or with more energy in attempting to secure it, if you had known," remarked Lorimer, calmly. "Your failure seems to lie in the fact that you were thinking too much of the fortune to give sufficient attention to the character of the woman with whom you had to deal. Now tell us how you induced her to elope with you. Did you make love to her?"

"No. As soon as I began that I saw it wouldn't do. But I also saw that she was in a state of mind which made it easy to work upon her by other means. She was discontented with her life, recklessly anxious to escape from it, and so angry, when I first met her, with somebody or something,"—Ramon could not restrain a motion which drew Miss Chesney's compassionate glance to him,—"that she was as easy to influence and as blind to consequences as a child. I introduced myself to her as an old friend of her father's, you know—or *he* knows" (a gesture toward Don Mariano), "and this made it easy to gain her confidence. She told me she had a plan of running away and going to the States, asked my advice, and wanted to know if I thought she could support herself after she reached there. Of course I encouraged her, offered to help her, told her I would take her over to Samaná, where we could catch the steamer for New York. Nothing was said of final results, but it never entered my mind that any woman could be such a fool as not to know what she commits herself to when she runs away with a man. But I am bound to believe that she either didn't know or didn't care. At all events, she just meant to make use of me, and that was all. Well, we got off early, as you probably know, and rode all day, but the horses were such wretched brutes that it was late in the afternoon when we reached this place. It was necessary to rest for a while, and I was for staying here all night,—I never thought of pursuit,—but she wouldn't hear of it, insisted that we should go on, and finally carried her point. I agreed to go on, but said I must have a kiss in payment. She refused. I caught hold of her, and quick as lightning she had out a knife and stabbed me. I thought I was done for,—I bled like an ox,—but much she cared! She got on her horse,

put the boy on mine, and rode off, without caring whether I lived or died. She's a devil, I tell you,—a regular devil!"

"She is a brave girl, who knows how to treat a brute like you," cried Ramon. "If you speak of her again except with respect, you will answer to me, wounded or not."

Stanford gave him an evil look, but did not otherwise notice his speech, continuing to address himself to Lorimer.

"Now you have the whole story, and I hope your curiosity is satisfied. If I die of this wound,—and it's more than probable in this d—d climate,—I want it understood again that it was deliberate murder."

"You will not die," said Mr. Chesney, "unless inflammation sets in to an uncommon degree. But you will not be able to ride for several days."

"Then what the devil am I to do? Stay here and starve in this hole in the wilderness?"

"We will decide what to do with you before we go on," said Lorimer. "Meanwhile,"—he rose as he spoke,—"I am sure we all stand in need of immediate refreshment in the form of supper."

XIII.

Half an hour later Katherine Chesney said to herself that she should never forget the scene before her, never cease to congratulate herself upon the fortunate chance which had enabled her to witness it.

Certainly nothing could be imagined more romantically picturesque than her immediate surroundings. Supper over, she had withdrawn a little from the group of men—who still remained in easy attitudes, most of them smoking, near the fire which had been kindled for making the coffee—and regarded the whole picture with an artist's eye for effect, delighting in every detail of its wild beauty. The great cordillera, at the foot of which they were encamped, rose in towering majesty above them, its vast, deeply furrowed sides covered with impenetrable forest, from which came wafted all those aromatic odors of tropical growths which the land-breeze carries far out to sea, to fill the mind of the traveller in some wave-cradled ship with visions of these green gorges, filled with luxuriant vegetation and with the eternal melody of falling, flashing waters. Some of these waters were even now pouring close beside her over the rocks which strove to bar their course, falling in fairy cataracts and filling the solitude with their silvery song. Encompassing the open spot where the hut stood, the horses were tethered, and the fire blazed, were the woods, with all their varied verdure, their climbing vines and gorgeous parasites. The broad flood of silver moonlight falling over these, and shining on the remote, mysterious, solemn heights of the great mountains, thrilled like music through the sensitive appreciation of the woman regarding it. She forgot the drama which had amused and interested her in this adventure—the passionate undeveloped girl, with her beautiful stormy face, the commonplace

mercenary schemer who had so unexpectedly touched a point of tragedy —in the deeper thought, the deeper emotion, roused by this penetrating charm of Nature in her wildest, freshest form.

Presently there was a stir of the party around the fire. The servant who had been hanging the hammocks—two within the hut for Mr. and Miss Chesney, and the rest to the boughs of trees without—had now finished his work, and it was necessary to place the injured Stanford in that which was allotted to him. This having been accomplished, Lorimer strolled over to where Miss Chesney was seated at the foot of a tall palm-tree, her hands clasped around her knees in meditative attitude.

"Is this romantic enough to satisfy you?" he asked, divining her mood, as he came up to her with a smile. "Or would you like things more unconventional, more adventurous still?"

"I could not wish—I could not imagine—anything more beautiful than this," she answered, indicating with a gesture the picture before them. "I cannot tell you how much I am indebted to you for being the providence which has brought me here."

"Oh, as for that,"—he sat down beside her,—"the indebtedness is all the other way. Your presence makes this excursion delightful, which otherwise would be a very tiresome and annoying experience indeed."

"I don't see how it could possibly be that, under any circumstances, it is so full of dramatic surprises."

He shrugged his shoulders. "I am afraid that I don't enjoy dramatic surprises,—especially in the form of a wounded man whom, owing to his wound, one can't kick as one would like to, and a runaway young lady with a dagger for luggage."

"I have quite taken Felisa back into my good opinion," said Miss Chesney, calmly. "She is a fool, of course,—an absolute fool,—but she never meant to run away with that man in the manner we imagined. So much is clear from his story."

"Then it is flattery to call her a fool: she must be an idiot," said Lorimer, "and even more of a tigress than I imagined. 'A regular devil,' as that fellow yonder so feelingly declared."

Miss Chesney laughed. "Was not his rage amusing? One could see how she turned on him with blazing eyes and whipped out that dagger. Oh, I like her; say what you will, I like her. She is so very unconventional."

"Well, yes, decidedly unconventional," Lorimer agreed. "To run away with a man after two days' acquaintance, stab him on somewhat slight provocation, and then ride off, leaving him probably to die alone, is somewhat out of the line of ordinary conventionality, one must admit. As for how admirable it may be——"

"Oh, I said nothing about her conduct being admirable. But she is interesting: one likes to speculate on what she will do next. Has anybody the least idea where she has gone?"

"Not the least. But after we have crossed the mountains to-morrow we shall begin to inquire for an errant damsel, attended by a small boy. She may still intend to sail for New York from Sanchez."

"But if she has no money?"

"That is an immaterial point to one whose knowledge of the world appears so extensive. And, as we are aware, it will not be a difficulty to hamper her long."

"Certainly not. But think of five millions in the hands of such a child! What do you suppose she will do with it?"

"The question rather is, what will she not do with it? But for some years, you know, she must have a guardian: she is only seventeen."

"Perhaps you will be the guardian."

"No, thank Heaven. My duties in connection with her will be over when I have communicated the news of her inheritance."

"Don't flatter yourself that they will be anything of the kind. She will then elect you her knight, and place herself under your protection to be conveyed to the States."

"Not if I know myself!" (with energy.) "Nothing would induce me to take charge of her for an hour."

"I am astonished at you," said Miss Chesney, laughing. "Your lack of a sense of duty, and of the opportunity opening before you, is most reprehensible. Fate has arranged things perfectly for you, if you would only take advantage of them. Here is this wild, beautiful creature, who has quarrelled with her lover, flung off the control of her guardians, and baffled the man who thought he had entrapped her, ready to pass into your hands, and you will have none of her! What can I say to rouse you to a sense of the possibilities of the situation?"

"I think," he replied, quietly, "that you have said enough,—enough, that is, to indicate to me certain things which there is really no necessity to make plainer. There is no necessity, for example, to prove further how poor an opinion you have of me, by urging me to adopt the despicable *rôle* of a fortune-hunter. I understand very clearly by this time that you consider me fit for nothing else, and that you wish to mark distinctly the presumption of any hopes which I may entertain with regard to yourself. But pray be satisfied with the assurance that I entertain no such hopes, and allow me to throw away my opportunity for following the illustrious example of Mr. Stanford, with the certainty that I can thereby fall no lower in your opinion than I have, for some inscrutable reason, already fallen."

As quietly as he had spoken, he then rose and walked away, leaving a very much astonished young lady sitting at the foot of a palm-tree, gazing after him.

"Well!" she finally said to herself, with a long-drawn breath. "At least, Mr. Lorimer, you have made one thing plain to me,—that you have a very bad temper, and that I must not amuse myself by jesting about the heiress any more. I have no doubt been a fool to talk to you on the subject; and you are even more of a fool not to understand me any better. But there! men are all fools where women are concerned; and I shall undoubtedly leave both you and her severely alone in future."

In pursuance of this resolution, Miss Chesney ignored Mr. Lorimer quite loftily for the remainder of the evening, and after she had retired to her hammock within the hut it was his turn to seat himself at

the foot of the palm-tree where she had made, he thought, so charming a picture, and, while he smoked a pipe, not of peace, to gaze at the serene majesty of the great cordillera and meditate likewise on the text that all men are fools,—especially when they chance to be in love.

The little camp was astir at the first break of the beautiful tropical dawn the next morning. It had been decided, after much consultation the night before, that the servant should be left with Stanford, since the party could reach Sanchez before the next night, and would not therefore need the camping outfit which he carried. In order to accomplish this, however, an early start was necessary, with some rearrangement of saddles, so that each rider might carry his own special luggage and a small amount of food for a noonday meal.

In these arrangements Miss Chesney proved herself at once active and capable, her suggestions being excellent and her assistance energetic. Lorimer was conscious of a change in her manner toward himself,—a certain stiffening and constraint, so slight that only a very sensitive consciousness would have been aware of it. But he was so keenly aware both of this and of a corresponding sense of effort on his own part that when they started he made no attempt to claim his place of the day before by her side, but left that to Ramon, while he rode soberly behind with Mr. Chesney and Don Mariano.

Progress was soon resolved into a slow, laborious upward climb in single file along trails to which the name of roads could be applied only in mockery. They were now in that narrow defile of the mountains which is the chief—almost the only—pass between the north and south sides of the island, and which is of the utmost strategic importance, since a mere handful of men could here successfully dispute the passage of an army. The path, if path it could be called, which they followed, lay along the sides of the great heights towering above them, covered with dense forest, while below one deep ravine after another opened its green, verdure-filled gulf. Higher and higher they climbed, up ascents so steep that it was necessary to clutch the manes, even to embrace the necks, of the horses, to avoid slipping backward; and it was only when they paused to rest themselves and breathe the panting animals that they could take in the world of beauty lying around them on these vast, untrodden hills. Drenched with almost perpetual moisture from the clouds which the deep breast of the ocean sends to kiss their lofty summits, these majestic heights, the birthplaces of unnumbered streams, are covered with such wonders of tropic growth, such indescribable variety of trees, ferns, vines, and plants, as might set a botanist wild. But to gasp out a few breathless ejaculations of admiration and delight was all that was possible in these brief halts, then to press forward again for the summit of the range, which lay still above them. Now and then white mists closed over their path, dissolving away presently in exquisite wreaths of vapor trailing through the green lacery of the tree-ferns, which are perhaps the loveliest of all the creations of Nature in these marvellous regions.

Finally, after a time devoted to this climbing toil, which seemed longer than it really was and yet was long enough to contain much

possibility of fatigue, they gained the last height and stood upon the summit of the *Sillón de la Viuda.*

And then what a scene was before them! The great mountain heart of the island lay open to their gaze, a world of towering, beautiful forms, with the noble Yaqui peak looming majestically grand, yet soft and fair as a height of heaven, in the remote distance, while far below spread in its eternal beauty, its inexhaustible fertility, the Royal Plain of Columbus.

"Oh, wonderful, wonderful! How glad I am to be here!" was all Katherine Chesney could say, as her enraptured glance swept the vast picture. In the immediate foreground a sea of verdure covered the steep sides of the mountain shelving downward from the summit on which they stood, the magnificent fronds of palms and the wide, satin leaves of wild plantains asserting themselves amid all the mass of mingled greenery. In many a waving line the great ridges trended away, falling in lesser hills down to the breadths of savanna that rolled to the yet more distant mountains which, robed in every shade of color, from deepest violet to faintest, most ethereal azure, receded into a hazy eternity, their highest summits hid away in sun-tinted masses of soft white clouds.

"It is glorious!" said Lorimer, who had found his way again to Miss Chesney's side when they halted. "I have looked on many mountain views, but never on one more beautiful."

"What could be more beautiful?" she asked, sighing with that excess of pleasure which is almost pain. "It is like a vision of paradise,—of something too ineffably fair to belong to earth."

"And yet what other spot of earth could one find that, in the short four centuries of which we know, has witnessed so many unspeakable horrors and atrocities?"

"Why do you recall them! Besides, this scene on which we are gazing could not have witnessed many. Man has made few footprints here since the first discoverers looked upon it."

"Very few indeed, to judge by the road along which we have come. But halloo!—here is absolutely a traveller, the first we have met."

Miss Chesney looked around, just as a man riding one horse and leading another, who had ascended the mountain on the northern side as they had ascended on the southern, rode up the last steep ascent and paused at sight of them. It was evidently a pause of astonishment, for the next moment there was recognition on both sides.

"Don Mariano!" exclaimed the new-comer. "Severino!" ejaculated Don Mariano. And then burst forth a torrent of words from both, into which Ramon Herresdorf flung himself, as it were, with an excited interest which made Lorimer say to Miss Chesney,—

"That fellow must have news of Felisa."

"He has," she answered. "I hear her name mentioned, but they speak so fast I can understand very little of what they say. I think, however, that he has seen her."

"No wonder you can't understand him," said Lorimer, disgustedly. "Did any one ever hear such a flood of talk? Why can't he say what he has to say with some kind of moderation?"

"I believe," said Miss Chesney, after a moment or two of further listening, "that he is taking Mr. Stanford's horse back to him."

"Indeed! The fair Felisa, then, absolutely considered what was to become of the man—in case he survived her attack. One begins to have hopes of her."

"Here is one who has seen Felisa, señorita," said Ramon, suddenly turning and coming up to them. His face was all aglow with excitement, his dark eyes shone. "This man, who is a very good and honest man, formerly worked for Don Mariano, but now lives on his own land across the mountains. To his house Felisa went last night, and she induced him to start early this morning to cross the pass and see after the man she had left. That is his horse he is taking to him."

"I understood as much," said Miss Chesney. "And where is Felisa?—at this man's house?"

"Alas, no. She left at the same time that he did, and has gone to Samaná, where she has some friends. It will be necessary to seek her there."

"Well, at least it is a comfort to know definitely where she is, and not to have to wander over the country inquiring for her," Lorimer remarked.

"Yes," Ramon agreed, "that is a comfort. And it is also a very great comfort to know that she is safe, and that the wife of this man, Severino Garcia, is accompanying her. And Don Mariano is acquainted with the people to whom she goes,—humble people, but good."

"So much the better," said Lorimer. "When the transformation scene occurs and Cinderella is changed once for all into a princess, we want the setting of the scene to be as effective as possible. The humble but good people little guess what an angel they are entertaining unawares."

"They would treat her no better if they did, señor," said Ramon, a little proudly.

"I have no doubt of that," replied Lorimer, kindly. "And if she has any wisdom, this Felisa of yours, she will value above all her gold these hearts which have given her what she can never in her life be sure of again,—faithful and disinterested affection."

The young man looked at him a little wistfully. "It seems to me," he said, "that the first person whom this money is to test is Felisa herself,—to prove how much or how little she values the affection of which you speak."

XIV.

It is impossible for imagination to conceive anything more idyllic in beauty than the shores of Samaná Bay. No one who has ever rounded the majestic granite mass of Balandra Head and sailed up the shining waters of this magnificent gulf, the finest in America, can forget the enchanting pictures which the long line of coast presents,

from the great Morne Diablo, with its terraced sea-front of red cliff, at the base of which the waves eternally break, and its forest-clad height receding into the clouds, to where the peninsula ends at the Gran Estero. Perhaps the loveliest of these pictures is the beautiful harbor of Samaná proper, or Santa Barbara, guarded by its fairy islets,—masses of rock covered with richest, most luxuriant verdure, rising out of and reflected in the crystal water; but the entire coast for thirty miles presents a constant succession of bold green hills, covered to their summits with tropical foliage, sloping down into charming valleys, and to exquisite bights indented in the shore, miniature bays where the rippling waves flash softly on crescents of glistening white sand, fringed by royal palms. "It is Paradise found again!" cried Columbus, when he first looked on this entrancing beauty; and no one can look on it to-day, unchanged as it is in any essential respect, without echoing the cry.

But on the opposite side of the bay the scenery is somewhat different in character. The traveller from the deck of his steamer, gazing across leagues of shimmering water, sees only a blue, misty shore—evidently a vast level expanse—backed by far, faint, dream-like hills. This is Savana de la Mar, a wide, beautiful plain, abundantly watered by many streams, and susceptible of the highest cultivation. Its shore is also indented with the fairy-like bays which form so charming a feature of the opposite coast, and it was beside the curving beach of one of these that an insignificant, palm-thatched dwelling stood, amid surroundings which an emperor might envy for his palace. A group of magnificent palms lifted their crowns of drooping fronds into the air a hundred feet above its roof; behind a grove of luxuriant bananas rustled their immense green satin leaves, and in front the blue-and-silver waters stretched to the remote distance of the opposite shore, where the long range of hills swam in a haze of aerial azure. Everything that Nature could bestow of beauty, perfection of climate, and productiveness of soil was here; and if those whom these conditions surrounded were not happy, one can only say that no surroundings, however ideal, can insure happiness.

This somewhat trite truth was very plainly written on the face of a girl who, leaving the house on the day after the pursuing party had crossed the *Sillón de la Viuda*, strolled, with the aimlessness of one who has no particular object in view, around the crescent of the shining beach, and, reaching its farthest point, sat herself down in the shade of some clustering trees and gazed with unseeing eyes over the leagues of glittering, dancing water which lay before her. It was the same face that Miss Chesney and Lorimer had seen in the cathedral of Santo Domingo, yet in expression and aspect so changed that it might almost have been doubted whether it was the same. A few days only had elapsed since its stormy beauty struck them so much; but what was written on it now was the deep, possibly ineffaceable trace of storm which had passed, leaving behind regret as passionate as the rage had been.

In truth, Felisa was tasting for the first time in her life that bitter potion called shame,—a shame, which made her wish to hide herself

from all her world, which had caused her to take refuge in this obscure spot, and made her now long to go a step further and bury herself, her troublesome passions and her terrible mistake (for so it seemed to her), in the waters before her. For who would ever believe with what childish ignorance and faith she had trusted herself to the man who talked of having been her father's friend and promised to help her to independence in her father's country? In the horror with which the few faithful friends to whom she had told her story had received it, in their evident opinion that she had hopelessly ruined her life, she seemed to read her fate. Nothing remained for her now but to hide herself far from all those who had known her, and be thankful if any one would receive or believe in her. As for Ramon, with a despairing heart she told herself that she must never think of Ramon again. If his father had objected to her before, what would he say of her now? And Ramon himself, was it likely that he would ever forgive or condone such an act as that of which she had been guilty? In the hopelessness which filled her in reply to this question, she learned a truth as old as time, that what we possess with certainty we are likely to hold but lightly, and that loss is the sad teacher which must prove its value to us. Facing the conviction that by her own act she had lost her lover, and recalling, as at such moments unsparing memory does recall, all the faithful devotion of years which she had so poorly requited, Felisa felt as if her heart would break. Intense in sorrow as in every other emotion, her dark eyes were full of a passionate despair as she gazed out over the sunlit waters and asked herself what was left for her in life. A fierce indifference to the fate of the man she had wounded possessed her, but she was nevertheless aware that if he died she would be accounted a murderess. Just now that was a matter of importance to her only so far as it deepened the gloom of her future isolation. Who would ever again regard the heroine of such a tragedy—a tragedy caused by her own folly and passion—with any sentiment save perhaps a pitying aversion?

And it was while she thus sank deeper and deeper into wholesome repentance and humility that a change, more wonderful than imagination could have dreamed of, was drawing near to her. She had purposely turned her back upon the house when she took her seat, and, since she was some distance removed from it, no sound came thence to her ear. She was therefore still gazing in deep despondency over the glorious beauty of the outspread scene, when a step on the firm white sand of the beach made her start and turn her head. The next moment she sprang to her feet with a low cry. Ramon was approaching her.

It is not likely that Ramon, when he claimed the right, very readily yielded to him by the party which had just arrived, of going to seek Felisa, formed to himself any definite idea or conjecture of what reception he might expect, or what her mood would be. But, had he done so, he certainly could never have anticipated what took place. He had been thinking of the Felisa whom he had seen last, from whom he had parted at the cathedral door; but this was a different Felisa altogether, this girl with her pale face and tragic eyes, who

looked at him for a moment as if she could not believe the testimony of her sight, and then rushed forward and flung herself into his arms, as if into a shelter and refuge.

"Ramon! Oh, Ramon!" she cried, with all her passionate soul in her voice. "Can it be that you forgive me and love me still?"

Ramon was figuratively knocked down; but physically he stood firm, and Felisa knew by the willing ardor of the arms which encircled her what was in his heart before his lips uttered it.

"I can never cease to love you, Felisa, as long as I live," he answered; "and to serve you I would go to the world's end,—though you did not believe it when we parted last."

"I was a wretch, a miserable wretch!" said Felisa. "But I have been terribly punished. A little while ago my heart was broken. I never thought that you would look at me again. Maria Garcia said that I had been so mad that no one would ever believe in me or care for me again."

"Maria Garcia is a fool," replied Ramon, with angry emphasis. "It is true that you have been wild, and angry without cause, and foolish——"

"Oh, Ramon, worse than foolish! See!—you must not make light of what I have done. I am overwhelmed with shame when I think of it, and I deserve anything—everything, except that you take away your love. For I was mad, I think, and I acted like a mad creature. That man—but tell me if you know what I did to him?"

"Yes, I know; and you did right."

"Oh, Ramon! and if he dies?"

"He will not die; but if he did, it would be no more than he deserves, for he knew well what he was doing when he took you away from your home."

"Yes, he knew; no doubt he knew. But I suppose he did not believe me to be the fool I was, and thought I knew also. That is what Maria Garcia says. It is right to remember that,—and also that I asked him to take me."

"You asked him, Felisa?"

"I think so. At least I asked him if I could not do something for myself if I were in my father's country, and he said, yes, there were many things that even a young girl could do there; and I said I would give much to go, and he said he would take me, that we could embark on a ship at Sanchez, and I—I trusted him and believed that he meant only to help me, and I was like one on fire with rage because nobody else would help me, and I thought I would show you what I could do, and—and——"

"My poor Felisa,"—very tenderly, as the voice broke down in strangled sobs,—"tell me no more. There is no need. I know all, and I have never for one instant thought evil of you,—never."

"Ah, but I must tell you. It is only from me you can know all," Felisa insisted, choking back her sobs and looking up at him with beautiful tear-drenched eyes. "And I will speak to you as if you were the Blessed Mother herself. This is how it was. After we had started, I began to have a dim fear that I had done wrong, because I

liked not the way he looked at me and spoke to me. He seemed trying to behave as if he were my lover, and he had not behaved in that way before we started. He knew it was a false pretence, and I showed that I was displeased. It was then that I made up my mind that I would go no farther with him than across the *Sillón de la Viuda*, that when we reached the house of Severino Garcia I would remain there. But when we halted to rest the horses and take some food at the foot of the pass, he did not want to go on. I said that we must, and that if he refused to go I would go alone. Then he said he would go if I would kiss him. I told him that I would see him dead first, and that if he touched me I would kill him. He laughed at that, and called me a 'spitfire,' and caught hold of me. I said, 'Let me go, or I will kill you!' He laughed again, and kissed me. Then I struck him with this,"—she drew with a quick motion from the folds of her dress a small, keen dagger,—"and I know I tried to kill him. I felt no pity for him when he staggered back,—none. I was furious, and I believe that I would have struck him again, but that my whole mind was set on escape. I ran out, called Manuel—the boy, you know—to come with me, made him mount, and we rode off. That is—all."

Her voice dropped over the last words, and she closed her eyes as if she were going to faint, as her head sank on his shoulder. The long strain of intense emotion, never relaxed from the hour of which she spoke until now, had at last its moment of reaction. She felt herself suddenly weak as a child, and for a moment she lost consciousness. But only for a moment. Her splendid young vitality soon asserted itself. She opened her eyes again with a blissful sense of peace and security, and of a weight lifted away forever as she felt Ramon's kisses on her face.

"You are very, very good to forgive me," she murmured. "I am glad now I did not kill him; it would make things worse. And as it is, how will your father ever overlook this?"

A sudden thought—the first since she had rushed to meet him—of her changed condition, of the great news which awaited her, came to Ramon at these words. His arms dropped away from her under the impulse of it, and she, misunderstanding the cause of this withdrawal, looked up at him a picture of penitent sadness.

"You think he will never overlook it," she said. "And it is I who have made another barrier between us."

"Felisa," cried Ramon, almost beside himself with conflicting emotions, "do not tempt me to say another word. I should never forgive myself if I bound you by a promise of any kind before you know—— But come with me to the house: there are—some people waiting to see you."

"People?" She shrank in painful surprise. "Who are they, and why do they wish to see me? Ramon, are you deceiving me? Is that man perhaps dead, and have they come to arrest me?"

"No, no!" cried Ramon, vehemently. "How can you think such a thing? The people yonder are Don Mariano——"

"Ah!" she ejaculated, shrinking a little.

"And an American gentleman, who has come from the States to find you and bring you news."

"To find *me*, Ramon?"

"You, Felisa,—no one else. But it is not my place to give his news. He will tell you himself what it is. Come with me."

Keeping her hand close clasped in his, he drew her forward, walking hurriedly, as if he feared his own resolution if they tarried. And so Felisa, bewildered and breathless, was drawn a few minutes later into the presence of the group who were seated in the humble Dominican house awaiting her.

XV.

It was surely a strange place in which to seek the heiress of millions. This had been the thought of Miss Chesney and Lorimer as they gazed around the apartment in which they found themselves while waiting the coming of the Cinderella who was to be transformed. Poverty could hardly have found more complete expression than in this house of logs, with its floor of earth and roof of thatch; but perhaps it was owing to the idyllic surroundings that there seemed something idyllic in the simplicity of the habitation. It was as if where Nature gave so much, and where she was herself so alluring, man needed but little in the form of shelter, and that little as simple, as primitive, as possible. Nor were the manners of the people at variance with this idea. No Arab chief at the door of his tent (and that is saying more than if one said a prince at the gate of his palace) could have surpassed in dignity and grace the manner and bearing of the owner of this humble hut as he received his unexpected guests and led them within, where his wife with equal courtesy made them welcome and offered them such seats as the habitation afforded.

A few words had explained their business,—which indeed the presence of Don Mariano sufficiently explained,—and while Ramon went in the direction indicated by one of the children to seek Felisa, the heads of the household, together with a tall, bronze-colored woman who was Maria Garcia, eagerly addressed themselves to Don Mariano, relating the manner of Felisa's arrival and her story. Don Mariano endeavored to wave these explanations aside. "I know, I know," he repeated, as they poured forth their account, and as soon as it was possible to stem the torrent of words, he on his part began to speak. He thanked them first, warmly and gratefully, for receiving and sheltering the girl who had so wildly left her home and so fortunately escaped out of the hands of a schemer; and then he proceeded to electrify them by telling them why she had been the object of the defeated scheme, what wonderful change had come over her fortunes and made her a prize worth running any risk to gain. Their surprise was great, and their pleasure evidently sincere. But to Lorimer, who, from understanding little of what was said, was the more closely observant of manner, it seemed that the first of these sentiments was not so intense as it would have been where cupidity was more of a recog-

nized force in life, and that the last was untinctured with the envy which almost invariably accompanies the reception of such news in more highly civilized localities and circles. They were still laughing at the discomfiture of the wounded adventurer, when in the open doorway Ramon appeared, leading Felisa.

Silence fell at once, for every one perceived by the pale resolution of one young face and the startled apprehension of the other that the time for congratulations had not yet come. Evidently the heiress was still in ignorance of her good fortune, and evidently, also, she was expecting anything rather than such tidings. She hardly noticed the strangers—save that a momentary amazement was in her glance when it fell on Miss Chesney—as she entered and advanced, with the air of a child who comes to beg pardon for a fault, toward Don Mariano. But the hesitating words with which she began to address him were (to her) most unexpectedly cut short by his meeting her with a warmth strange to their intercourse hitherto, and eagerly embracing her. Nor, let it in justice be said, was this warmth simulated on his part. It was a sincere expression of his pleasure in seeing again the wilful but still lovable girl who had grown up under his roof and whom such a golden halo now encircled. It is impossible to deny that but for this halo his reception of her would have been different. But it is also certain that he would have been glad of her recovery had it only meant that she would return to be a charge upon him as in the past.

"Ah, Felisa," he said, "thou hast behaved very badly, and with an incredible folly, but I will not scold thee. I am too thankful to see thee safe, preserved by God and thy own courage from a great danger."

The sincere feeling of the words touched the girl, who knew herself little deserving of such kindness. She took his hand and kissed it with a gesture as graceful as it was humble.

"I am sorry," she said, "very sorry to have given so much trouble, both now and in the past. I will try to make amends if—if I may go home."

"We have come to take thee home," replied Don Mariano, delighted with this unexpected docility. "But first we have news, strange news, for thee, *carita*. Here"—he turned toward Lorimer—"is a *señor Americano* who reached Rosario with this news the very day thou, wilful one, had left; and he has followed thee through the forest and over the mountains to tell it."

Lorimer could not but smile as he felt how every glance in the company now turned upon him, as the magician whose wand was to make the mighty change in the girl whose grave eyes looked at him expectantly.

"I believe," he said, "that Miss Ancram understands English: so I will not apologize for the fact that my news must be communicated in that language. I have to tell you," he went on, directly addressing the girl, "that you have inherited from a grand-uncle, of whom probably you never heard, a fortune which is estimated at five million dollars."

She stared at him a moment, so amazed and apparently so uncomprehending that he was about to address Ramon, who had drawn aside,

and ask him to repeat the communication in Spanish, when she spoke, —in English also, but with a strong foreign accent:

"Did I understand you right, señor? Do you say that *I*—Felisa —have inherited a fortune of five million dollars?"

He bowed. "You understand me perfectly. That is what I have said."

"It is a very large fortune, five millions, is it not? I—I am rich?"

"You are very rich, señorita. There are few women in the world more rich in their own right than you."

She was silent again for a moment, her great dark eyes still fixed upon him, her entire expression that of one who is taking in an idea so new and so overwhelming that readjustment of the whole mental attitude is necessary in order to comprehend it. No one spoke. Even Don Mariano remained by some instinct silent, and waited curiously for her next words,—the most self-revealing words that she would ever speak.

They came at last, slowly, uttered as if in a dream. "Then, if I am rich, everything is changed. Instead of being a weight, a burden, I can help others,—those who have so long cared for me. And—and perhaps——"

She suddenly turned. A flash of light came over her face, irradiating, transforming it. At that moment she was divinely beautiful. Her lips curved into an exquisite smile, her eyes glowed with radiance as they fell upon Ramon. For the instant she seemed to forget every presence but his, as, advancing toward him with her hand outstretched, she went on with infinite simplicity and sweetness:

"Perhaps if this is really so—if I am really rich—your father will overlook the foolish thing which I have done, and let us be happy."

"And so Felisa has justified my good opinion of her, and proved herself as generous and disinterested as the most romantic heart could desire."

It was Miss Chesney who made this remark, half an hour later, when Lorimer and herself had strolled to the point of the crescent-shaped beach where Felisa had sat in mournful despair so short a time before. It was settled that they would return to Sanchez,—where they had spent the last night,—taking the young heiress with them. But their hospitable hosts insisted on their waiting for a collation which was now in process of preparation; and in the interval these two had walked out together. As they sat down under the clustering group of palms which shaded the point, with the wondrous expanse of water and sky and distant shore spread before it, Lorimer smiled in answer to his companion's last remark.

"I am glad that Felisa has justified your good opinion," he said, "but I am afraid it is my turn now to be a little cynical. She is too ignorant as yet to understand the power of her wealth. When she does understand it——"

"The knowledge will have a good effect upon her," said Miss Chesney, with decision, as he paused. "How do I know that? Oh,

by an instinctive judgment of her character, at which you may sneer——"

"I have not the least intention of doing any such thing," interposed Lorimer. "When have I ever ventured to sneer at any opinion of yours, whether based on instinct or not?"

"You would if you dared, however. It is an invariable habit of men to sneer at any opinion based on instinct, without regard to the fact that their own opinions are frequently based on nothing half so trustworthy. However, to return to Felisa. I am sure that she will now develop into a noble woman, and that her use of this wealth will be as good as its effect upon her."

"But—pardon an humble inquirer into processes of thought which are shrouded in mystery to his duller understanding—why do you think so?"

"Well" (condescendingly), "I will tell you, though I do not imagine that I shall convince you. Her faults heretofore have all sprung from qualities—or, as the French say, the defects of qualities—noble in themselves. It is surely not a new or strange idea to you that a nature, especially if it has strongly marked characteristics, will be totally different in an environment which frets and jars upon it, and in one which is sympathetic and harmonious."

"I would not have to seek very long for that knowledge. *I* am a totally different man when I am treated with respect, consideration, and sympathy, and when I am—let us say snubbed."

"Then you can appreciate the truth of what I state. Applying it to Felisa, one may readily see how her pride and spirit of independence have been galled by her dependent position, how her temper has suffered from uncongenial surroundings and the apparent hopelessness of her fate, and how her courage scorned what seemed to her the cowardly submission of her lover to his father."

"What a splendid devil's advocate you would make!" observed Lorimer, admiringly.

"But now," pursued the speaker, unheeding this interruption, "we have had an opportunity to see the fine qualities which prosperity has already developed. Could anything have been more generous than her first thoughts when she heard that she was rich 'beyond the dreams of avarice,' or anything more noble, more self-forgetful, than her first words to Ramon? Oh, I am sure she has a nature which will ripen and sweeten in sunshine, like those grapes from which is expressed the finest wine."

"Your theory of the excellent effects of prosperity is one which would meet with wide acceptance," said Lorimer, smiling. "But I suppose I hardly need point out to you that it is not that which has the approbation of moralists. One of these last would hold that such wealth as this girl possesses will probably have a bad rather than a good effect upon her character."

"My theory," said Miss Chesney, incisively, "is that upon the character itself depends the influence which wealth exercises. If the mercenary taint is in it, the vulgar love of money for its own sake, if vanity rules or selfishness dominates, then the deterioration of such a

character will be quick and complete. But if it be generous in instinct, noble in quality, and high in tastes, wealth can do it no harm, but only good, let all the moralists in the world say what they will to the contrary."

"Amen. I wish I had at this moment a fortune to lay at your feet."

"You have no assurance that I am one of those on whom its effects would be good. I am afraid, on the contrary, that I should become too fond of power, if I had the power which a great fortune gives. I am aware that I am already too much inclined to be dictatorial."

"Now, I call it very remarkable," said Lorimer, who was diligently digging a hole in the sand, "that you should be so well aware of your weak point. I wish I had as clear ideas about my own."

"I should not think you could be in any doubt about it," observed Miss Chesney, dryly.

"Don't you?" he replied, quite eagerly. "But I am in doubt, so pray enlighten me. Tell me what it is."

"Really, Mr. Lorimer, I don't see that I am called upon to be your Mentor——"

"Called upon—no; but as an act of charity. You think me a failure in life, that I know; and I am prepared to admit that you are right. But why, in your opinion, am I a failure?"

"Doesn't it strike you that such—er—personal conversation is in bad taste?"

"Not at all. I confess to liking personal conversation. It is much more interesting than discussion of abstract subjects. I want to talk about the concrete,—the very concrete,—about myself. What, I repeat, is in your opinion the cause of my double failure, either to do anything worth doing in life, or to win your regard—I may say your respect?"

"You have no right to say anything of the kind," she returned, indignantly. "When have I ever indicated——"

"That you despise me? I regret to be forced to answer, many times. Lately, in particular, when you have told me again and again that my manifest duty was to marry, or endeavor to marry, a woman for her money. Now, when I consider the type of man who is supposed to be specially fitted for that destiny, I cannot fail to believe that you hold me very low indeed, or you would not have offered such advice; but, not knowing in the least what I have done to merit your contempt, I humbly beg for light on the subject."

He was so intently engaged in digging his hole—as if he had been digging for the light he asked—that he did not glance at Miss Chesney as he uttered this speech. Had he done so, he would have been struck by the expression of her face. As it was, he only caught the tone of her voice as she said, after a moment's hesitation,—

"I should never have thought you would be so foolish as to ask for the serious interpretation of a jest."

"A jest?" he repeated, and now he suspended his work of excavation to look up at her. "Your advising me to secure Felisa's fortune might have been a jest, but not the contempt which made that advice possible."

"No," she replied, "that was not a jest, for the simple reason that even a jest must have an existence, and my contempt for you has never had any existence at all except in your imagination."

"You know you think me indolent, careless, lacking in energy——"

"Oh, yes" (impatiently), "you are all of that: did I not say you had no need to have your weak points told to you? But have those faults ever injured any one save yourself? And one does not—exactly—despise a man for only injuring himself."

"You are mistaken" (gloomily). "I think you have despised me, although you are kindly endeavoring to smooth it over now. Well, at least we have had a few pleasant days together—that is, I have had a few pleasant days—during our chase of the heiress, which is happily, or unhappily, ended now. I confess I could have gone on chasing her indefinitely under the circumstances, and I am only sorry she allowed herself to be run to earth so soon."

"I am afraid papa's patience would not have held out for another stage of the chase," said Miss Chesney, smiling, "so it may be as well, if you cared for our company, that the chase is ended. It has been pleasant. I think I have told you before how much I am indebted to you for the excitement and interest of it, and for the glimpse of the interior of the island which I have had."

"I am glad to have been able to do even so slight a thing for you. It will be something to remember—after we have parted. And we shall part to-morrow."

"To-morrow?" she echoed, with a start. "But you are returning with us to Santo Domingo?"

"No. I have done all that I came here to do. I shall remain at Sanchez and take the next steamer—due in a few days—for the States."

Miss Chesney turned and looked at him for a moment in silence. He had gone back to digging his hole in somewhat dogged fashion, and did not meet her gaze. One would have said that he was making a grave for something in the Dominican sand.

"What is the meaning of this?" she asked, after a moment, impatiently. "You know that you had no intention of this kind when we left Santo Domingo."

"When we left Santo Domingo I had, as you are aware, no idea that my chase of the heiress would lead me over to the opposite coast of the island. Being here, why should I return?"

"Oh,"—shrugging her shoulders and turning her face away again to gaze out over the wide expanse of glittering water,—"what a futile question! Why should one do anything, or go anywhere, if it comes to that?"

"Generally speaking, because one has a motive of either business or pleasure. My business is done. As for pleasure,"—he paused a moment, and then added, in a lower tone, "there are pleasures which if a man is wise he will shun. I thought that I might approach and warm myself a little at a flame which had burned me once, but I find that the old burn grows too painful. My metaphors perhaps are mixed, but the plain truth is—for I would not have you think me

churlish—that I find that I love you as much as ever—as ever, do I say?" breaking off almost fiercely. "No, far more than I ever loved you before, as if, unknown to myself, my love had been growing in the interval since you laughed at me and refused to listen to me a year ago. And, this being so, should I not be a fool if I lingered near you, only to be wounded by your indifference, your scorn——"

"No!" The word in its sharp energy cut the air like a sword. She turned toward him again, with a flash of fire in her gray eyes, a sudden rush of color into her lily-pale cheeks. "You have no right to say that," she went on, breathlessly. "I have never scorned you, —never! And if I laughed, does one not sometimes laugh at that which one—likes? Last year—— Oh, what fools men are!"

Her voice choked over the last vehement exclamation. She looked away again, but now she saw the shining waters and the distant shore swimming in a mist of tears. Lorimer, startled beyond measure by her words, forgot his grave-digging, and, leaning forward, tried to see her face.

"No doubt we are fools," he said, humbly, "but last year—how was I specially a fool last year? Did you not send me away?—refuse to listen to me?"

"I—laughed at you. But was that a reason for believing——?" She turned her face suddenly and looked at him. He would have been a fool indeed had he not read then what was shining in her eyes.

"I never meant you to go; I never thought you would not come back," she went on. "When you did not come, I believed it had been a mere fancy which had passed——"

"A fancy!" He took her hand and kissed it passionately. "No, my lady, my queen, it was no fancy, but a love which has grown greater with time and absence, until now it has passed beyond my control, so that one of two things I must do,—either part from you finally, or never part again. It is for you to say which it shall be."

She did not laugh at him now, nor mock his earnestness in her light, accustomed fashion, but answered sweetly, gravely, and directly,—

"We will never part."

THE END.

SHUTTING OUT THE SEA.

OUR extensive line of sea-coast is the pride and glory of the nation's commercial life; but it is no less a source of danger than of revenue. Every seaport becomes a vulnerable point to an enemy's guns, unless adequately protected by expensive systems of defence, whose cost can scarcely be computed in the present unsettled condition of modern war methods. The long stretches of uninhabited sea-coast separating flourishing sea-towns expose the country to flank movements of an attacking enemy that are hardly less important in their seriousness than those menacing the cities. In a country like ours the coast-defence question has always loomed up as the most momentous to be solved in times of threatening war, and even during years of peace and commercial prosperity the subject receives considerable newspaper attention.

Millions of dollars have been spent in coast defence in this and other countries, and so long as nations continue in their present belligerent attitude toward each other this source of enormous expenditure will remain in force. But there is another kind of coast defence that the modern naval officer and scientific gunner do not take note of, and by virtue of its prosaic character it receives less public attention than it deserves. But when properly understood there is a phase to it that should lift the subject from the commonplace to the romantic and picturesque. We are accustomed to look upon the sea as peculiarly destructive to the shipping interests of the world, and rarely stop to consider the extensive injury that the waves do to the coast-line. Each recurring storm brings with it stirring tales of shipwreck, romantic pictures of strange adventures upon the seas, and new proof of man's genius in constructing mighty ships that can outride the fiercest gale that ever swept the turbulent Atlantic. The treacherous coasts, lined with rocks and submerged sand-bars, attract our attention at such times because of the danger they threaten to every unfortunate craft that drifts near them, and the work of the life-savers at the government stations is described with graphic pen and pencil to thrill the world of civilized readers. There is no doubt that the mariner upon the sea receives his full share of sympathy and public attention during the seasons of storm and hurricane.

But ever since the land and water were formed upon the earth, and separated by well-defined boundaries, the configuration of continents and islands has been constantly changing and shifting by the action of the sea-waves. Whole islands have been cast up violently out of the sea, or formed slowly but surely by the tides and currents of centuries; continents have been cut in half and built up by a like process; and known lands have disappeared beneath the waves of the ocean. Mighty rivers have cut deep valleys in the land and carried the waste deposits to the bed of the ocean, where new islands and peninsulas have been subsequently formed. Of all geological wonders, the history of the

earth's changes by the action of the ocean and its tributaries is the greatest and most interesting. Through the countless ages of the past this mighty process has been gradually evolving new soils and climates, washing away the old, and renewing the primitive virginity of the worn-out lands with the rich sediments of the ocean's bed. Rugged rocks have been undermined and tumbled into the ocean by the ceaseless rolling of giant waves, and miles of sea-beaches have been swept inland to engulf fertile farm regions, and even to submerge cities and towns. Expensive works of man along the coast have been crushed and washed away as though they were but toys for a summer day's pleasure.

The visitors at the sea-shore in the summer days see only the mild side of the ocean's life. The quiet, lapping waves, the beautiful foam-crested surf breaking upon the white strand, have little of awe and terror in them. That these peaceful swells can be changed into the greatest power for evil known to man can scarcely be realized by those who have never witnessed a heavy storm along the coast. A storm in mid-ocean is fearful enough, but the action of the ocean along the coast is ten times more terrible and powerful. Numerous rocks, sand-bars, and obstructing headlands interfere with the grand movement of the waves and tide in one general direction, and the confusion of tide, current, and waves can be likened only to a collision between two fast-moving trains. There is the shock that shatters the rolling seas into a million sprays; the rebounding and turning of powerful undercurrents; the meeting of land and sea winds in a fierce, titanic battle; the roar and shriek of storm and seething sea; and miles of angry waters, vainly endeavoring to sweep away the obstructions that have impeded their progress. The scene from some rocky eminence is awe-inspiring. It makes man tremble at his own weakness, and wonder at the stability of the earth and the mighty power of the ocean.

In view of this tremendous power for evil, the coast-defence question assumes a new importance in the eyes of many. The destructive power of some opposing nation's battle-ships is a mere bagatelle compared with the action of the sea upon the land. One heavy storm may wash away enough landed property, docks, and shipping interests to pay for the construction of several battle-ships, and a series of such atmospheric disturbances will waste money enough to build a navy for the most ambitious nation. While the danger to the United States from an enemy's guns is so small that it needs a strongly imaginative mind to see it, the insecurity from the destructive action of the sea is constant and imminent. Money expended for the former may be wasted in the end, but every dollar that goes to protect the coast from the encroaching ocean should show beneficial results at once.

This sort of coast defence has engaged the attention of science and the engineering world to a much greater extent than is generally realized. Ever since the Dutch government succeeded in shutting out the Zuyder Zee and reclaiming nearly half a million acres of fertile land, the work of protecting the coast from the disintegrating action of the ocean has advanced with great strides. The cost of the elaborate works of shutting out the sea in Holland, and the subsequent draining of the new land, was, in round numbers, about ten million pounds.

The dikes are the most powerful in existence, but during heavy storms on the North Sea they are frequently broken down in places, and repairs are necessary. Other engineering feats in shutting out the sea for coast protection are numerous and important enough to deserve more than passing notice. Breakwaters of the most elaborate and expensive kind have been constructed outside of important harbors and roadsteads, but, despite the ingenuity of man, the restless sea annually breaks through some of them, and demolishes in one night the work of several years.

Among the best-known breakwaters in Europe, built for the protection of the coast and for the shelter of large harbors, are those of Plymouth, Portland, Cherbourg, Holyhead, Dover, and the South Breakwater at Aberdeen. The Holyhead breakwater is a solid wall of masonry, with long and gently inclined seaward faces, upon which the waves break. This enormous structure was completed in 1873, and was designed by Mr. J. M. Rendel. The total cost of the work was one million two hundred and eighty-five thousand pounds, or one hundred and sixty-three pounds and ten shillings per running foot. The depth of water in which the breakwater is built averages fifty feet at the spring tides. The masonry work is four hundred feet broad at its base, and seven thousand eight hundred and sixty feet long. On the summit of this sea-wall is another massive masonry structure forty feet high, which receives the heaviest seas that wash above the foundation. Sloping down from this wall on the harbor side is a low terrace or quay. It is estimated that the mound sunk below the water contains about seven million tons of stone.

The Dover breakwater is constructed on a different plan from the Holyhead. Instead of long, gently inclined seaward faces, the solid wall of concrete is built with vertical faces, which reflect the waves that beat against it. The work of constructing this harbor protection was carried on with diving-bells. A foundation of masonry was first made, and then filled in with concrete. The South Breakwater at Aberdeen represents the latest engineering work of this class of structures. W. Dyce Cay, the engineer of this great work, adopted a novel method of forming the foundation of the structure far below the surface of the sea. Within the boundaries marked for the new breakwater large bags of liquid concrete were placed by divers. This cement hardened rapidly when placed in water, and the foundation built up of these bags of liquid cement consisted when finished of one solid mass of concrete. When the first foundation was thus formed, and finished off smoothly on the top for the superstructure, divers placed solid concrete blocks weighing twenty tons each in their place up to the level of low water. From this point up to the summit of the breakwater the structure was made of liquid cement, held in strong cases containing several hundred tons each. To give the breakwater greater strength to resist the seas, an apron around the foot of the structure was formed of hundred-ton bags of liquid cement, which when hardened formed a base that was almost impregnable against the action of the heaviest storms. This breakwater is a fine example of the modern method of protecting exposed harbors from the fury of the ocean.

In this country the many miles of sea-coast make it necessary to construct breakwaters at numerous points, and the problem calling for solution is somewhat different from that in England. Large protected bays, sounds, and natural harbors keep the sea from washing directly upon the seaport cities. New York, Boston, Philadelphia, Savannah, and Baltimore on the Atlantic coast, and San Francisco and Portland on the Pacific coast, are fine examples of seaport cities protected from the ocean by natural land formations. At the mouths of nearly all these harbors small breakwaters of stone are required to keep back the heavy tides and seas, but there is no need for such extensive structures as those erected at Dover, Holyhead, Aberdeen, and other places on the exposed coast of Britain. The national government spends annually millions of dollars for harbor improvements, a good percentage of which goes toward the construction and repairing of small breakwaters. At the mouths of large rivers emptying into the ocean, protecting breakwaters are built to prevent the channel from being filled up by the heavy sea-storms, and all along the coast sheltered roadsteads are being constructed for vessels to ride safely at anchor during heavy storms. The Delaware breakwater is a good example of this class. The mouth of the Delaware Bay is so broad that the ocean washes with great fury far up into it, making it unsafe for vessels of small tonnage, unless they seek shelter up the river. The construction of the large breakwater off Cape Henlopen enables ships to receive protection from the heavy storms at the very mouth of the bay. This breakwater is one of the largest of its kind in this country, and is built to receive the full brunt of the sea, like those off the English coast. A considerable sum of money is expended every season to keep the heavy stone wall in proper repair, but the importance of the protection to shipping is sufficient to justify such an outlay.

The condition and character of the coast determine the nature of the defence needed, and, as no country has a greater variety of shoreline than the United States, the multiplicity of contrivances employed to protect the land from the ravages of the sea is great. Every sort of breakwater, bulkhead, jetty, and pier that has been found of permanent value in shutting out the sea from the land can be found somewhere along the Atlantic coast. Along the North Pacific Ocean, and bordering the New England States, the coast is as rough and rocky as any in the world, while below New York it changes rapidly into a low sandy soil. Nature has formed her own protective barriers on the New England shore, and breakwaters are needed chiefly to form harbors and roadsteads; but on the Jersey coast and farther south defences are built to keep the land from washing away. Along the sandy coast the greatest engineering ability has been exhausted in trying to devise ways and means to shut out the sea. Coast defence here means the saving of millions of dollars' worth of private and public property. The beaches and low coast are as changeable and unstable as the wind. Every season valuable property is swept away, and worthless islands or points of the mainland are formed at other places, where they are not wanted. As the beaches become more settled, and mammoth summer hotels and cottages go up, the question of proper coast pro-

tection appeals with greater force to an ever-increasing class of property-owners. Formerly, when these beaches were deserted, except by a few fishermen, little attention was given to the subject. Breakwaters were placed at the mouths of the rivers and at the entrances to bays, to prevent the ocean from filling up the deep-water channels with sand.

Private and local enterprise has struggled defiantly for years to defend valuable strips of land from the encroachments of the sea. National aid is being obtained slowly, but the question of making the shore-line safe and permanent is gradually assuming more than a merely local importance. The constant shifting and changing of the sandy beaches obstruct navigation, and keep the government employees busy in making new soundings and in locating buoys and beacons. If the character of the coast could be changed by protective agencies, the present expense attached to the Hydrographic Office could be largely decreased. Each winter numerous wrecks occur on account of the shifting of the sand-bars, beaches, and channels. The national as well as the local expenditure of money because of the instability of the coast is thus enormous.

The question is now one that interests all classes of people, and the scientific solution of the problem must redound to the benefit of every owner of land abutting upon the sea, and to every one directly or indirectly connected with our vast shipping interests. The methods of coast defence can be divided into three distinct classes. The first is to protect the land by heavy walls and breakwaters that will offer direct resistance to the waves. The second method is to build devices that will make the winds and waves build their own barriers. The third system of protection is to use the humble sand-binding grasses for the erection of strong shores that will prevent the ocean from washing them away.

Along the north Jersey coast from Long Branch to Asbury Park the coast is formed of bluffs and high ground, and walls that will offer direct resistance to the waves must be constructed to protect them from the waves. These bluffs are being washed away rapidly where not protected by some artificial device, and the sand is carried back into the sea, where sand-bars are formed with it. Many years ago, when the Jersey sea-side resorts first became prominent, efforts were made to protect this shore with heavy timber bulkheads. But each recurring winter these massive timbers were washed away, and a good slice of the bluffs was levelled. No matter how heavy and strong this sort of protection is made, the sea is pretty sure to batter it down in time, and the work must be repeated. For fifteen years now property-owners have wasted their money in building makeshift timber walls to protect their land from the ocean along many parts of our coast. The same amount of money put in strong walls of masonry and concrete would yield permanent results that would endure for half a century, and in time this must be the outcome of the present abortive attempts to keep back the sea. Besides wooden walls, numerous jetties run out into the ocean to break the force of the current, and in this way the damage to the bluffs is somewhat lessened. Nearly every storm of any great fury not only carries away or demolishes part of the walls,

but makes great inroads into the bluffs of sand behind them. A solid stone wall, with sloping faces to the sea, would protect the bluffs so that private and public property would be secure for all time. The best illustrations of this principle of coast defence can be seen in the numerous stone breakwaters constructed by the government for harbor protection.

The second method of erecting a barrier to the ocean's waves is common all along our sandy coasts, and, as it costs less than the first, it is the most popular. Wooden bulkheads and jetties are used almost entirely in this work, and stone walls and solid structures of concrete and masonry are not much superior to them. The principle is to make the tides and winds do most of the building, while the bulkheads and jetties serve merely as the nuclei of the future barriers. In order to accomplish this, a study of the tides and currents along the coast must be made. In ordinary weather the swift-flowing currents carry with them considerable loose sand which they wash away from the beaches and deposit at various points along their course. When the ocean is turbulent and rough, the tides, waves, and currents wash larger quantities of sand away from the beaches, and hurry them along to other parts. Where the sand is very loose and light the water is often so full of the particles during storms that it resembles watered milk. The carrying power of the currents depends upon their velocity and the character of the sand. Although this process may seem slow, it is one of the most dangerous methods of changing the configuration of the coast-line. The beaches are shifted, and the course of the channels and sand-bars is so changed that navigation is made difficult.

To prevent the beaches from being washed away, jetties are constructed along the shore where the currents are the strongest, and by stopping them or deflecting them sharply to one side the moving water is made to give up a good part of the sand. Beach-building by this method is one of the best and surest ways of protecting coast property. In one winter a property-owner may add fifty feet of sand to his property, or, if unprotected, he may lose his entire possession. A jetty is generally built across the current, and extends some distance out into the sea. While this wooden structure may be washed away by the first heavy storm, it is more apt to collect enough sand around its basis to form an effectual barrier to the sea. The jetties are so constructed that the currents whirl around sharply and deposit their sands in a triangular bank. Where the current is particularly strong, a series of bulkheads are formed, beginning with short ones that barely touch the inner edge of the current, and progressing out to very long ones that extend full across the path of the moving body of water. The beach-building then begins at the first jetty, and forms triangular banks all the way out to the longest jetty. Many miles of beach have been added to certain places in this way. A series of such jetties have been constructed in recent years off the Long Branch bluffs, and similar protections are built on the beach at Atlantic City.

The jetties are usually built of heavy timber or spiles driven into the sand in two rows, and the space between filled in with stone. The timbers are braced together with heavy iron bands, and on top of the

stones brush and general litter are deposited to catch the sand. The value of brush mixed in with the stones is just beginning to be properly appreciated. When the current strikes the jetty a great deal of the water forces its way between the planks, and brush placed in between the two lines of spiles catches the greater percentage of the sand that has not been deposited on the other side. Unless the jetty is connected with the mainland very securely, the strong current is apt to rush around the inner side during heavy storms and wash away more beach than the jetty could possibly build in a year. Where the line of beach is very low, the jetty frequently has to be carried a mile or more back to high ground. At Atlantic City the main jetty is nearly submerged by the water at high tide, and to prevent the inner edge from being cut off from dry land by exceptionally high tides a long narrow bulwark runs far up on the beach.

A good sample of beach-building by means of bulwarks and jetties may be seen around the light-house in the upper part of Atlantic City. A few years ago the ocean threatened to carry away this point of beach and tumble the light-house into the sea. The bulwarks erected along the edge to protect the beach only partly resisted the heavy waves of the ocean. Finally the government experts built jetties around the point for the purpose of making the swift currents and tides form a wider beach. The jetties radiated from a common centre near the light-house, and extended out into the ocean so as to interfere with the disintegrating action of the current. The work of beach-building began immediately. The current deposited sand in the triangular enclosures daily, until the banks became so large that many of the jetties were buried out of sight. To-day only the outer ends of the jetties are exposed to view, and these in time may become submerged by the drifting sands. The beach is nearly three hundred feet wide to-day at the point of the light-house, where six years ago there were scarcely twenty feet of firm beach at high tide.

Private property-owners frequently adopt a cheaper method of protecting their shore property where the ocean currents and tides threaten to carry their water front away. Rows of stakes are securely driven into the sand at low tide parallel with the line of the surf, and to these are anchored, by heavy stones or wire, bundles of twigs and bushes. Every hundred yards a timber jetty is constructed at right angles to the lines of bushes. The jetties turn the course of the currents, and the rows of twigs hold the sand deposited both by the tides and the deflected currents. At Belmar on the Jersey coast a makeshift bulwark is constructed of planks and spiles, with a smooth sloping surface facing the ocean. On top of the bulwark, elevated several feet above it, is a plank walk. During high tides and stormy weather the ocean waves wash up the sloping bulwark and pour over into the hollow space under the plank walk. The water carried into the enclosure can escape back to the ocean only by sinking through the beach, and in this way it leaves all the sand behind. Beach-building under the plank walk thus goes on apace, and a decided extension of the coast is made. Brush is sometimes placed inside of such a bulwark, to retain the sand more effectually. The Pennsylvania Railroad at Atlantic City has

constructed a long timber fence to protect its property from the inroads of the ocean, and every wave that breaks over the top of it leaves a deposit of sand inside of the fence.

The extreme southern beaches along the Carolina and Georgia coasts are composed of sand so fine that every wind-storm fills the air with immense clouds. When wet this sand packs as hard as a board floor, but as soon as the sun dries it out it becomes light and volatile again. The coasts here suffer more from sand-storms than from the action of the ocean's waves. During heavy wind-storms a whole beach may almost disappear, while the flying sand may bury out of sight some valuable property. As the prevailing wind-storms are from the ocean side, the sand moves inland instead of going out to sea. This fine sand has been gradually advancing inland for a quarter of a century, and in places the coast is deeply indented by the sea and wind. Every ocean storm throws up enormous banks of the fine white sand, which is drifted inland in blinding clouds as soon as it is dry and a wind blows up from the sea.

The question of protecting the coast from the combined action of wind and waves has long been anxiously studied, but now by a simple process the disastrous effect of the elements is pretty effectually counteracted. The principle is very similar to that used for beach-building under the water, only the wind and not the waves is made the active agent. Long lines of dead brush are anchored in hedges parallel with the line of the surf, and, as these screens of twigs are so thick that the drifting sand is caught by them, the wind soon erects its own barrier. A succession of such hedges, stretching one back of the other, makes the wind almost harmless. What sand escapes from the first few hedges is pretty sure to find lodgement behind some of the others. The next step is to plant beach grass thickly along the tops of the beach cliffs thus formed, and the roots of these wild plants bind the sand together so firmly that the wind is unable to move the fine particles.

But the use of sand-binding grasses brings us to the third method of protecting the coast from the ravages of the sea and winds. In recent years the Department of Agriculture has made a special study of sand-binding grasses, and experiments have been made with more than a dozen of the best varieties to find out the relative value of the different sorts. Property-owners along the coast have made special appeals for information upon this subject, for without doubt these humble plants may in time do more toward checking the destructive action of the waves than anything else known to science. In various parts of the world the sea-grasses and sand-binding plants shut out the sea more effectually than extensive bulwarks of stone and timber. In Holland the land reclaimed from the North Sea is held firmly by the sand-binding grasses, and without them the problem would be much greater than it is to-day. Seeds of many of the best sand-binding grasses are now distributed by the Department of Agriculture, and in this work a great amount of good may be accomplished for the future. Railroad companies are planting them on the seaward side of their lines, making them coöperate with the expensive sea-walls and bulwarks

in shutting out the sea. Canal companies are finding the grasses of inestimable value when planted along the embankments of their water-courses.

The sand-binding grasses have extensive roots, which wind around in the sand in a most elaborate manner, holding together the fine particles. The value of such grasses may be noticed by every visitor to the sea-shore. On some wild, exposed beach a knoll of sand rises far above the surrounding level of the land, and an examination will show that the hillock has been built and held together by clumps of beach grass. The wildest storm of wind and waves cannot always dislodge the tenacious roots of the sand-binding grasses. They are eminently adapted by nature to hold the land together to resist the violent action of the ocean.

These grasses are found more or less in clumps and meadows all along our coast, but very little systematic effort has been made to plant them for coast protection. Certain species of the wild sea-grasses thrive in our northern latitudes, and others appear to do best in the warmer Southern States. Some are salt-water grasses, and a few succeed only on the banks of fresh lakes, rivers, and canals. On the Atlantic coast north of Maine the most beneficial sand-binding grass is the sea lyme grass, a species that holds the sand and soil together with remarkable tenacity. But south of Maine this plant is supplanted by the sand-reed or marram grass. On the Scottish coast the marram grass has been used for several hundred years to protect the land from the sea, and it was a penal offence to destroy it. An invasion by the sea of a large district in Western Scotland was the direct result of destroying the marram grass which grew there naturally. There is a decided temptation to use the stalks and roots of the plant, for the former make good rope, and the latter excellent mats. The roots frequently run twenty or thirty feet underground, while the coarse stems, with long leaves, attain a height of from two to four feet. The plants grow in clumps, and the roots make such a complete net-work in all directions that the soil is bound together in one compact sod. This plant is found along most of the coasts of Europe, and from Maine to Virginia in this country. In recent years seeds of this soil-binding plant have been brought from Australia to be planted on the Pacific coast. Local laws have been passed at different times to protect this grass from destruction along the Atlantic coast. At one time Provincetown, Cape Cod, was threatened with destruction by sand-storms and the encroachment of the sea, but local laws were passed compelling citizens to plant and protect marram grass all along the harbor and sea front. The preservation of the town and harbor is said to be due to the protection afforded by this humble growth.

The lyme grass is found in Northern Europe, as well as along the Maine coast and the British Provinces. It endures a colder climate than the marram, and is nearly as useful for binding the soil together. It is found also along inland bodies of water, and on the western coast of the United States. It has long, thickly woven roots, and stems three or four feet high, with numerous sharp-pointed leaves. The thick masses of stalks help to resist the action of the water almost as

much as the roots, and they collect sea-weed and other débris, washed up by the ocean, until a strong barrier is formed.

In going south along our coast a new species of soil-binder is found occasionally before the marram reaches a climate unsuited to its growth. The bitter panic grass grows as far north as the Connecticut shore, but it is found in greater abundance south of Virginia. Between Connecticut and Virginia the marram and bitter panic grasses overlap each other and coöperate in shutting out the sea from the land. The panic grasses extend all down the Southern coast, and even around on the Gulf side of Florida. The creeping panic grass is a variety that grows in great patches on the Atlantic side of Florida, and the so-called St. Augustine grass flourishes off the northern coast of the State and along the coast of Georgia. The common salt grass is a splendid soil-binder, but it is found more conspicuously along quiet bodies of water, such as our bays, rivers, and sounds. When the roots are transplanted to the ocean side they rapidly take possession of the soil, and hold back the sea with great success.

There are numerous soil-binding grasses that flourish along canals and inland water-ways, the most common being the ordinary reed, which is useful in reclaiming swamp-land and river-banks subject to periodical floods. This grass is found to be very valuable on the lower banks of the Mississippi, and it flourishes in low, wet places from Maine to California.

The Department of Agriculture has issued several important papers on the culture of soil-binding grasses, and the Year-Book for 1895 of the Department contains some valuable points by Prof. F. Lamson-Scribner, an expert in this field. The Department is also importing some of the best sand-binding grasses of other countries for the purpose of experiment. One of the most promising of these foreign grasses is the rolling spinifex of Australia and New Zealand. When this grass produces its flowers, the seeds are liberally scattered over the sand by the wind, and in a short time it takes possession of a whole beach. The Japanese lawn grass is another excellent foreign growth that binds the sand together compactly, and at the same time makes an excellent forage-grass. It is now used by private property-owners for making lawns upon the sand of their sea-side homes. It seems like a frail, tender variety for reclaiming the sand from the sea, but it does its work excellently, and cattle eat it with relish.

All these grasses are propagated better by cuttings than from seed, but they will establish themselves satisfactorily by either method. A systematic and general effort is needed to make them take possession of the sea-coast from Maine to Florida, and then there would be less damage done to our coast every winter. Supplemented with bulwarks and jetties, the sand-binding grasses could save private and public property to the extent of many millions of dollars annually. The past system of defending the coast is costly and unsatisfactory, but a change for the better has already been inaugurated, and in the future it may create permanent improvements that will work untold benefits for all concerned.

George Ethelbert Walsh.

TWO OLD BOYS.

"DAY after to-morrow will be Thanksgiving," said Walter, taking his seat beside Grandpa Davis on the top step of the front gallery.

"And no turkey for dinner, neither," retorted Grandma Davis, while her bright steel needles clicked in and out of the sock she was knitting.

The old man was smoking his evening pipe, and sat for a moment with his eyes fixed meditatively upon the blue hills massed in the distance.

"Have we got so pore as all that, mother?" he asked, after a while, glancing over his shoulder at his wife, who was rocking to and fro just back of him.

"I'm obleeged to own to the truth," answered the old lady, dejectedly. "What with the wild varmints in the woods, and one thing and another, I'm about cleaned out of all the poultry I ever had. It's downright disheartenin'."

"Well, then," asserted Grandpa Davis, with an unmirthful chuckle, "it don't appear to me as we've got so powerful much to be thankful about this year."

"Why, grandpa!" cried Walter, in shocked surprise, "I never did hear you talk like that before."

"Never had so much call to do it, mebbe," interposed the old man, cynically.

The last rays of the setting sun touched the two silvered heads, and rested there like a benediction, before disappearing below the horizon.

Silence had fallen upon the little group, and a bull-frog down in the fish-pond was croaking dismally.

"Why don't you go hunting, and try to kill you a turkey for Thanksgiving?" ventured Walter, slipping his arm insinuatingly through his grandfather's. "I saw a great big flock of wild ones down on the branch, last week, and I got right close up to them before they flew."

"I reckon there ought to be a smart sight of game round and about them cane-brakes along that branch," said the old man, slowly, as though thinking aloud. "It used to be ahead of any strip of woods in all these parts, when me and Dick was boys. But nobody ain't hunted there, to my knowledge, not sence me and him fell out."

"I wish you and Grandpa Dun were friends," sighed Walter. "It does seem too bad to have two grandpas living right side by side, and not speaking."

"I 'ain't got no ill will in my heart for Dick," replied Grandpa Davis, "but he is too everlastin' hard-headed to knock under, and I'll be blamed if I go more'n half way towards makin' up."

"That's just exactly what Grandpa Dun says about you," Walter assured him, very earnestly.

"Wouldn't wonder if he did," said the old man, pointedly. "Dick

is always ben a mighty hand to talk, and he'd drap dead in his tracks if he couldn't git in the last word."

Be this as it might, the breach had begun when the Davis cattle broke down the worm fence and demolished the Dun crop of corn, and it widened when the Dun hogs found their way through an old water-gap and rooted up a field of the Davis sweet potatoes. Several times similar depredations were repeated, and then shotguns were used on both sides, with telling effect. The climax was reached when John Dun eloped with Rebecca, the only child of the Davises.

The young couple were forbidden their respective homes, though the farm they rented was scarce half a mile away, and the weeks rolled into months without sign of their parents relenting.

When Walter was born, however, the two grandmothers stole over, without their husbands' knowledge, and mingled their tears in happy communion over the tiny blue-eyed mite.

It was a memorable day at each of the houses when the sturdy little fellow made his way, unbidden and unattended, to pay his first call, and ever afterwards (though they would not admit it, even to themselves) the grandfathers watched for his coming, and vied with each other in trying to win the highest place in his young affections.

He had inherited characteristics of each of his grandsires, and possessed the bold, masterful manner which was common to them both. "Say, grandpa," he urged, "go hunting to-morrow and try to kill a turkey for Thanksgiving, won't you? I know grandma would feel better to have one, and if you make a cane caller, like papa does, I'll bet you can get a shot at one sure."

The old man did not commit himself about going, but when Walter saw him surreptitiously take down his gun from the pegs on the wall across which it had lain for so many years, and begin to rub the barrels and oil the hammers, he went home satisfied that he had scored another victory.

Perhaps nothing less than his grandson's pleading could have induced Grandpa Davis to visit again the old hunting ground which had been so dear to him in bygone days, which was so rich in hallowed memories. It seemed almost a desecration of the happy past to hunt there now alone.

The first cold streaks of dawn were just stealing into the sky the next morning, when, accoutred with shot-pouch, powder-flask, and his old double-barrelled gun, Grandpa Davis made his way towards the branch. A medley of bird-notes filled the air, long streamers of gray moss floated out from the swaying trees, and showers of autumn leaves fluttered down to earth. Some of the cows were grazing outside the pen, up to their hocks in lush, fresh grass, while others lay on the ground, contentedly chewing their cuds. All of them raised their heads and looked at him as he passed them by.

How like old times it was to be up at daybreak for a hunt! The long years seemed suddenly to have rolled away, leaving him once more a boy. He almost wondered why Dick had not whistled to him as he used to do. Dick was an early riser, and somehow always got ready before he did.

There was an alertness in the old man's face and a spring in his step as he lived over in thought the joyous days of his childhood. The clouds were flushed with pink when he came in sight of the big water-oak on the margin of the stream, and recollected how he and Dick had loved to go swimming in the deep, clear water beneath its shade.

"We used to run every step of the way," he soliloquized, laughing, "unbuttonin' as we went, shuck our clothes on the bank, and 'most break our necks tryin' to git in the water fust. I've got half a notion to take a dip this mornin', if it wasn't quite so cool," he went on, but a timely twinge of rheumatism brought him to his senses, and he seated himself on the roots of a convenient tree.

Cocking his gun, he laid it across his knees, and waited there motionless, imitating the yelp of a turkey the while. Three or four small canes, graduated in size, and fitted firmly one into the other, enabled him to make the note, and so expert had he become by long practice that the deception was perfect.

After a pause he repeated the call; then came another pause, another call, and over in the distance there sounded an answer. How the blood coursed through the old man's veins as he listened! There it was again. It was coming nearer, but very slowly. He wondered how many were in the flock, and called once more. This time, to his surprise, an answer came from a different direction,—a long, rasping sound, a sort of cross between a cock's crow and a turkey's yelp.

He started involuntarily, and very cautiously peeped around. Hardly twenty steps from him another gray head protruded itself from the bole of another tree, and Grandpa Davis and Grandpa Dun looked into each other's eyes.

"I'll be double-jumped-up if that ain't Dick!" cried Grandpa Davis, under his breath. "And there ain't a turkey as ever wore a feather that he could fool. A minute more, and he'll spile the fun.—Dick," he commanded, "stop that racket, and sneak over here by me," beckoning mysteriously. "Sh-h-h! they are answerin' ag'in. Down on your marrow-bones whilst I call."

Flattening himself upon the ground as nearly as he could, and creeping behind the undergrowth, Grandpa Dun made his way laboriously to the desired spot. He had never excelled in calling turkeys, but he was a far better shot than Grandpa Davis.

Without demur the two old boys fell naturally into the *rôle* of former days. Breathless and excited, they crouched there, waiting for the fateful moment. Their nerves were tense, their eyes dilated, and their hearts beating like trip-hammers.

Grandpa Davis had continued to call, and now the answer was very near.

"Gimme the first shot, Billy," whispered Grandpa Dun. "I let you do the callin'; and, besides, you know you never could hit nothin' that wasn't as big as the side of a meetin'-house."

Before Grandpa Davis had time to reply, there came the "put-put-put" which signals possible danger. A stately gobbler raised his head to reconnoitre; two guns were fired almost simultaneously, and, with a whir and a flutter, the flock disappeared in the cane-brake.

The two old boys bounded over the intervening sticks and stumps with an agility that Walter himself might have envied, and, bending over the prostrate gobbler, exclaimed, in concert, "Ain't he a dandy, though!"

They examined him critically, cutting out his beard as a trophy, and measured the spread of his wings.

"But he's your'n, after all, Dick," said Grandpa Davis, ruefully. "These here ain't none of my shot, so I reckon I must have missed him."

"I knowed you would, Billy, afore you fired," Grandpa Dun replied, with mock gravity, "but that don't cut no figger. He's big enough for us to go halvers and both have plenty. More'n that, you done the callin', anyhow."

Then they laughed, and, as they looked into one another's faces, each seemed to realize for the first time that his quondam chum was an old man.

A moment before they had been two rollicking boys off on a lark together,—playing hooky, perhaps,—and in the twinkling of an eye some wicked fairy had waved her wand and metamorphosed them into Walter's two grandfathers, who had not spoken to each other since years before the lad was born.

Yet the humor of the situation was irresistible, after all, and, without knowing just how it happened, or which made the first advance, Dick and Billy found themselves still laughing until the tears coursed down their furrowed cheeks, and shaking hands with as much vigor as though each one had been working a pump-handle.

"I'll tell you what it is, Billy," said Dick at last; "you all come over to my house, and we'll eat him together, on Thanksgivin'."

"See here, Dick," suggested Billy, abstracting a nickel from his trousers-pocket; "heads at your house, and tails at mine."

"All right," came the hearty response.

Billy tossed the coin into the air: it struck a twig and hid itself among the fallen leaves, where they sought it in vain.

"'Tain't settled yet," announced Dick; "but lemme tell you what let's do. S'posin' we all go over to-morrow—it'll be Thanksgivin', you know—and eat him at John's house."

"Good!" cried Billy, with beaming face. "You always did have a head for thinkin' up things, Dick, and this here'll sorter split the difference, and ease matters so as——"

"Yes, and our two old women can draw straws, if they've got a mind to, and see which of them is obligated to make the fust call," interrupted Dick.

"Jist heft him, old feller," urged one of them.

"Ain't he a whopper, though!" exclaimed the other.

"Have a chaw, Dick?" asked Billy, offering his plug of tobacco.

"Don't keer if I do," acquiesced Dick, biting off a goodly mouthful.

Seating themselves upon a fallen hickory log, they chewed and expectorated, recalling old times, and enjoying their laugh with the careless freedom of their childhood days.

"Dick, do you ricolleck the fight you and a coon had out on the limb of that tree over yonder, one night?" queried Billy, nudging his companion in the ribs. "He come mighty nigh gittin' the best of you."

"He tore one sleeve out of my jacket, and mammy gimme a beatin' besides," giggled Dick. "And say, Billy, wasn't it fun the day we killed old man Lee's puddle-ducks for wild ones? I don't b'lieve I ever run as fast in my life."

"And, Dick, do you remember the night your pappy hung the saddle up on the head of the bed to keep you from ridin' the old gray mare to singin'-school, and you rid her, bareback, anyway? You ricolleck you was stoopin' over, blowin' the fire, next mornin', when he seen the hairs on your britches, an' come down on you with the leather strop afore you knowed it."

Thus one adventure recalled another, and the two old boys laughed uproariously, clapping their hands and holding their sides, while the sun climbed up among the tree-tops.

"Ain't we ben two old fools, to stay mad all this time?" asked one of them, and the other readily agreed that they had, as they once more grasped hands before parting.

Walter had arranged the Thanksgiving surprise for his parents, but when he brought home the big gobbler he was unable longer to keep the secret, and divulged his share in what had happened.

"I didn't really believe either one of them could hit a turkey," he confided to his father, "but I wanted to have them meet once more, for I knew if they did they would make friends."

The parlor was odorous with late fall roses next morning, the table set, and Walter and his parents in gala attire, when two couples, walking arm in arm, appeared upon the stretch of white road leading up to the front gate.

One couple was slightly in advance of the other, and Grandpa Davis, who was behind, whispered to his wife,—

"Listen, Mary; Dick is actually tryin' to sing, and he never could turn a tune, but somehow it does warm up my heart to hear him: seems like old times ag'in."

After dinner was over,—and such a grand dinner it was!—Grandpa Davis voiced the sentiment of the rest of the happy family party when he announced, quite without warning,—

"Well, this here has ben the thankfulles' Thanksgivin' I ever seen, and I hope the good Lord will spar' us all for yet a few more."

Pauline Shackleford Colyar.

AN OPEN SECRET.

A WISE man in anger does not always show it;
But when he is in love—ah, then we all know it!

Emma C. Dowd.

THE LAND OF TAFFY.

IT is related that an English lord once said to his guests, "I have a mansion in Wales which I have never seen, but which I am told is very fine. Every day dinner for twelve is set there and the carriage drawn up at the door in case I should arrive." This may illustrate the relation of Wales to the average Englishman, for, although almost all the Welsh towns are but a ten hours' ride from London, there is, perhaps, no other country in the world lying so near the centre of civilization of which so little is known to the outside world. Bookstores may load their shelves with volumes on all subjects, but few books will be found among them on this quaint, quiet, and perhaps most picturesque of all countries. The fact is, Wales is not much visited, is slightly spoken of and little read about,—not having produced a Walter Scott,—and perhaps these circumstances have done much to preserve the place in its typical state, and enabled the people to cling to old-time superstitions, customs, and language, and to present to a visitor a unique and refreshing flavor wholly its own.

Welshmen who have emigrated to this country and afterward visited their native home have recorded finding everything almost the same as when they left, "even the village pathway scarcely grown another blade of grass." Although this does not show tendency to enterprise, it is indicative of the staid and old-fashioned character of the people. Theirs may be a sort of tame civilization, but it has preserved among them national features and characteristics that artists come from all over Europe to sketch and English dramatists delight to reflect upon the stage. There will be found the leathery, wrinkled face offset with peculiar costume; grotesque, queer old fogies in knee-breeches; wives and lassies in high chimney-pot hats with lace caps underneath, and a garb which is a mass of heterogeneous color. And over and above this variegated human aspect we find distinct types of the different nationalities that have peopled Wales in a remote past.

Few would think of associating that most subtle and elusive of the gifts, poetry, with the sturdy, practical-appearing Welshman, or imagine that the somewhat ungainly-looking Welsh lassie, with her Mother Hubbard hat, is a descendant of the fair-haired idols of the poet. Yet Wales is the fountain-head of chivalrous poetry, which, with its mediæval flavor, makes such delicious food for modern imagination. It was here that Geoffrey, the monk of Monmouth, made immortal the Arthurian romances embodied in the old British lays sung by the twelfth-century harpers, and wrote the life of the Welsh prophet Merlin, which Caxton afterwards printed and Tennyson wrought into verse. It was hither that Tennyson himself came to live while he was writing those Idylls, peerless in the realm of romantic tradition. Scott, Spenser, Milton, Dryden, Drayton, Coleridge, and many other poets have sung into verse the secrets hidden in the fastnesses of the Welsh mountains. Hither, too, came Shakespeare himself, and from the

valley of the Fairy Puck drew the inspiration of his "Midsummer Night's Dream" and "Queen Mab."

Welsh women have had much to do with the inspiration of this poetry. Women remember fables and cleave to superstitions longer than men do, therefore the expression "old wives' tales" is so often heard in connection with mythical stories. Passing through successive generations of Roman, British, Danish, and Norman rule, they mingled and infused their own legends and fairy-tales with those of the strangers. The women of Wales are dark-haired, but occasionally blond locks would be seen, and because of their rarity these were best beloved of the poet,—which explains the frequent appearance of golden-haired heroines in the poetry of olden times.

Wales is the very cradle of fairy legend, and its beautiful imaginary tales give birth to its poets. There is a story for almost every Welsh crag, and a history for almost every acre of ground, be it real or mythical. The country teems with rich masses of legendary lore, about which cluster such delightful memories of the poetic period of the life of the world,—its childhood, before it became cold and practical and reasoned. Grimm drew many of his German sketches from the Welsh. That the belief in the Tylwyth Teg, or fairies, has still some foothold among the people of modern Wales is illustrated by the modern story, told in Cardiganshire, of Shire Rhys.

Shire Rhys was a beautiful girl, a farmer's daughter, whose task was that of driving the cows for milking. One night she came home late, and the parents took the girl to task. "I could not help it," said Shire. "It was the Tylwyth Teg." Her parents were aghast, but could not answer, for fairies were often seen in the woods of Cardigan. Many times after that she was late, but no one chided her, for fear of offending the fairies. At last one night she disappeared, and never returned to those parts again. But there came a wild rumor that she had been seen in Paris with rouged cheeks and painted eyebrows, although this did not alter the belief that the fairies had carried her off, for, even if it was true, folks believed that the Tylwyth Teg were as capable of taking her to Paris as to mystic cities of fairy-land.

The Welsh, in their love for mystic history, have not forgotten the patient, placid black Welsh cow, which they claim sprang into existence in the following manner. Aberdovey was visited by bands of elfin ladies who possessed droves of beautiful milk-white kine. One day an old farmer caught one of these, and from that day his fortune was made. Such calves, milk, butter, and cheese as came from this animal had never before been seen in Wales. One day, thinking the cow was going to die of old age, he decided to kill her. He raised his bludgeon and struck for between the eyes, when, lo! a shriek resounded throughout the place, his bludgeon went through the goblin head of the elfin cow, knocked over nine adjoining men, and sent himself frantically trying to catch hold of something permanent, while the animal and all her progeny to the third and fourth generation disappeared. Only one remained of all the farmer's white herds, and she had turned to a raven black. Whereupon the farmer in despair drowned himself.

Every nation has a Rip Van Winkle of its own, but the Welsh story of Rip is unique. He is known as Taffy ap Sion. One morning Taffy heard a bird singing on a tree close by his path. Allured by the melody, he sat down until the music ceased. When he rose, what was his surprise at observing that the tree under which he had taken seat had now become dead and withered! In the door-way of his home, which, to his amazement, had also suddenly grown older, he asked of a strange old man for his parents, whom he had left there, as he said, a few minutes before. Upon learning his name the old man said, "Alas! Taffy, I have often heard my grandfather, your father, speak of you, and it was said you were under the power of the fairies and would not be released until the last sap of that sycamore had dried up. Embrace me, my dear uncle, for you are my uncle; embrace your nephew." Welshmen do not always perceive the humor of this somewhat novel situation of a youth—for Taffy was still merely a boy—being hailed as uncle by a gentleman perhaps forty years his senior.

All along the fields of Wales stand ruins and castles crumbling to decay. Owls hoot and ivy clambers in the grass-grown chambers and rugged turrets, as they have done throughout many a hundred years. Old towns sleep at the foot of old hills, and the footsteps of strangers walking through quaint, irregular streets call ancient dames to ancient doors to peer curiously forth upon the passer-by. The country abounds in charming subjects for the artist,—the castle standing in the marshes, the ale-houses and taverns, old-fashioned characters smoking long pipes, shepherds with their sheep dimly seen in the mountain mist, lonely fishermen exercising their patient craft, people in outlandish garb crossing fords on their way to market, small hamlets with their modest mills, larger villages where the idlers gather on summer evenings at the crumbling stone bridges; here the memorial of some famous battle-ground, or some abbey or monastery of thirteenth-century architecture, there the residence of some wealthy squire with green acres and noble trees; and, above all, bare, bleak hill-tops add just the requisite touch of severity to the aspect, to say nothing of the grotesque legends inseparable from it all. Even the topography of the country is grotesque. It has sometimes been said that the founder of Welsh geographical names must have taken all the letters of the alphabet, drunk many tankards of *cwrw da*, then kneaded the letters in a very confused manner and thus given them to the world. But even a Welsh baby can pronounce *Cymreigyddion*, and no one in the country thinks anything of *Llangefelach*.

Perhaps the most typical of all the Welsh counties is Carnarvonshire. It may be called the most Welsh of all the shires in Wales, retaining as it does the old British name, which in the case of many of the other counties has been lost. Carnarvon boasts of the castle in which the first Prince of Wales, afterwards the unfortunate Edward II., was born, and of the vast solid mass and wondrous precipices of Snowdon; and, although Wales has few theatres,—for there is a saying in the country that "it is better to be a good kitchen-maid than a poor curate or a bad actress,"—Carnarvon has a hall that seats eight thou-

sand people. But Wales has produced some fine actresses, who are better known in England than at home. That little Welsh actress, Nell Gwynne, lives in the remembrance of all nations. Carnarvon is also the home of Laura Burt, who, with her brother, a leading rector of the county, has purchased a characteristic Welsh home, and each summer is seen rowing, fishing, or swimming in the surf and waters of Carnarvon.

In many of his voyages to his beloved island of Skye, William Black, the novelist, has driven his yacht into the sands of Carnarvon and visited the people on its shores. He sometimes called at the Burt domicile and made friends with the actress when she was yet but a child, a friendship which has since continued, and she and her mother have on several occasions accompanied him on his flights to Skye. Many of the originals of the characters interwoven into his books are known to her. One of Mr. Black's pet stories which Miss Burt relates is of a man who died before the sacrament had been administered, and, upon reaching heaven, was for that reason refused admission by St. Peter. It was suggested that a priest administer the sacrament while he waited without. St. Peter went in search of one, but returned somewhat downcast. "There's not a priest in the place," he said. Mr. Black has on several occasions likened Miss Burt to his famous character of Sheila, the Princess of Thule. This was in many respects suggested by the habits of the actress, who is to be seen in the early morning with rifle on shoulder, tramping the heather in quest of game, or paddling her coracle—a small boat like a canoe, much used in Wales—on her way to the salmon-fishing banks.

The date when the Welsh language will be spoken by the last old woman, when the old ruins and homes will be overrun by modern houses, and Wales as a land of legends give place to the encroachments of enterprise and business, may be in the far future; yet who knows but the day may be at hand when time, which has been so kind to this little country in preserving its primitive individuality through all these unnumbered generations, will consign it to the inevitable law of evolution, and legendary, picturesque, quiet Wales bristle with commerce and the thousand and one "improvements" of modern life?

D. C. Macdonald.

THANKSGIVING.

FOR the triumph of right in the heart;
For the bountiful goodness that shows
Through the gloss of life's careless routine;
For the petalous curves of a rose;
For the natural beauty of art;
For the artless in Nature's wide green;
Give thanks, O my soul!

Grace F. Pennypacker.

AN OLD VIRGINIA FOX-HUNT.

A GLANCE at the field afforded sufficient evidence that this was to be a fox-hunt divested of all the accessories which immemorial usage has associated with this sport. There was not a red coat visible, nor a chrysanthemum, though it was in the season of this flower. Had any sportsman been so daring as to appear in a tall hat, the looks of his companions would, no doubt, have rendered him uncomfortable. The one individual who carried a hunting-crop held it low and was evidently uneasy lest it should attract too much attention. The spectacular was strictly subordinated to the rough requirements and possible contingencies of the day.

The horses and dogs compared unfavorably—to the dogs. Careful scrutiny failed to reveal a close mane or a banged tail, but the absence of these beauty-marks could not rob the half-thoroughbreds of their sleek coats, nor of those indications of conscious power which constitute the glory of the horse. But the dogs! A look at them deepened our understanding of the inner and essential meaning of the word "hound" when used as an epithet. The alliterative adjectives lean, lank, and lazy exactly describe them. With drooping heads and tails, they literally staggered about or lay on the ground in attitudes of dejection from which it seemed that the loudest blast of hunting-horn would utterly fail to arouse them. Up to that moment we had never quite believed the story that a Virginia fox-hound might occasionally be seen lying before an open fire, howling with pain as the intensifying heat scorched and blistered him, but too lazy to change his position. The actions of these dogs convinced us that it was true; but the day was to reveal how even a lean and hungry dog can rise to an emergency. Before the hunt ended we were ready to admit that there may be something in the theory, prevalent south of Mason and Dixon's line, that a well-fed dog is likely to prove disappointing in the field.

The cover was a scrubby pine wood, several miles in circumference, through which it was impossible to ride except along the winding and intersecting forest roads by which it was traversed in every direction. On the farther side, however, the thicket opened out upon a stretch of gently rolling country, admirably adapted for a long and exciting chase close upon the heels of the pack. It was here that the hunt was expected to open and the real chase begin.

One indispensable preliminary to this sport is to have or to find a fox; and, as no one had thought to bring him along in a bag, it became necessary to rouse the gray-coat out of his covert. Half a dozen negroes were on the ground to act as beaters or starters; and as we saw the duties of an important functionary usurped by these grinning and tattered retainers it was amusing to remember that some English noblemen are proud to write "M.F.H." after their names.

We became aware, from the shouts of the darkies as they urged the dogs into the thicket, that these animals had names of famous

flavor, though their appellations had not been bestowed by one who possessed a fine sense of the historical or chronological unities. "Hi, yo' Clovis!" "Come hyah, Uncas!" "Git on, Brutus, git on! What yo' sulkin' 'bout?" These ejaculations were accompanied by sundry kicks, delivered upon the representatives of these and other renowned characters. To such uses do men's names come after death.

After the disappearance of the hounds in the thicket we rode slowly along the devious ways of the pine lands, listening intently for that peculiar canine cry which announces the discovery of a trail. It was not long delayed, for gray foxes are almost as numerous in Eastern Virginia as rabbits are in the Western States. Suddenly, amidst the chorus of sharp, short yelps, we heard that long-drawn, wailing cry which at night would be interpreted as the cry of the banshee, but which, ringing out on the air of a bright November morning, loses its ominous significance for every one except the fox whose trail has been "struck." As the cry rose and swelled and was taken up by thirty other mouths, our slow-filing cavalcade became enthused with the life and animation of a cavalry company that has just received orders to charge. Reins were tightened, knees were pressed closer to saddles, hats were pulled down over eyes, and men leaned forward over their horses' necks like jockeys waiting for the fall of the starter's flag.

But the time for action had not arrived. A forward dash now might result in placing us ahead of the fox and turn him toward the scrubby hill country behind us, in which case the chances were twenty to one in his favor. And as we waited, in attitudes of tense expectation, our patience was rewarded by seeing the fox break cover and cross a little open glade fifty yards in front. He was not running, in the usual acceptation of the word. His movement was what a racing reporter would describe as "a jog-trot;" and all the time his keen head was turning from side to side, as though he was determined to observe the imminence of the danger which threatened him before making a serious effort to escape it. A voice declared that the fox was laughing, and, at the distance, it did seem that his countenance wore a contemptuous smile, implying that he held our prowess and speed in mild disdain.

The uplifted hand of an old rough rider, who by tacit consent acted as huntsman, told us that the time for spurs had not come. The dogs, now close at hand, would cross the glade, and, should the paths of horsemen and of hounds intersect, some canine heroes of ancient history and of modern fiction would be trampled beneath crushing hoofs. In obedience to the gesture, we waited, but the waiting was like martyrdom, for all pulses were throbbing in unison with the shrill music that was growing upon us out of the pine wood. Unconsciously we moved a little and a little farther forward, and the dogs crossed close in front, a solitary hound far in the lead, five others half a minute behind him, the body of the pack bunched and far in the rear. But these were not the dogs that sulked and cringed and whined half an hour before. Some wizard of the forest had transformed them by an incantation. Their running was like the leaping of leopards.

The uplifted hand—it had a whip in it—fell, and each horse sprang

forward as though he had received the blow. Away now for the open! Away, hurry-scurry, helter-skelter, through the thicket, dodging limbs, jumping fallen trees, our faces tingling from contact with sharp pine needles, and leaving the odor of crushed wintergreen behind us. As the thicket opened out we had a splendid view of the hounds, a quarter of a mile ahead. The fox was at first invisible, but we soon saw him as he crossed a little hill. He was running close to the fence and well in advance of the dogs.

Unquestionably the sportsmen of Virginia are masters of the art of riding. The first four miles of cross-country work would have demonstrated this to the satisfaction of the most exacting and punctilious English squire. The fields were divided by tortuous rail fences, at which it was necessary to go obliquely; and there were also half a dozen of those proverbial Virginia stone fences, which, though not particularly high, are vexing to the spirit, because, until his horse is actually in the air and going over them, it is impossible for a rider to see the nature of the ground on the other side. Upon the top of each of these barriers there sits a grinning and malignant sprite pointing with glee to a possible ditch on the other side, in which the chase shall ignominiously end. Probably they were familiar with it, but, at any rate, the country had no terrors for the Virginians. They went at and over everything with a dash and *élan* unsurpassed on any hunting-field. One stumble and fall occurred in a bit of stony ground, but there were no casualties at the fences; indeed, it was unusual to touch a rail in going over.

The gray and the red fox possess peculiarities more remarkable and distinguishing than the variation in color. One of these points is that the gray fox is a short-distance and the red fox a long-distance runner. The red fox will often run straight away for a distance of ten, twelve, or even fifteen miles, while it is unusual for the gray fox to run more than three or four miles without doubling on his trail. With a temerity born of sleight and subtlety, he will, after gaining a fair lead, turn and run back on his course, apparently right in the faces and into the jaws of the hounds. This retrograde dash is a hundred yards to two furlongs in length, according to the advantage given him by the distance of the dogs. Suddenly, at a favorable point and usually in open ground which the hounds will traverse at full speed, he turns and makes off at a right angle to his old course. The ruse almost invariably puts the dogs at fault, for, unless the pack is much scattered, the pursuers, in their excitement, pass right over the angle in the trail and continue on the old scent, which terminates at an unexpected and puzzling point. The time consumed by the dogs in finding the new trail and getting together again is just so much to the advantage account of the fox, as is also the fact that in the wide dispersion of the hounds some of them are sure to be left far behind.

It is regarded as a mistake for a prestidigitator to repeat his performances, but the fox repeated this trick five successive times that day, and each time with the effect of mystifying the dogs. This sort of hunting is vastly different from following the scented bag, the difference being that every twist and turn of the fox brings him closer to some

well-known hole, into which it is his aim to run and bring the hounds up standing and yelping at the entrance. This is an impoliteness of which the anise-bag is never guilty; and, with less necessity for haste lest the quarry should escape, the riding is more deliberate, business-like, and dignified. When a wily fox leads the dogs, and resorts to all the expedients known to the wisest inhabitants of the forest in order to throw them off the trail, there is more shouting and scrambling, but there is also a keener interest in the chase and a vastly intensified excitement.

Three hours from the start the pack was lost to sight and hearing among some short foot-hills which the fox reached in his last double and which were entirely too steep and rocky for fast riding through or over them. Here the wisdom of our tacitly appointed huntsman came into service, for, seeing the futility of following across such a country, he led us by a long cut-off to within a quarter of a mile of the place where the chase again left the hills; and from a little elevation where we had taken our stand we had a first-rate view of the fox as he left the mouth of a little valley almost beneath us and crossed a wide meadow. He had long ago settled down to the business of running, and the jog-trot had been exchanged for a quick, low, driving gallop, which took him over the ground at a wonderful speed. But for all their loss of time on the false trails the hounds were not far behind, and were rapidly gaining. We saw that the course would probably end within a mile or two. The bright sun had brought the frost out of the ground, and this fact was telling in favor of the dogs. Over soft ground the fox finds his brush a great encumbrance. Carried low and sweeping the surface of roads and fields, it soon becomes heavy with mud; and many a fox has had his fate determined by the literal fact that he was not able to drag his own tail behind him.

Now down the hill, over the fence, across the meadow, the pace getting faster at every moment under the spur of the rivalry to see who should be first in at the death. The relative endurance of the horses often determines this, rather than the perseverance or daring of their riders; but in the present instance the horses had all had a long breathing-time while we waited for the dogs to bring the fox back from the foot-hills, and whips and spurs were plied vigorously. It was a veritable race, and the running was magnificent. It would be perfectly safe to back some of those Virginia riders as against any amateurs in America in a steeple-chase.

The fox-hound displays a certain ferocity, derived from wolfish ancestors, but he is not a torturer or inquisitor. To play with a victim, to stroke him softly, to loose him and then pounce upon him again, is a feline, not a canine, instinct. A hound springs for the throat or the back of the neck, and the first vicious snap of his jaws is meant to kill. The actual, physical cruelty of fox-hunting is thus minimized by being compressed into a few seconds; though to what extent the useless killing is excused by the speedy death is a question in casuistry which we shall not attempt to answer.

At the moment no one dreamed of proposing this or any other problem. All interest centred in the fact that we were gaining on the

chase, and thought was subordinated to fierce physical energy. A stone fence loomed ominously on the farther side of the next field. The fox tried to double the corner, but, seeing that he would be headed off, he attempted to clear it. The leap was a failure, and as he fell back the hounds were upon him in a struggling heap which resembled nothing so much as the indescribable scene following a tackle on the football field.

Equally intent upon reaping the barbaric rewards of victory, the huntsman sprang from his horse and threw himself upon the confused mass of dogs, and a moment later he arose, waving a gray, bedraggled brush above his head. Man had in one more instance vindicated his supremacy and proved his dominion over the beasts of the earth.

David Bruce Fitzgerald.

THE WHIPPING OF UNCLE HENRY.

"I DO believe," said Mrs. Pelham, stooping to look through the oblong window of the milk-and-butter cellar toward the great barn across the farm-yard, "I do believe Cobb an' Uncle Henry are fussin' ag'in."

"Shorely not," answered her old-maid sister, Miss Molly Meyers. She left her butter-bowl and paddles, and bent her angular figure beside Mrs. Pelham, to see the white man and the black man who were gesticulating in each other's faces under the low wagon-shed that leaned against the barn.

The old women strained their ears to overhear what was said, but the stiff breeze from across the white-and-brown fields of cotton stretching toward the west bore the angry words away. Mrs. Pelham turned and drew the white cloths over her milk-pans.

"Cobb will never manage them niggers in the world," she sighed. "Henry has had Old Nick in 'im as big as a house ever since Mr. Pelham went off an' left Cobb in charge. Uncle Henry hain't minded one word Cobb has said, nur he won't. The whole crop is goin' to rack an' ruin. Thar's jest one thing to be done. Mr. Pelham has jest got to come home an' whip Henry. Nobody else could do it, an' he never will behave till it's done. Cobb tried to whip 'im t'other day when you was over the mountain, but Henry laid hold of a axe-helve an' jest dared Cobb to tetch 'im. That ended it. Cobb was afeard of 'im. Moreover, he's afeard Uncle Henry will put p'ison in his victuals, or do 'im or his family some bodily damage on the sly."

"It would be a powerful pity," returned Miss Molly, "fur Mr. Pelham to have to lay down his business in North Carolina, whar he's got so awful much to do, an' ride all that five hundred miles jest fur to whip one nigger. It looks like some other way mought be thought of. Couldn't you use your influence——"

"I've talked till I'm tired out," Mrs. Pelham interrupted. "Uncle Henry promises an' forms good resolutions, it seems like, but the very minute Cobb wants 'im to do some'n a little different from Mr. Pelham's

way, Henry won't stir a peg. He jest hates the ground Cobb walks on. Well, I reckon Cobb *ain't* much of a man. He never would work a lick, an' if he couldn't git a job overseein' somebody's niggers he'd let his family starve to death. Nobody kin hate a lazy, good-for-nothin' white man like a nigger kin. Thar Cobb comes now, to complain to me, I reckon," added Mrs. Pelham, going back to the window. "An', bless your soul, Henry has took his seat out in the sun on the wagon-tongue, as big as life. I reckon the pea-hay will jest have to rot on the ground."

The next moment a tall, thin-visaged man with gray hair and beard stood in the cellar door.

"I'm jest about to the end o' my tether, Sister Pelham." (He always called her "Sister," because they were members of the same church.) "I can't get that black rascal to stir a step. I ordered Alf an' Jake to hold 'im, so I could give 'im a sound lashin', but they was afeard to tetch 'im."

Mrs. Pelham looked at him over her glasses as she wiped her damp hands on her apron.

"You don't know how to manage niggers, Brother Cobb: I didn't much 'low you did the day Mr. Pelham left you in charge. The fust mornin', you went to the field with that thar hoss-whip in your hand, an' you've toted it about ever since. You mought know that would give offence. Mr. Pelham never toted one, an' yore doin' of it looks like you 'lowed you'd have a use fur it."

"I acknowledge I don't know what to do," said Cobb, frowning down her reference to his whip. "I've been paid for three months' work in advance, in the white mare an' colt Mr. Pelham give me, an' I've done sold 'em an' used the money. I'm free to confess that Brother Pelham's intrusts are bein' badly protected as things are goin'; but I've done my best."

"I reckon you have," answered Mrs. Pelham, with some scorn in her tone. "I reckon you have, accordin' to your ability an' judgment, an' we can't afford to lose your services after you have been paid. Thar is jest one thing left to do, an' that is for Mr. Pelham to come home an' whip Henry. He's sowin' discord an' rebellion, an' needs a good sound lashin'. The sooner it's done the better. Nobody can do it but Mr. Pelham, an' I'm goin' in now an' write the letter an' send it off. In the mean time, you'd better go on to work with the others, an' leave Henry alone till his master comes."

"Brother Pelham is the only man alive that could whip 'im," replied Cobb; "but it looks like a great pity an' expense for Brother Pel——" But the planter's wife had passed him and gone up the steps into the sitting-room. Cobb walked across the barnyard without looking at the stalwart negro sitting on the wagon-tongue. He threw his whip down at the barn, and he and half a dozen negroes went to the hay-fields over the knoll toward the creek.

In half an hour Mrs. Pelham, wearing her split bonnet, came out to where Uncle Henry still sat sulking in the sun. As she approached him, she pushed back her bonnet till her gray hair and glasses showed beneath it.

"Henry," she said, sternly, "I've jest done a thing that I hated mightily to do."

"What's that, Miss Liza?" He looked up as he asked the question, and then hung his head shamefacedly. He was about forty-five years of age. For one of his race, he had a strong, intelligent face. Indeed, he possessed far more intelligence than the average negro. He was considered the most influential slave on any of the half-dozen plantations lying along that side of the river. He had learned to read, and by listening to the conversation of white people had (if he had acquired the colloquial speech of the middle-class whites) dropped almost every trace of the dialect current among his people. And on this he prided himself no little. He often led in prayer at the colored meeting-house on an adjoining plantation, and some of his prayers were more widely quoted and discussed than many of the sermons preached in the same church.

"I have wrote to yore master, Henry," answered Mrs. Pelham, "an' I've tol' 'im all yore doin's, an' tol' him to come home an' whip you fur disobeyin' Brother Cobb. I hated to do it, as I've jest said; but I couldn't see no other way out of the difficulty. Don't you think you deserve a whippin', Uncle Henry?"

"I don't know, Miss Liza." He did not look up from the grass over which he swung his rag-covered leg and gaping brogan. "I don't know myself, Miss Liza. I want to help Marse Jasper out all I can while he is off, but it seems like I jest can't work fur that man. Huh, overseer! I say overseer! Why, Miss Liza, he ain't as good as a nigger! Thar ain't no pore white trash in all this valley country as low down as all his lay-out. He ain't fittin' fur a overseer of nothin'. He don't do anything like master did, nohow. He's too lazy to git in out of a rain. He——"

"That will do, Henry. Mr. Pelham put him over you, an' you've disobeyed. He'll be home in a few days, an' you an' him can settle it between you. He will surely give you a good whippin' when he gits here. Are you goin' to sit thar without layin' yore hand to a thing till he comes?"

"Now, you know me better'n that, Miss Liza. I've done said I won't mind that man, an' I reckon I won't; but the meadow-piece has obliged to be broke an' sowed in wheat. I'm goin' to do that jest as soon as the blacksmith fetches my bull-tongue plough."

Mrs. Pelham turned away silently. She had heard some talk of the government buying the negroes from their owners and setting them free. She ardently hoped this would be done, for she was sure they could then be hired cheaper than they could be owned and provided for. She disliked to see a negro whipped; but she could see no other way to make them do their duty.

From the dairy window, a few minutes later, she saw Uncle Henry put the gear on a mule, and, with a heavy plough-stock on his shoulder, start for the wheat-field beyond the meadow.

"He'll do two men's work over thar, jest to show what he kin do when he's let alone," she said to Miss Molly. "I hate to see 'im whipped. He's too old an' sensible in most things, an' it would jest

break Lucinda's heart. Mr. Pelham had ruther cut off his right arm; but he'll do it, an' do it good, after havin' to come so far."

Mr. Pelham was a week in reaching the plantation. He wrote that it would take several days to arrange his affairs so that he could leave. He admitted that there was nothing left to do except to whip Uncle Henry soundly, and that they were right in thinking that Henry would not let any one do it except himself. After the whipping he was sure that the negro would obey Cobb, and that matters would then move along smoothly.

When Mr. Pelham arrived, he left the stage at the cross-roads, half a mile from his house, and, carpet-bag in hand, walked home through his own fields. He was a short, thick-set man of about sixty, round-faced, blue-eyed, and gray-haired. He wore a sack-coat, top-boots, and baggy trousers. He had a good-natured, kindly face, and walked with the quick step and general air of a busy man.

He had travelled five hundred miles, slept on the hard seat of a jolting train, eaten railroad pies and peanuts, and was covered with the grime of a dusty journey, all to whip one disobedient negro. Still, he was not out of humor, and after the whipping and lecture to his old servant he would travel back over the tiresome route and resume his business where he had left it.

His wife and sister-in-law were in the kitchen when they heard his step in the long hall. They went into the sitting-room, where he had put down his carpet-bag, and, in the centre of the floor, stood swinging his hat and mopping his brow with his red handkerchief.

He shook hands with the two women, and then sat down in his old seat in the chimney-corner.

"You want a bite to eat, an' a cup of coffee, I reckon," said Mrs. Pelham, solicitously.

"No, I kin wait till dinner. Whar's Cobb?"

"I seed 'im at the wagon-shed a minute ago," spoke up Miss Molly: "he was expectin' you, an' didn't go to the field with the balance."

"Tell 'im I want to see 'im."

Both of the women went out, and the overseer came in.

"Bad state of affairs, Brother Cobb," said the planter, as he shook hands. Then they both sat down, with their knees to the fire.

"That it is, Brother Pelham, an' I take it you didn't count on it any more'n I did."

"Never dreamt of it. Has he been doin' any better since he heerd I was comin' to—whip 'im?"

"Not fur me, Brother Pelham. He hain't done a lick fur me; but all of his own accord, in the last week, he has broke and sowed all that meadow-piece in wheat, an' is now harrowin' it down to hide it from the birds. To do 'im jestice, I hain't seed so much work done in six days by any human bein' alive. He'll work for hisse'f, but he won't budge fur me."

Mr. Pelham broke into a soft, impulsive laugh, as if at the memory of something.

"They all had a joke on me out in North Carolina," he said. "I

tol' 'em I was comin' home to whip a nigger, an' they wouldn't believe a word of it. I reckon it is the fust time a body ever went so fur on sech business. They 'lowed I was jest homesick an' wanted a excuse to come back."

"They don't know what a difficult subject we got to handle," Cobb replied. "You are, without doubt, the only man in seven States that could whip 'im, Brother Pelham. I believe on my soul he'd kill anybody else that'd tetch 'im. He's got the strangest notions about the rights of niggers I ever heerd from one of his kind. He's jest simply dangerous."

"You're afeard of 'im, Brother Cobb, an' he's sharp enough to see it; that's all."

The overseer winced. "I don't reckon I'm any more so than any other white man would be under the same circumstances. Henry mought not strike back lick fur lick on the spot,—I say he mought not; an' then ag'in he mought,—but he'd git even by some hook or crook, or I'm no judge o' niggers."

Mr. Pelham rose. "Whar is he?"

"Over in the wheat-field."

"Well, you go over thar an' tell 'im I'm here, an' to come right away down in the woods by the gum spring. I'll go down an' cut some hickory withes an' wait fur 'im. The quicker it's done an' over, the deeper the impression will be made on 'im. You see, I want 'im to realize that all this trip is jest solely on his account. I'll start back early in the mornin'. That will have its weight on his future conduct. An', Brother Cobb, I can't—I jest *can't* afford to be bothered ag'in. My business out thar at the lumber-camp won't admit of it. This whippin' has got to do fur the rest of the year. I think he'll mind you when I git through with 'im. I like 'm better'n any slave I ever owned, an' I'd a thousand times ruther take the whippin' myself; but it's got to be done."

Cobb took himself to Henry in the wheat-field, and the planter went down into the edge of the woods near the spring. With his pocket-knife he cut two slender hickory switches about five feet in length. He trimmed off the out-shooting twigs and knots, and rounded the butts smoothly.

From where he sat on a fallen log, he could see, across the boggy swamp of bulrushes, the slight rise on which Henry was at work. He could hear Henry's mellow, resonant "Haw" and "Gee," as he drove his horse and harrow from end to end of the field, and saw Cobb slowly making his way toward him.

Mr. Pelham laid the switches down beside him, put his knife in his pocket, and stroked his beard thoughtfully. Suddenly he felt a tight sensation in his throat. The solitary figure of the negro as he trudged along by the harrow seemed so pathetic. Henry had always been such a noble fellow, so reliable and trustworthy. They had really been, in one way, more like brothers than master and slave. He had told Henry secrets that he had confided to no other human being, and they had laughed and cried together over certain adventures and sorrows. About ten years before, Mr. Pelham's horse had run away and

thrown him against a tree and broken his leg. Henry had heard his cries and run to him. They were two miles from the farm-house, and it was a bitterly cold day, but the stalwart negro had taken him in his arms and carried him home and laid him down on his bed. There had been a great deal of excitement about the house, and it was not until after the doctor had come and dressed the broken limb that it was learned that Henry had fallen in a swoon in his cabin and lain there unconscious for an hour, his wife and children being away. Indeed, he had been almost as long recovering as had been his master.

Henry had stopped his horse. Cobb had called to him, and was approaching. Then Mr. Pelham knew that the overseer was delivering his message, for the negro had turned his head and was looking toward the woods which hid his master from view. Mr. Pelham felt himself flush all over. Could he be going to whip Henry,—really to lash his bare back with those switches? How strange it seemed all at once! And that this should be their first meeting after a two months' separation!

In his home-comings before Uncle Henry had always been the first to meet him with outstretched hand. But the negro had to be whipped. Mr. Pelham had said it in North Carolina; he had said it to Cobb, and he had written it to his wife. Yes, it must be done, and, if done at all, of course it must be done right.

He saw Henry hitch his horse to a chestnut-tree in the field and Cobb turn to make his way back to the farm-house. Then he watched Henry approaching till the bushes which skirted the field hid him from view. There was no sound for several minutes except the falling of the dry leaves in the woods behind him, and then Uncle Henry's head and shoulders appeared above the broom-sedge near by.

"Howdy do, Marse Jasper?" he cried, and the next instant he broke through the yellow foliage and stood before his master.

"Purty well, Henry." Mr. Pelham could not refuse the black hand which was extended and which caught his with a hearty grasp. "I hope you are as well as common, Henry?"

"Never better in my life, Marse Jasper."

The planter had risen, but he now sat down beside his switches. For a moment nothing was said. Uncle Henry awkwardly bent his body and his neck to see if his horse were standing where he had left him, and his master looked steadfastly at the ground.

"Sit down, Henry," he said, presently, and the negro took a seat on the extreme end of the log and folded his black, scarred hands over his knee. "I want to talk to you first of all. Something of a very unpleasant, unavoidable nature has got to take place betwixt us, an' I want to give you a sound talkin' to beforehan'."

"All right, Marse Jasper; I'm a-listenin'." Henry looked again toward his horse. "I did want to harrow that wheat down 'fore them birds eat it up; but I got time, I reckon."

The planter coughed and cleared his throat. He tried to cross his short, fat legs by sliding the right one up to the knee of the left, but, owing to the lowness of the log, he was unable to do it, so he left his legs to themselves, and, with a hand on either side of him, leaned back.

"Do you remember, Uncle Henry, twenty years ago, when you belonged to old Heaton Pelzer an' got to hankerin' after that yellow girl of mine just after I bought her in South Carolina?"

"Mighty plain, Marse Jasper, mighty plain." Henry's face showed a tendency to smile at the absurdity of the question.

"Lucinda was jest as much set after you, it seemed," went on the planter. "Old Pelzer was workin' you purty nigh to death on his pore, wore-out land, an' pointedly refused to buy Lucinda so you could marry her, nur he wouldn't consent to you marryin' a slave of mine. Ain't that so?"

"Yes, Marse Jasper, that's so, sir."

"I had jest as many niggers as I could afford to keep, an' a sight more. I was already up to my neck in debt, an' to buy you I knowed I'd have to borrow money an' mortgage the last thing I had. But you come to me night after night, when you could sneak off, an' begged an' begged to be bought, so that I jest didn't have the heart to refuse. So, jest to accommodate you, I got up the money an' bought you, payin' fully a third more for you than men of yore age was goin' at. You are married now, an' got three as likely children as ever come in the world, an' a big buxom wife that loves you, an' if I haven't treated you an' them right I never heerd of it."

"Never was a better master on earth, Marse Jasper. If thar is, I hain't never seed 'im." Henry's face was full of emotion. He picked up his slouch hat from the grass and folded it awkwardly on the log beside him.

"From that day till this," the planter went on, "I've been over my head in debt, an' I can really trace it to that transaction. It was the straw that broke the camel's back, as the feller said. Well, now, Henry, six months ago, when I saw that openin' to deal in lumber in North Carolina, it seemed to me to be my chance to work out of debt, if I could jest find somebody to look after my farm. I found a man, Henry,—a good, clever, honest man, as everybody said, an' a member of Big Bethel Church. For a certain consideration he agreed to take charge. That consideration I've paid in advance, an' it's gone: I couldn't git it back.

"Now, how has it turned out? I had hardly got started out thar before one of my niggers—the very one I relied on the most—has played smash with all my plans. You begun by turnin' up yore nose at Brother Cobb, an' then by openly disobeyin' 'im. Then he tried to punish you,—the right that the law gives a overseer,—an' you up an' dared him to tetch you, an'——"

"Marse Jasper——"

"Hold yore tongue till I'm through."

"All right, Marse Jasper, but——"

"You openly defied 'im, that's enough; you broke up the order of the whole thing, an' yore mistress was so upset that she had to send fur me. Now, Henry, I hain't never laid the lash on you in my life, an' I'd ruther take it myself than to have to do it, but I hain't come five hundred miles jest to talk to you. I'm goin' to whip you, Henry, an' I'm goin' to do it right, if thar's enough strength in my arm.

You needn't shake yore head an' sulk. No matter what you refused to let Cobb an' the rest of 'em do, you are a-goin' to strip yore back an' take what I'm goin' to give you without a word, because you know it's just an' right."

Henry's face was downcast, and his master could not see his eyes, but a strange, rebellious fire had suddenly kindled in them, and he was stubbornly silent. Mr. Pelham could not have dreamed of what was passing in his mind.

"Henry, you an' me are both religious men," said the planter, after he had waited for a moment. "Let's kneel right down here by this log an' commune with the Lord."

Without a word the negro rose and knelt, his face in his hands, his elbows on the log. There never had been a moment when Uncle Henry was not ready to pray or listen to a prayer. He prided himself on his own powers in that line, and had unbounded respect for the efforts of others. Mr. Pelham knelt very deliberately and began to pray:

"Our heavenly Father, it is with extreme sadness an' sorrow that we come to Thee this bright, sunny day. Our sins have been many, an' we hardly know when our deeds are acceptable in Thy sight, but bless all our efforts, we pray Thee, for the sake of Him that died for us, an' let us not walk into error in our zeal to do Thy will.

"Lord, Thou knowest the hearts of Thy humble supplicant an' this man beside him. Thou, through the existin' laws of this land, hast put him into my care an' keepin' an' made me responsible to a human law for his good or bad behavior. Lord, on this occasion it seems my duty to punish him for disobedience, an' we pray Thee to sanction what is about to take place with Thy grace. Let no anger or malice rest in our hearts during the performance of that disagreeable task, an' let the whole redound to Thy glory for ever an' ever, through the mercy of Thy Son, our Lord Jesus Christ. Amen."

Mr. Pelham rose to his feet stiffly, for he had touches of rheumatism, and the ground was cold. He brushed his trousers, and laid hold of his switches. But, to his surprise, Henry had not risen. If it had not been for the stiffness of his elbows, and the upright position of his long feet, which stood on their toes erect as gate-posts, Mr. Pelham might have thought that he had dropped to sleep.

For a moment the planter stood silent, glancing first at the mass of ill-clothed humanity at his feet, and then sweeping his eyes over the quiet, rolling land which lay between him and the farm-house. How awfully still everything was! He saw Henry's cabin near the farm-house. Lucinda was out in the yard, picking up chips, and one of Uncle Henry's children was clinging to her skirts. The planter was very fond of Lucinda, and he wondered what she would do if she knew he was going to whip her husband. But why did the fellow not get up? Surely that was an unusual way to act. In some doubt as to what he ought to do, Mr. Pelham sat down again. It should not be said of him that he had ever interrupted any man's prayers to whip him. As he sat down, the log rolled slightly, the elbows of the negro slid off the bark, and Henry's head almost came in contact with the

log. But he took little notice of the accident, and, glancing at his master from the corner of his eye, he deliberately replaced his elbows, pressed his hands together, and began to pray aloud:

"Our heavenly Father." These words were spoken in a deep, sonorous tone, and as Uncle Henry paused for an instant, the echoes groaned and murmured and died against the hill behind him. Mr. Pelham bowed his head to his hand. He had heard Henry pray before, and now he dreaded hearing him, he hardly knew why.

"Our heavenly Father," the slave repeated, in his mellow sing-song tone, "Thou knowest that I am Thy humble servant. Thou knowest that I have brought to Thee all my troubles since my change of heart,—that I have left nothing hidden from Thee, who art my Maker, my Redeemer, an' my Lord. Thou knowest that I have for a long time harbored the belief that the black man has a few rights that he don't git under existin' laws, but which, Thy will be done, will come in due time. Thou knowest, an' I know, that Henry Pelham is nigher to Thee than the dumb brutes, an' that it ain't no way to lift a nigger up to beat 'im like a horse or a ox. I have said this to Thee in secret prayer, time an' ag'in, an' Thou knowest how I stand on it, if my master don't. Thou knowest that before Thee I have vowed that I would die before any man, white or black, kin beat the blood out'n my back. I may have brought trouble an' vexation to Marse Jasper, I don't dispute that, but he had no business puttin' me under that low-down, white-trash overseer an' goin' off so far. Heavenly Father, thou knowest I love Marse Jasper, an' I would work fur 'im till I die, but he is ready to put the lash to me an' disgrace me before my wife an' children. Give my arms strength, Lord, to defend myself even against him,—against him who has, up to now, won my respect an' love by forbearance an' kindness. He has said it, Lord,—he has said that he will whip me; but I've said, also, that no man shall do it. Give me strength to battle fur the right, an' if he is hurt, may the Lord have mercy on him! This I ask through the mercy an' the blood of the Lord Jesus Christ. Amen."

Henry rose awkwardly to his feet and looked down at his master, who sat silent, on the log. Mr. Pelham's face was pale. There was a look of indecision under the pallor. He held one of the switches by the butt in his hand, and with its tapering end tapped the brown leaves between his legs. He looked at the imperturbable countenance of the negro for fully a minute before he spoke.

"Do you mean to say, Henry," he asked, "that you are a-goin' to resist me by force?"

"I reckon I am, Marse Jasper, if nothin' else won't do you. That's what I have promised the Lord time an' ag'in, since Cobb come to boss me. I wasn't thinkin' about you then, Marse Jasper, because I didn't 'low you ever would try such a thing; but I said *any* white man, an' I can't take it back."

The planter looked up at the stalwart man towering over him. Henry could toss him about like a ball. In his imagination, he had pictured the faithful fellow bowed before him, patiently submitting to his blows, but the present contingency had never entered his mind. He

tried to be angry, but the good-natured face of the slave he loved made it impossible.

"Sit down thar, Henry," he said, and when the negro had obeyed he continued almost appealingly, "I have told the folks in North Carolina that I was comin' home to whip you, you see. I have told yore mistress, an' I have told Cobb. I'll look like a fool if I don't do it."

A regretful softness came into the face of the negro, and he hung his head, and for a moment picked at the bark of the log with his long thumb-nail.

"I'm mighty sorry, Marse Jasper," he answered, after remaining silent for a while. "But you see I've done promised the Lord; you wouldn't have me—what do all them folks amount to beside the Lord? No, a body ought to be careful about what he's promised to the Lord."

Mr. Pelham had no reply forthcoming. He realized that he was simply not going to whip Uncle Henry, and he did not want to appear ridiculous in the eyes of his friends. The negro saw by his master's silence that he was going to escape punishment, and that made him more humble and sympathetic than ever. He was genuinely sorry for his master.

"You have done told 'em all you was goin' to whip me, I know, Marse Jasper; but why don't you jest let 'em think you done it? I don't keer, jest so I kin keep my word. Lucinda ain't a-goin' to believe it, nohow."

At this loophole of escape the face of the planter brightened. For a moment he felt like grasping Henry's hand; then a cloud came over his face.

"But," he said, "what about yore future conduct? Will you mind what Cobb tells you?"

"I jest can't do that, Marse Jasper. We jest can't git along together. He ain't no man at all."

"Well, what on earth am I to do? I've got to have an overseer, an' I've got to go back to North Carolina."

"You don't have to have no overseer fur me, Marse Jasper. Have I ever failed to keep a promise to you, Marse Jasper?"

"No; but I can't be here."

"I'll tell you what I'll do, Marse Jasper. Would you be satisfied with my part of the work if I tend all the twenty-acre piece beyond my cabin, an' make a good crop on it, an' look after all the cattle an' stock, an' clear the woodland on the hill an' cord up the fire-wood?"

"You couldn't do it, Henry."

"I'll come mighty nigh it, Marse Jasper, if you'll let me be my own boss an' be responsible to you when you git back. Mr. Cobb kin boss the rest of 'em. They don't keer how much he swings his whip about an' struts around."

"Henry, I'll do it. I can trust you a sight better than I can Cobb. I know you will keep yore word. But you will not say anything about——"

"Not a word, Marse Jasper. They all may 'low I'm half dead, if

they want to." Then the two men laughed together heartily and parted.

The overseer and the two white women were waiting for Mr. Pelham in the back-yard as he emerged from the woods and came toward the house. Mrs. Pelham opened the gate for him, scanning his face anxiously.

"I was afraid you an' Henry had had some difficulty," she said, in a tone of relief; "he has been that hard to manage lately."

Mr. Pelham grunted and laughed in disdain.

"I'll bet he was the hardest you ever tackled," ventured Cobb.

"Anybody can manage him," the planter replied,—"anybody that has got enough determination. Henry knows me."

"But do you think he'll obey my orders after you go back?" Cobb had followed Mr. Pelham into the sitting-room, and he waited anxiously for the reply to his question.

The planter stooped to spit into a corner of the chimney, and then slowly and thoughtfully stroked his beard with his hand. "That's the only trouble, Brother Cobb," he said, thrusting his fat hands into the pockets of his trousers and turning his back to the fire; "that's the only drawback. To be plain with you, Brother Cobb, I'm afeard you don't inspire respect: men that don't own niggers seldom do. I believe on my soul that nigger would die fightin' before he'd obey yore orders. To tell the truth, I had to arrange a plan, an' that is one reason—one reason—why I was down thar so long. After what happened to-day" (Mr. Pelham spoke significantly and stroked his beard again), "he'll mind me jest as well at a distance as if I was here on the spot. He'd have a mortal dread of havin' me come so fur ag'in."

"I hope you wasn't cruel, Mr. Pelham," said Mrs. Pelham, who had just come in. "Henry's so good-hearted——"

"Oh, he'll git over it," replied the planter, ambiguously. "But, as I was goin' on to say, I had to fix another plan. I have set him a task to do while I'm away, an' I believe he'll do it, Brother Cobb. So all you'll have to do will be to look after the other niggers."

The plan suited Cobb exactly, but when Mr. Pelham came home the following summer it was hard to hear him say that Uncle Henry had accomplished more than any three of the other negroes.

Will N. Harben.

FAME.

FAME beckoned me. Forward a little way
She leaned, that I might see the wreath of bay.
Wooed by the throng in vain, unsmiling, cold,
Nor touched by human pain, nor joy, nor gold,
Over the struggling mass her eyes held mine:
"Care not! Trample them! Pass! and I am thine!"

Elizabeth Crooks.

FLIRTATION AS A FINE ART.

A WISE man has said that every man's philosophy is the result of his own experience. I can only hope, in extenuation of the lightness of this little paper, that it will assist in proving what the wise man did not say, though he might have,—that a woman's philosophy is generally the result of some observation and a certain mental incapacity for following any connected train of thought.

My feminine readers may perhaps take issue with me for this last expression; but I wish to assure them, if they will leave their intellectual honor in my hands for yet a little while, I will prove that, though not perhaps a worthy exponent of the highest development of feminine brain-power, I am yet a stout champion and an ardent admirer. At the first blush the remark may sound unflattering. But this very mental incapacity for grasping enormous subjects, for lumping the universe as it were, has its advantages. In exchange for these stupendous qualities of mind, we have the critical and analytical powers marvellously developed, we have that delicate appreciation of detail which alone can form the perfect artist,—and the Fine Art of Flirtation is no mean profession. The present generation is inclined to take itself too seriously. To be in the swim, we must all go in for something, we must all have some noble ambition, some absorbing purpose; if not Greek and calculus, then china-painting and the banjo. Enormous questions agitate the public mind. Our young men ask themselves (ah, if they would only ask themselves), "Is an agnostic philosophy possible?" Our young women muddle their brains on that most gigantically irrational of all questions which goes under the name of "Woman's Rights."

It has been frequently asserted by philosophers and others that the home and fireside is the sphere of woman. The bloomerite would have us believe that woman is predestined to mount the platform of "Liberty, Fraternity, and Equality" and sway the universe; the female poet, with her rapturous eyes, calls on her sister to breast the swift current of the river of life and plant her banner in the soil of the undiscovered country of happiness. Magnificent ideas and wholesome advice, no doubt, but difficult of attainment.

The home and the fireside form a very pretty picture, and that it is our proper sphere is a time-honored maxim, and therefore worthy of respect. But Stevenson says, "To be too comfortable tends to a fatty degeneration of one's moral being,"—which is surely a result to be guarded against.

Since this subject was suggested to my mind, I have given it much consideration and all the concentration of thought in my power, and I have come to the conclusion that the sphere of woman is the Salon, and her proper profession that of conferring happiness and pleasure on herself and her fellow-men; in other words, the fine art of flirtation.

Everybody in this day is either a teacher or a pupil. It is the fad

of the age to know something. Flirtation is by no manner of means opposed to this. It is in itself a liberal education. It polishes both mind and manners; it sharpens the wits, at the same time that it encourages that suaveness of disposition, that exquisite charm of manner, and that ambition to be pleasing, which are a woman's crown of glory.

And from an ethical stand-point, at the risk of appearing paradoxical, I will go so far as to assert that the coquette is your true philanthropist. To begin with, she is generally a "men's woman." That term immediately generates a prejudice in all well-regulated minds; and yet why should it? Charles Dudley Warner says of her, "She is a happy combination of qualities somewhat difficult to describe." Mrs. Racket says, "a creature for whom education has done much, and nature more. She has taste, elegance, spirit, and understanding." Warner says, "She is all this, and more. . . . . To begin with, she is old enough to know her world thoroughly; yet, though she need never have been beautiful, she must have kept her youth. She is in no sense a light woman, neither is she over-intellectual; she would not speak Greek even if she could. She is a creature of infinite tact, whom every outward semblance of a man interests profoundly. With him she is always at her best, and she contrives to get out of him the best there is. She listens well, and grows sympathetic as she listens. Has he a special weakness? She half tempts him to believe it is a virtue. An adept in the subtlest forms of flattery, she would force the meanest of us to shine, even when he is ill at ease. And yet, above all, she remains sincere. Her interest in him is real, and survives the fleeting moment. He is a man; that is to say, for her, the brightest page in nature's book. She respects convention, knowing well when she may venture to be unconventional; yet she is unapproachable and irreproachable. In return he adores her." George Eliot says, "One's self-satisfaction is a kind of untaxed property, which it is very unpleasant to find depreciated." The men's woman with a word or a gesture or a look conveys to her companion the conviction, "You interest me," not so much for the sake of pleasing as because it is true. Can such conduct be actuated by any other motives than those of the purest and truest philanthropy?

Flirtation should be fostered, not frowned upon; for an institution that will, as one man epigrammatically puts it, "afford entertainment without responsibility" should be encouraged. "In the imagination of most human beings, the shadow of matrimony waits, awful and resolute, at the cross-roads." But to the masculine mind there is a pleasing exhilaration in being delicately entangled without fear of disastrous consequences; and even to a woman the idea of linking herself for eternity to a man, "when viewed as a proximate reality, has few convincing charms." Another clever young gentleman puts it thus: "Flirtation is anticipation without realization." Taking the subject from a purely ethical and philosophical stand-point, without reference to the opportunities pertaining thereunto for pleasantly and profitably disposing of surplus time, I should say that it is an all-round admirable institution. It keeps the mind flexible by constant comparison; and one hour's indulgence in this pastime affords better op-

portunity for an intimate acquaintance with the personality of one's fellow-man—which is surely a desirable bit of knowledge—than a mutual perusal of "The Origin of Species and the Primitive Condition of Man," or a four hours' disputation on The Progress of Civilization.

To those of you who have ever been sufficiently interested in the subject to get down your dictionaries, using the words "coquette" and "philanthropist" as synonymous terms may appear paradoxical. The definition there given is "coquette, a jilt," or "to trifle with love." This bears masculine density upon the face of it, for we all know love plays no part in such matters. And for "flirt" the definition is still more unconsciously manlike, for the lexicographer says, "flirt, to throw with a quick motion,"—a candid illustration of his own success in affairs of the heart.

Flirtation "as she is wrote" can, of course, only suggest interesting possibilities, and La Rochefoucauld says, "It is easier to be wise for others than for ourselves." I regret that Cynicus's statement holds good in most cases, and we arrive at the truth in a very roundabout way. "We mask even our miseries, and when we die of bosom wounds we complain of the toothache," says Heine. Therefore I protest that if by anything that is said in this paper I should convey the idea that I consider the profession which is herein advocated as the only one worth following, still it is not my intention so to do. I am only advising the women who read me to leave dull facts and figures to those unhappy mortals who call themselves men, and the men that "he who lives without folly is not so wise as he thinks." And to all of you I would say that dictionaries are written by notorious Dryasdusts, and it is an erroneous idea that flirtation necessarily means something to be frowned down, or that the coquette goes on her way mounted on the car of Juggernaut. There are some ardent spirits who would consider anything short of icy coldness as encouragement. Sometimes a guileless maiden or an unsuspecting youth may misunderstand the purport of the play, and break his or her heart in regulation good old ante-bellum style. But these are individual cases, and prove nothing. This question, like all others of importance, must be settled by the majority, and "one has only to look into the faces of most of the world to see that they have never been in love, or in hate, or in any other high passion, in all their lives."

Don't misunderstand me. I am by no means a disbeliever in love. On the contrary, I firmly believe in it, and I think if it is possible to find a man who, by even the most gigantic stretch of the imagination, can be made to embody that highly idealized lover whom all girls have in their minds, it is a very good thing to bestow the wealth of one's affection upon him.

But, at the same time, I think it is a very good thing to have a few of what a rather slangy friend of mine calls "side speculations." It keeps up the interest of the highly idealized lover. Again, do not misunderstand me: not by any manner of means do I intend to advocate jealousy. It is not only vulgar, but practically inconvenient, and the jealousy dodge is one to be handled with gloves. It requires the

finer feminine finesse; in masculine hands it is apt to become a clumsy vehicle of self-destruction. And yet a too great feeling of proprietorship is to be guarded against, else the highly idealized one might grow tyrannical; at any rate, he likes to have his choice approved. The most comfortable state of things, after all, is the tempered admiration of the many, rather than the passionate fervor of the few.

It has been frequently said that the nearest way to a man's heart is through the kitchen. Long use has made this maxim also worthy of respect, but nevertheless I dispute it. In the last few weeks I have given both observation and consideration to the subject, and, since my efforts were in the interest of scientific advancement, I have no hesitation in acknowledging that I have exercised the prerogatives of friendship and experimented with the different methods. Like all really great discoverers, I was journeying in the unknown country; but my bump of locality is good, and I can now confidently assure you that delicate and judicious flattery could give a fair and open start to the cannon-ball train and go neck and neck to its destination with the triumph of nineteenth-century civilization. Not vulgar and open flattery, of course, but a suave insinuation of admiration, a pretty air of half-concealed deference, a fetching touch of congeniality; can there be a more delicious compliment than that? For one human being to convey to another the idea that he absolutely considers you upon an equality with himself! The touch of congeniality is most effective with women: the downcast eye of reverence and awe is more to the taste of our lords and masters. George Eliot says of one of her heroes, "He held it to be one of the prettiest attitudes of the feminine mind to adore a man's pre-eminence without too precise a knowledge of what it consisted in."

It has been the same thing ever since the world began. Eve lost her Eden because she got wind of something she didn't know. Bluebeard's brothers-in-law barely arrived in time to save the head of his sixteenth wife, because she had been trusted with the key of a locked door. It will be the same thing while the world stands. Stevenson says he once knew a lady who said she could wonder herself into a mad-house over the human eyebrow. If so trifling a thing as this could have so disastrous an effect, think what the state of a woman's mind must be when she imagines she has gotten the key to that most interesting of all enigmas—a man.

The mysterious man is generally a mind-reader. He is possessed of powers of intuition that would have made the fortune of the Oracle of Delphi. At the first meeting he is cold and stern, with sudden piercing glances that may mean anything. At the second meeting he displays an acquaintance with the inmost secrets of one's soul. He has a delicious way of talking about himself under the guise of an imaginary person, thereby confiding to you all his secret feelings, without appearing to do so. "He poses as a wearied Colossus smiling contemptuously upon a pygmy world," and there are always women to be found disposed to undertake the cure of a profound despair. But let not the sister of charity pretend to immediate understanding of her riddle. This is a gross insult to his powers of fascination. The facial

expression of the mysterious man is a wonderful exposition of what art can do. He can assume at will the expression of rayless melancholy, of the midnight assassin, of pleading pathos, and of elephantine playfulness.

The mysterious dodge is not suited to the blond and blue-eyed youth. The flattery, the attention, and the poetic dodge are his. He may even work the absence-and-sudden-return dodge to advantage. A dark and sombre beauty, with the general air of a reformed pirate, combined with an unimpeachable correctness of demeanor, is indispensable to a man in this line of business. Statistics may not be comfortable to that man, and qualms of conscience may impart a rayless melancholy to his face. But the fortunate possessor of these desirable attributes is likely to have his path through life lined with love-lorn damsels, and to see daily breaking hearts sacrificed upon his shrine.

But, after all, the finest art of flirtation is adaptability. I do not mean altogether to mould one's self after the mind or mood of the object of one's solicitude, but as rapidly as possible to discover the broad lines of his or her character and disposition, then, with the courage of a military leader, turn the force of our friend the enemy in that channel which may best please one's own intelligence and purpose. With a little executive ability, and, in case the object be a man, just a tinge of judicious flattery, this can generally be accomplished. Sometimes, of course, we run our heads against a stone wall; then something must go, and it is generally not the wall. This is as fatiguing a process to the mental faculties as standing on tiptoe is to the muscles of the foot; but the mental exercise, like the athletic, has its advantages.

The rider of one hobby generally has another in training, if not in actual use; and the man who cannot make himself interesting on either of the subjects that most absorb his own interests is not worth one's solicitude, and therefore proves nothing. "Suppressed stupidities avail themselves of extraordinary opportunities to come to light," says Heine. But there are few people in the world, except those who by undue garrulousness give an unnecessarily emphasized illustration of imbecility, who will not, if taken in the right spirit and treated with a certain indulgence, prove entertaining from one stand-point or another.

It was one of Miss Gobang's pet theories, as it is one of mine, that "a woman should know a little of everything and nothing thoroughly." George Eliot says, "The shallowness of a water-nixie's soul may have a charm, until she become didactic." This absence of thoroughness goes under the name of "general information," and enables one to adapt one's self the more readily to the mind and mood of those with whom one comes in contact, giving thus a wider field of interest than that which is enjoyed by the intensely educated specialist.

One lexicographer says, a flirt is "giddy and fickle." Giddiness is not perhaps an admirable characteristic, though Stevenson speaks with much admiration of a gentleman who was possessed of a "good whirling weathercock of a brain." But a not too excessive fickleness is by no means undesirable. "A persevering man is the most insidious foe in the pathway of woman," and priority is a poor recommendation

in a man, if he have no other. Numbers are notoriously safe, constancy deplorably rococo, and general information on the subject of flirtation as desirable as in the field of metaphysics or political economy.

"Of all the applications of the scientific method of inquiry, the latest, the highest, and by far the most important is its application to the study of man," says Sir John Lubbock. It is from this point of view that the present essay has its significance. It is an attempt to give a more or less detailed and altogether trustworthy statement of the mental and social condition, and to contribute indispensable data for conclusions respecting the nature and destiny of man upon earth.

In methodizing these data I believe myself to have made a valuable contribution toward the scientific treatment of the subject, and to have earned the thanks of all students in this important department of research.

Jean Wright.

BEYOND?

AFTER the story has once been told,—
After one's had his little fling
At the world, and found the apples of gold
Are gilt, and rapidly tarnishing,—
After the curtain begins to fall,
Tell me, what is back of it all?

Oh, life is fair at the break of day,
As the sun climbs up the eastern hill,
And the flowers are sweet along the way
We gather with lavish hands, until
We find the hills grow rugged and steep,
And shadows across the pathway creep.

And life at noontide is not half bad,—
Save we have learned a lesson or two,
Have bought our experience, gay or sad,
And paid our toll in passing through
The little gate beside which stands
Old Father Time with outstretched hands.

But when the light begins to wane,
And shadows deepen around our way,
What does it matter, the loss or gain?
What does it count, our work or play?
After the curtain begins to fall,
Tell me, what is back of it all?

Arthur D. F. Randolph.

OUR FIRST SILVER-MINE.

IT was not until about forty years after the settlement at Plymouth that the English colonists in America felt the need of a coined metallic currency. Few of them had brought much, and what they had was not in demand. For the first ten years exchange of bread-stuffs and the usual commodities was active, and almost, as it were, from hands to mouths, while silver was an intrusion and an almost useless encumbrance. Barter was universal in almost every article of household or agricultural use; and there was only satisfaction when, in 1631, corn was made legal tender for debts in Massachusetts.

Yet another medium of exchange had already come somewhat into use, which for twenty years following was the most acceptable currency from the St. Lawrence to the Chesapeake. This was wampum, or peage, the currency of the aborigines, made of the inner whorls of shells (the *carica*) found on the sea-shore from Cape Cod to Virginia. The colonists for many years desired beaver-skins for the European market, and corn for their own sustenance. The Indians would accept for these a limited quantity of such goods as suited them, but for the balance wanted only their own money,—wampum. So the English and Dutch traders sold the shore Indians their goods for wampum, and with it bought peltries from the Indians of the interior. The colonists, sending beaver to Europe, received in return the merchandise they needed. Later, when the trade in beaver fell off, and the products of their own industry increased, they sent to foreign parts fish, whale oil and bone, lumber, wheat, rye, hard-bread, tobacco, turpentine, and horses, receiving besides merchandise much silver and gold coin, especially from the Spanish West Indies. Spain had for many years been drawing great quantities of the precious metals from the rich mines of Mexico and Peru; but this kind of wealth had not yet been discovered anywhere in all America north of the Gulf of Mexico.

Though the charters of the colonies and the grants of territory to individuals stipulated that one-fifth of all precious metals mined should belong to the king, and one ship of the earliest Virginia colony returned to England loaded with some shining ore or mineral, yet no mine was discovered north of the southern line of the present United States until after the acquisition of Florida, the purchase of Louisiana, and almost to the date of the admission of Texas.

There is no known record of the locality from which was taken that cargo (condemned as valueless) in 1607; but adjacent to the waters from which the ship sailed is an extensive tract that displays ores of gold, silver, lead, copper, iron, and tin. It is not certain that the despised cargo, under the modern chemical methods of extraction, might not have yielded such a percentage of metal as would have amply repaid the venture.

In one of the midland counties of North Carolina are iron-mines which were worked during the Revolution; in a westerly section of

the State is Mine Hill, pierced numerously with tunnels and galleries, apparently for taking out the sheets of crystalline mica. This mining, it is believed, was done by an early race of Indians at the same period as the prehistoric mining at the Lake Superior copper-mines. In the midland counties gold ore has been found which pays for working; and galena, the principal ore of lead, exists in small quantities in the northern midland and western sections. Most of this is argentiferous, and one lode has been largely worked. This is the well-known Washington silver-mine at Silver Hill, on Yadkin River, in Davidson County. This deposit was discovered in 1838, and has been worked, with some intermissions, ever since. It is believed to be the first silver-mine of America north of Mexico.

The veins of the Washington mine traverse the crest of a low rounded hill, perhaps seventy feet above the adjacent valley. The veins were exposed in the process of cultivation, the outcrop being scarcely noticeable. The usual quartz veins accompany them, with soft slates of various colors adjoining. The mine consists of two heavy veins near the surface, pursuing a nearly parallel course, with smaller ones, less perfectly developed, found in the underground workings. These consist of perpendicular shafts with cross-cuts. The rock is soft and disintegrated to a depth of sixty feet, where hard rock is encountered. The appearance of the lodes in the upper part is that of a yellowish-white or, frequently, silvery substance, with both sides soft and friable, in which mineral matter is not very distinct. Where the veins cross, beautiful carbonates and phosphates of lead are abundant, and are associated with silicates and carbonates of copper and foliated native silver. At a depth of one hundred feet the volume of the lodes and included metal increases. Levels driven from the shafts at sixty feet also lay bare rich silver ores. From this to two hundred feet the levels show various changes in the lodes, with more lead, which is richer in silver, together with almost pure arborescent silver. In 1875 the depth of the lowest level was six hundred and fifty feet. The rock is very hard, and the difficulty of working is further increased by zinc blende which is intermingled from top to bottom. Yet the lode is said to have grown richer as it deepens. At some points the various minerals are contorted and intertwisted. The blue ore—of which there is much interspersed irregularly—has, in analysis, yielded two and nine-tenths per cent. of silver to thirty-eight per cent. of lead, which has been regarded as extremely rich, but is greatly inferior to the ore of the Western mines; neither does it hold out through all the mass. In operating the mine there is realized an increase of profit from a small proportion of gold obtained.

At one period the method of extracting the silver was so inferior that only about eighteen dollars' worth was obtained from twenty dollars' expenditure, and work was suspended for several years. In 1856, when the mine was inspected by the State geologist, the operator was able, with the means then in use, to smelt only about three tons a day of the ore, yielding about one hundred ounces of silver bullion,—worth, at that date, ten dollars a pound. This would make the ore worth one hundred dollars a ton, and should have paid a handsome

profit on the mining. This mine is not remarkable for the amount of its yield, but for its primacy.

The lodes of the Washington mine have been traced several miles. With them are associated quite a number of valuable minerals, as French chalk, fine green talc, a fine variety of columnar flesh-colored dolomite, black oxide of manganese, and others. For many years the buddled ore from these lodes, after roasting, was shipped to New York, where it was used in the manufacture of white lead.

In numberless other localities there are traces and small outcrops of galena, copper, and gold; and the latter also has been profitably mined.

The opening of the Washington mine had a great effect on the inhabitants of North Carolina. For many years subsequent, whoever visited and held converse with the people in the western counties failed not to hear the oft-repeated stories of lead- and silver-mines formerly wrought by the Indians, but long abandoned and lost. Almost every county has one or more such traditions; and they are recited with an air of entire credulity,—though what is apparently the same tradition, easily changing its names, and with but slight modification in its features, serves as the staple in more counties than one. Here the wonderful mine was on Table-Rock mountain; there, on the slopes of Old Black; again it is at the head of Luftee, or Old Smoky; next it is at the foot of Hogback, or in the side of Toxaway.

A usual feature is that a particular Indian (sometimes with a companion or two) used to return from the West every year at a certain moon, ostensibly for the purpose of honoring the graves of his fathers and to use again his ancestral right of hunting the deer and bear among the wild but verdurous hills; yet gossiping tar-heels hold that, really, the visits were for the purpose of opening again the concealed mine of lead or silver, whose rich spoil the sons of the forest have "been seen bearing off in their packs."

Another form of the story relates that a certain old hunter (always "won't tell," or now "dead," or "moved West") got all the lead for his bullets from the foot of a mountain above a cove on a certain creek; or an old counterfeiter (now "in the penitentiary" or "fled" into unknown parts) used to coin quarters and halves of good silver (still seen in circulation), yet was never known to buy silver in any form. Weeks and months were spent every year in searching for these secret treasures. Occasionally the enthusiasm would mount to the height of sending far off somewhere to fetch back the "old hunter." More than once such a one has been persuaded that there was more richness in his bullets than he had supposed; and, regretting vainly the many pounds of good silver-lead that he had shot away at deer, coons, geese, and other game, he has been brought back to his old haunts. Then, with many a keen eye tracking his goings with his persuading friend, weeks would be spent in bush-beating, cliff-climbing, and laborious search along rocky shores, about cavernous hills, in fens, bogs, and dismal dens in the deep woods, but only to the utter disappointment of all their fond anticipations. The "old hunter" finds that time has obliterated his waymarks, bush and tree and rock and rill lack the familiar aspect,

and he, whose confused recollections formed the basis of vast schemes of gain, returns to his distant home dispirited and dishonored.

Yet many real traces of ore have been found by ploughman or quarryman. The news usually flew fast and far; and soon a multitude would be scouring the region, not a tithe of whom were able to discriminate between iron pyrites with white shining surfaces and rust-discolored spots, and metallic silver; or between copper pyrites, or rock bespattered with the metal, and the ores of gold. Next the county court-houses would be besieged by eager throngs, rushing to file claims.

These conditions prevailed in one quarter or another for many years, leaving their imprint deep in the habits and language of the people; and the vestiges may still be recognized in the vein of miners' terms in the vernacular of the region,—as "gosson" (often perverted to "goslin"), "deposit," "blow-out," "lead," "blossoms," "mundic,"—familiar there as are household words.

George J. Varney.

THE EVOLUTION OF THE POSTER.

WHEN some enterprising Greek or Roman merchant of old first whitened a portion of the wall of his house and on this *album*, as it was called, rudely scratched the symbols of his trade, he little dreamed it to be the dim foreshadowing of miles upon miles of pictorial advertisements, first produced in the interest of commerce, but destined to come so close to art as to attract more than passing notice from the æsthetic connoisseur and collector.

Yet from the very earliest times some sort of public advertising was felt to be a necessity. Thus we read of notices, in the first days of the children of Israel, being posted in the high places of the cities, —proclamations, generally, of kings and prophets, inscribed on parchment; and papyri, more than three thousand years old, have been exhumed from the ruins of ancient Thebes, on which are written descriptions of runaway slaves and the rewards offered for their return.

Another heathen mode of attracting attention was to hang on the statues of the infernal deities, within the *temenos* of the temples, sheets of lead bearing curses and prayers of vengeance against those persons who had stolen goods or otherwise injured the advertiser, the evil to be deprecated only in case of the restitution of the property. A collection of such imprecations, that was discovered in the temple of Demeter at Cnidus in 1858, may be seen in the second vase room of the British Museum.

This pagan idea still exists in the "nameless placard" of the Chinese. What that is, the missionary and foreign official in the land of Confucius too well know. For if a Chinaman fancies himself wronged and believes the offender possesses "the ear of the parent of his people," that is, is in favor with the local magistrate, he goes not to law, neither does he seek dire and secret vengeance with the knife; but some morn-

ing on a conspicuous wall appears a full and particular, though not invariably an exact and unprejudiced, account of the transaction. Even the name of the transgressor is often given, but never that of the accuser, who figures as the "Friend of Justice."

It must have been shortly after the Christian era that the *album* came into vogue. Many whitened spaces covered with painted figures and inscriptions adorned the buildings of Herculaneum and Pompeii on that dread 24th of August, A.D. 79, when they were buried deep from human sight and ken, only to rise from their ashes, centuries after, and reveal to another age and race that those luxurious and cultured cities were far from blind to the benefits to be derived from publicity.

There, then, depicted in crudest black and red upon the walls, the scholar may read, as did the sporting youths of old, that "The troop of gladiators of the ædile will fight on the 31st of May. There will be fights with wild animals, and an awning to keep off the sun." Perhaps, also, the gladiatorial bill promises *sparsiones*, which luxury consisted of sprinklings of water perfumed with saffron and other odors that were thrown over the audience by means of a pipe and produced a nimbus or cloud.

Baths, too, are extensively advertised, "warm, sea and fresh water" plunges being offered. The various trades are well represented by their respective emblems executed in terra cotta rilievo, painted or sometimes merely scratched upon the surface with a sharp instrument: a saw and chisel for a carpenter; a cupping-glass for a physician; a mirror and comb for a tirewoman; and—ominous sight for Pompeian pupils—a boy receiving chastisement at the entrance to a school.

Here one is invited to hear "the poem of Numerius," and yonder is informed, "Traveller, going from here to the twelfth Tower, there Sarinus keeps a tavern. This is to request you to enter. Farewell."

Authors' readings appear to have been as popular then as now. Pliny mentions a poet who, desirous of reading his work in public, "hired a house in Rome, built an oratory, hired forms, and dispersed prospectuses." This is probably the earliest record of hand-bills.

But throughout the glory of the Roman Empire, and for long after, the most common method of advertising was by means of the *præco*, or street-crier. The Greeks also favored this mode, and so particular were they as to oratorical effect and exact enunciation that when the laws were proclaimed in this manner they insisted that the crier be accompanied by a musician, who, in case of a discordant tone, might be ready to give him the proper pitch and expression.

Naturally, too, the *præcones* continued to flourish after the fall of Rome and the migration of the rude hordes westward, for during those Dark Ages, when few could read and write, outside of the monks and clergy, written advertisements were almost useless. It was in mediæval times, then, that we find the public crier an important personage. Especially so were the wine-criers of France, a picturesque feature of the twelfth century. Blowing on huge horns, they paraded the streets of Paris in troops, each man carrying a wooden measure of liquor, from which he invited every passer-by to take a taste, as a sample of

that sold at the establishment he represented,—a mode of advertising that might be very successful in attracting attention to-day.

Under Philip Augustus these were formed into a corporation and received from him certain statutes, one of which was,—

"The crier shall go about twice a day, except in Lent, on Sundays and Fridays, the eight days of Christmas, and the Vigils, when they shall cry only once. On the Friday of the Adoration of the Cross they shall cry not at all. Neither are they to cry on the day on which the king, queen, or any of the children of the royal family happen to die."

An old monkish chronicle gives a curious story in connection with this form of street advertising.

There lived in those benighted days a pious old woman of the name of Adelaide, who, eager to proclaim the word of God, but not blessed with sufficiently strong lungs, engaged one of the professional wine-criers to go about the town and, in place of shouting the prices of wine, to call, "God is righteous! God is good and excellent! God is merciful!" while she followed in his wake, ejaculating, "He speaks well! He says truly!" But, alas for the poor old dame, the monks did not countenance such itinerant preaching, and she was quickly arrested and tried, when, as it was decided that her eccentric effort was instigated by vanity, she was condemned and burned alive.

From France the custom of public crying passed over the Channel, and in England became a national institution; but as education increased among all classes, the written *siquis* of ancient Rome was revived.

These placards, deriving their name from the opening Latin words *Si quis* ("If anybody"), continued to be the favorite advertising media for centuries, even after the invention of the art of printing. Rather oddly, churches were the choice bill-posting spots of the olden time: far into the seventeenth century the middle aisle of St. Paul's was hung with *siquis*, as were its outside doors; and, like the shops, pillars of hire and stands where "merchants most did congregate," within the great cathedral, were a degradation and disgrace to the sacred edifice.

But, meanwhile, Caxton and his printing-press were making rapid strides, and had long since sent forth what is supposed to be the first printed poster, the lineal ancestor of the gay, delirious, more or less artistic *affiche* of the present day. This was a modest hand-bill that appeared about 1480, announcing the sale of the "Pyes of Salisbury Use," at the Red Pole, in the Almonry, Westminster.

But think not these were a savory sort of pasty, made after a famous recipe. Far from it. They were certain rules practised in the diocese of Salisbury and published to instruct the priests how to deal under every possible variation in Easter, with the concurrence of more than one office on the same day.

Art also came to the aid of the advertiser, in the great swinging signboards which long darkened the streets of London and which even Royal Academicians did not scorn to paint. These swung, and creaked, and blew down, for years, until suppressed by law.

A volume might be written on newspaper advertising, but that is another matter. It is with the announcements of trade on public

thoroughfares that this paper has to deal. This, then, brings us down to comparatively modern times and the ubiquitous bill-sticker.

The step was an easy one from signboard-painting to designing of pictorial posters. When the reproduction of wood-cuts in colors was invented, it was not long ere business-men snapped at this manner of introducing their wares, and "the poor man's picture-gallery" spread over every hoarding throughout the British Isles and much of America as well. Theatrical managers and compounders of patent medicines especially caught at the new idea: the most thrilling blood-and-thunder scenes and miraculous "Before and Afters," setting forth the virtues of Bolus's Pills and Good's Sarsaparilla, decorated the whole country-side,—gaudy, badly executed prints, struck from wooden blocks that superimposed one cross-hatching of color upon another.

And yet even these horrors had their use in adding a splash of brightness to a too often sombre, puritanical world. Was there not a fascinating interest about the cadaverous old woman clutching a bottle of Indian Herb Decoction in one hand, while with the other she flung away her crutch, even as those possessed of faith do now before the bone of Ste. Anne? And who can ever forget his or her juvenile delight at the imposing circus posters displaying the cavern-mouthed hippopotamus, the gigantic elephant with trailing ears, and the dromedary with enough humps to put the dromedary of geography to the blush? to say naught of the "Flying Sylph" taking aerial hoops as easily as one would a buckwheat-cake, and the "King of Acrobats" performing feats that brought one's heart into one's throat. Nor did the trifling fact that the circus itself never rose to the promise of its poster detract from its charm. For, as the prince of showmen said, "The public loves to be humbugged."

The coaching days were the golden days of the bill-sticker: he was free to wander where the spirit moved, slapping his placards on fence and gable, rock and vacant house, with none to say him nay. An independent, happy-go-lucky individual was this man of paste, and not altogether lacking in originality, as was shown by his arrangement of advertisements. Often he departed from the straight, conventional plan, and the outside rider on the "tally-ho" was surprised by a zigzag of bills heel-and-toeing dizzily across a wall, a St. Andrew's cross of pictures, or perhaps a few upside down. This last, however, may have been accidental, as in the case of the English bill-sticker at Whitefriars, who, his education in the reading line having been neglected, was obliged to have his wife place the sheets right side up in his wallet before setting out on his rounds. So it was owing to her carelessness or remissness that, one morning, passing citizens were amused by whole yards of reversed posters, while dozens of street gamins stood upon their heads offering to "read it right off for a brown, sir."

The sworn foe of the bill-sticker was the stenciller, with his paint-brush and lettering cut in a sheet of stiff paper, by which simple means he executed good and expeditious work upon the rocks and hills; while later arose the movable hoardings, huge vans drawn by decrepit horses and covered with giddy posters. The latter were probably started by some who rebelled against paying rent for dead walls. The con-

fiscation of places for advertising purposes had gone on so long that tradesmen considered it their right, until a Bill-Sticking Company was formed in London, who leased the best sites from their owners. This company failed in gaining the monopoly of the trade as it hoped, but it succeeded in creating a species of property that had not existed before, —*i.e.*, "bill-stickable surfaces;" and now builders and others can command quite a profitable rental for their hoardings.

All who follow at all the doings of the artistic world must feel an interest in the revolution which has taken place in posters during the past decade; but that revolution had been simmering and evolving at least fifteen years earlier. At present, poster-collecting is a fashionable fad, while an end-of-the-century question is, "Is Art elevating Commerce, or Commerce vulgarizing Art?"

That the touch of Midas has tempted the gods from off Parnassus I am afraid we must acknowledge when we see the *chefs-d'œuvre* of such painters as Millais, Van Haanen, Landseer, Édouard Frère, and the French Millet figuring as advertisements for soap, bicycles, and cigarettes. Who would now care to hang "The Angelus" upon his wall, since it has become almost as common as the laughing boy who, a year or two ago, offered you a glass of root beer from every fence!

Less reprehensible appears the work of that odd, quaint, often grotesque school of Incoherents who have raised artisans into artists and diverted the advertising placard from its original utilitarian purpose into the realm of genius. Indeed, apart from certain mannerisms, we have much to thank them for: even those realists who sarcastically declare they are not cultivated up to admiring "turquoise cows standing in magenta meadows" must allow a marked improvement, on the whole, in the mural advertisements of to-day over those of the early sixties.

This has been partly accomplished by changes in the method of production, the substitution of softer lithographic stone for the hard-wood block, the credit for which is said to be due to the late Matt Morgan, an English draughtsman and caricaturist. But more is owing to those French artisans at the head of whom stands M. Jules Chéret.

Educated a lithographer, the boy Chéret went at an early age to London, where he was employed by Rimmel the perfumer to put upon stone the designs for fancy show-cards; and when the call came to him to return to France and endeavor to give the touch artistic to the hitherto crude and ineffective *affiche*, it was M. Rimmel's capital that backed him. He was an impressionist with a marvellous command of color, and his daring use of lemon-yellow, geranium red, and the deep, dark blue of the midnight sky was bound to attract attention for weal or woe.

His maiden effort was a play-bill for a fairy piece in which Mme. Sarah Bernhardt acted, now nearly a generation back. Since then he has struggled from height to height, has succeeded in covering the walls of Paris with joyous, lightly clad female figures floating in air and smiling explosively, and has become the idol of the Parisians.

But it was one Jules Lévy, an eccentric publisher, who steered him to his greatest success by suggesting that he design covers for books. In this speculation the originator came to grief, but as other publishers

adopted the novelty the artist was launched on the road to fortune; and it is in book-covers and book-posters that he has won his fairest laurels. Indeed, a volume with a Chéret cover is an assured success from the start.

As "nothing succeeds like success," the pioneer in this fresh field soon had his followers, and now their name is legion. Among the artists who have dabbled in this practical form of art may be mentioned Vierge, Vibert, Robida, and Caran d'Ache; but Chéret's most pronounced rivals are probably M. Grasset and M. Willette. Still, they differ in that the former's coloring is more subdued and complex than those of the master hand, while M. Willette deals only in monochromes, confining himself to single impressions of black ink on white paper.

That these new, *chic* chromo-lithographs should quickly catch the covetous eye of the collector goes without saying, while, as the peeling off of mural advertisements was attended by some risk to the culprit, many a bill-sticker was demoralized by the offers made for the surreptitious sale of his placards. This continued until printers and artists both rebelled. Then it was that print-sellers awoke to their opportunity, made arrangements with the proprietors of posters, and pictorial bills became a recognized article of commerce.

It was when the novel art grasped hands with literature, however, that it attained its highest pinnacle. A prophecy of this can be traced as far back as 1871, when appeared in England Fred Walker's exquisite poster "The Woman in White," announcing Wilkie Collins's new book. But when M. Jan Van Beers, walking in the wake of the French artists, decked English hoardings with gay, debonair, short-skirted *coryphées*, a portion of the British public was rather scandalized. Yet he cannot be accused of the vulgarity that marks some of his imitators, while his joyous little ladies are often refreshing beside the æsthetically uncanny, melancholy, and depressing posters of a later date.

In this country we see fewer of these sombre productions. American poster-designers have undoubtedly received their best encouragement from the publishers and magazine-makers, as may be seen in the recent prize contests, when, it is pleasant to note, American art students won most of the laurels. The American poster is fresher and purer than that of other countries, and has a gracefnl and often whimsical humor all its own, which we like to fancy is peculiar to the soil. Nor are the United States behindhand in the matter of poster exhibits, the second one known having been held at the Grolier Club in New York in 1890, only a year later than the initial affair of the kind at Nantes, and before the famous collection of Chéret affiches was shown in the Théâtre d'Application at Paris.

If in Germany, too, the artists have not been carried away by the modern craze, the German artisan has. It is from the Fatherland we get our best lithographic draughtsmen, whose technique is unexcelled, and without whom the designer would be powerless. Italy, perhaps, shows least the changes that have taken place in advertising, and, somewhat oddly, the artistic modern poster makes slowest progress in the land of the *siquis* and the *album*.

Agnes Carr Sage.

HOW TIMMY SAVED THE PIECE.

BARCHESTER'S Monster Consolidated Burlesque and Extravaganza Company was in hard luck. The "ghost" had not walked for two weeks, and prospects of a spiritual visitation in the immediate future were so vague as to make one quite willing to believe that the aforesaid ghost had been permanently laid. Business had gone from very bad indeed to the worst possible, and quarters were becoming as shy in the company as huckleberries in December.

To add to the general depression, the leading lady, Miss Angeline Sylvestre,—known in the bosom of her family as Mame O'Rouke,—who was posing temporarily as Mrs. Barchester, had had a trifling difference of opinion from her lord and master for the nonce, on account of the undue attention which the latter lavished upon a certain pretty barmaid in a third-class hotel in which they had spent Sunday. The argument commenced with a few picturesque epithets and ended with most of the movable furniture in the room, from the transit of which had resulted a black eye for Miss Sylvestre and a decided coolness upon both sides.

With the exception of Timmy Cassidy, who was always cheerful, gloom and despondency settled down upon every member of the organization, from the great and only Barchester, proprietor and manager-in-chief, to little Kitty McClive, who played soubrettes and did a horizontal-bar specialty in the last act. So pronounced was the demoralization of the company when they reached Passaquannock Junction that it was only by a most diplomatic course of bluff on the part of Barchester that the Eastern Phœnix was induced to make rates for them, and then only with a watchful eye askance upon the baggage.

The prospects at Passaquannock were anything but encouraging. It was not a regular show town; neither was it included in the New England circuit. The Monster Consolidated alighted there solely because its members could not between them scrape together sufficient cash to carry them on to Pine Centre, where there was a theatre, and, it was to be hoped, a public.

As Timmy Cassidy walked up the Main Street from the station, where he had been detained looking after the baggage, he shook his head sadly. "There won't be the price of a drink in the house," he said. Certainly the Main Street, with its straggling rows of semi-farm-houses, its two little mean stores, and its antiquated post-office, which was also a pharmacy, presented none of those signs of affluence which foretell a packed house at fifty cents per head. But, if his opinion of the town was unhopeful, his feelings when he saw the hall which was to be used as a theatre may be better imagined than described. Timmy was a likely specimen of that interesting class, the American-born Irishman, and it is needless to say despondency was foreign to his nature; but, as he stood regarding the interior of the Passaquannock town hall, he dug both hands into his tawny red mane

and gave vent to the expressive if somewhat obscure exclamation, "Well, I'll be cross-jiggered!"

The hall was a narrow, barn-like building, with a row of curtainless windows on either side and a heap of chairs and benches in the middle of the floor. At one end was a raised platform of rough boards which served as a stage; a row of kerosene lamps—all of which, from long experience, Timmy knew would smoke—did duty as footlights. The curtain, hung between two pieces of scantling, was a square of white canvas upon which some enterprising artist of the village had inscribed with black paint the familiar legends, "Use Hecker's Prepared Buckwheat;" "Eat H-O;" "Do You See That Hump?" and others similar. This was absolutely every convenience that the house afforded; dressing-rooms were an unheard-of luxury, and scenery, as in the days of the immortal Bard of Avon, was evidently a product of the imagination. It was upon this stage and amid these surroundings that the Monster Consolidated was to present its grand spectacular production, "Antony and Cleopatra"—may the shades of those much-maligned worthies rest in peace!

This was not, however, a time for vain regrets: there were many things to be attended to before the stage could be taken in hand. In the first place, the town must be billed, and there was short enough notice as it was. Timmy sallied forth to get his posters up, and to make arrangements with a "caitiff"—he had been long enough in the business to gather quite a vocabulary of current terms from the drama, which he applied with unerring discrimination—who acted as general drudge at the station, and in whom he at once descried a valuable assistant. With the aid of a liberal dose of blarney, the aforesaid "caitiff"—who rejoiced in the name of Hezekiah Perkins, 'Kiah for short—was induced to cart the baggage from the station to the hall. The next thing was to get the scenery into place. The Monster Consolidated was in the habit of trusting to the theatres in the circuit to supply most of the scenery, and carried only a few pieces to give a local color to its productions. With the assistance of 'Kiah, the four Egyptian columns were set up, and the drop—which represented an intensely green and serpentine river zigzagging off into an impossible blue landscape with three black acute-angled triangles, supposed to be pyramids, on one side and a nondescript object which did duty as a Sphinx on the other—was swung into its place. These, together with a much-worn palanquin,—purchased cheap from among the effects of a defunct Japanese play,—constituted the entire "scenic production" with which the natives of Passaquannock were to be regaled.

Screens were set up on either side of the stage to afford some slight cover for the artists while dressing and making up, and the cellar, reached by a tortuous flight of steps in one corner, was pressed into service as a property-room. By the time all this was accomplished, Timmy was ready for dinner. Leaving the hall to take care of itself, he repaired to the Eastern Phœnix to replenish the inner man. Here he found the atmosphere as heavy as ever. The members of the company were silently eating their dinners with that exasperating air of resignation which plainly says, "You have brought us to this; but

see how we can suffer and be still." Miss Sylvestre, being, it was understood, in unpresentable condition owing to the slight accident to her eye, had retired to the privacy of her own apartment, and, with a piece of raw beef bound across it, was endeavoring to lure back to the injured member its pristine beauty and sparkle.

Barchester himself sat in gloomy silence at one end of the table, shovelling in the boiled beef and potato with knife and fork alternately, and gulping down great draughts of green tea from a cup without a handle, his eyes fixed the while upon a dirty vinegar-cruet half-way up the table.

"Well, how is it?" he growled, without moving his eyes from the vinegar-cruet, as Timmy sat down to the half-dismantled and wholly dirty table: he had been drinking, as the boy saw in the swift glance he cast at him.

"Oh, I guess it'll go all right," Timmy answered, cheerfully. "Can't say much for the accommodations, but we'll put her through somehow."

"Got your posters up?"

"Yep."

"Anybody to do the soldiers?"

"I'll sneak onto a brace or so o' willieboys down to the station, or somewhere," responded Timmy from the depths of his teacup, while, with his finger twisted around the handle of the spoon inside, he kept it from striking his nose.

"How are you off for props?" said Barchester, after a pause.

"Haven't got after 'em yet," said Timmy, with his mouth full of boiled potato.

"Well, you better look sharp about it; you haven't got all day before you."

"What the ——'s the matter with you? I can't do everything all to wunst, can I? If you don't like it, rustle around and get 'em yourself. Hand over them beans, will ye?"

Barchester grimly passed the dish, but he offered neither remonstrance nor reply: he took anything from Timmy: he had to.

When Timmy was a "mere kid," he had struck "rum luck." Left at an early age by his natural protectors upon a convenient doorstep, he had drifted through the various stages of starvation, beggary, and newsboyism, until Barchester found him one day in an alley where a boy twice his size was trying to pound the life out of him. Partly in pity, partly because he fancied the boy might be useful, he had taken him up and made of him a general factotum in his show business. Timmy was call-boy, errand-boy, "props," and baggage-man; he went on in processions and mobs, did the "shouts without" and the riots of the populace; he held the prompt-book, billed the town, counted the house, and sold the tickets; in fact, he was useful about the theatre in almost every capacity.

Barchester was a coarse, rough brute, who bullied where he could, and never forgave where he could not; but, though Timmy saw his faults, he never forgot his kindness, and stuck to him like a dog—or a woman—with a fidelity that was pathetic. He looked after Bar-

chester's interests, put up with his humors, and, no matter what happened, said never a word against him. But to the manager himself Timmy never hesitated to speak his mind; and, because Barchester trusted him, he would take "back-talk" from the boy that no one else would venture to give.

Having finished his apple pie, Timmy pushed back his chair, wiped his mouth with the back of his hand, and, with the "caitiff" still in tow, set out to collect his "props." Two little steps that somewhat resembled Greek stools, used in climbing up to and alighting from car-platforms, were borrowed from the station-master in return for a couple of passes and pressed into service as furniture for Cleopatra's palace. Boxes covered with rugs and cloths, borrowed in various parts of the village, became Egyptian couches and tables: a throne was improvised for her majesty with the aid of two trestles, an old arm-chair, and a new horse-blanket beguiled for the occasion from the store-keeper. But the triumph of realism was accomplished in the manufacture of fans for the attendants from long-handled feather-dusters wound about with strings of tinsel and artificial flowers from the property trunk.

"I can't go the barge nohow," said Timmy. "If I had another hour or two and an old horse-trough or something, I might manage to fake it up; but, my Lord! what's the use? them hayseeds won't know the diff."

These preparations, with the work of drilling the supers,—a half-dozen awkward country bumpkins whom Timmy, with the assistance of 'Kiah, infinite tact, and the promise of seeing the show for nothing, had cajoled into taking the part of Egyptian soldiers,—used up the afternoon. It was almost seven when he ran back to the hotel for a bite before the performance, having carefully instructed his supers to be back by seven-thirty sharp.

"Barchester's got a pretty good load on to-night: he and Mame have been going it lively all the afternoon," said Mark Antony, twirling a toothpick between his lips as he leaned against the porch.

"That don't matter," said Timmy: "if he'll only keep out of the way I can run the show all right."

The other members of the company had finished their suppers, so he had the table all to himself. He made a hurried meal and ran back to the theatre. The lamps were lighted now, the curtain down, and the chairs in order. He gave a hasty glance at the stage, and then went down into the cellar, where the awkward, laughing boys were donning their scant Egyptian garments, half pleased and half ashamed at the prospect of exhibiting themselves to their fellow-townsmen in such array.

"Now, boys," said Timmy, as he straightened the belt of one and tightened the strap on the head-dress of another, standing off meanwhile to survey the effect with a critical eye, "all you got t' do is t' keep cool, and, when the big man says, 'Lo, 'tis the queen!' you just pick up the litter and march on: see?"

The yokels nodded a grinning assent.

"And be sure and let her down gently, or you'll spill the leading

lady out, and then there'll be the dickens to pay. Don't git scared; I'll be there to see you through all right. Now then, what's the other thing you've got to do,—when Antony comes in, you remember?"

Timmy retreated a few paces and marched past them with martial strides.

"Long life to the hero!" cried 'Kiah, feebly; and one after the other joined in sheepishly, as if afraid of the sound of his own voice, accompanying the speech with an uncertain, wooden gesture with the right arm.

"No, no; not a bit like it!" said Timmy, in disgust. "I didn't tell ye t' do it that way. Rise up yer arm, so,"—giving a long sweep,—"and shout it all together; don't be afraid of it. Now, go! Long life to the hero!"

"Long life to the hero!" shouted the four boys, like children reciting a lesson, and jerking out their long arms, adorned with tin bracelets, as if they were scythes.

"There, that's all right. Now mind what I tell ye, and ye'll be bang-up," said Timmy.

"Say, mister!" one of them called out as he ran off, "ain't them little pettercuts kinder short fer us?"

Timmy glanced at the long, thin legs clad for the first time in fleshings several sizes too large, and the little "pettercuts" that reached only half-way to the knee, and he twinkled an eye. "No, not a bit of it," he said, reassuringly; "that's the way they wore 'em, always. You never looked better in yer lives; yer girls 'll be proud of ye." And, with a parting wave of his hand, he ran up the stairs and hurried out to the door to sell tickets.

A rickety pine table with a kerosene lamp upon it did duty as a box-office: behind this Timmy ensconced himself. At first the people were a little shy; but under his brisk encouragement they took heart. First one or two young men slipped up sheepishly and deposited their quarters upon the table; then in twos and threes the villagers walked up solemnly, laid down their entrance-money, and passed into the hall. Timmy did quite a business during the first fifteen minutes, and by ten minutes to eight there were one hundred and fifty people in the house: prospects looked most encouraging, and everything was going beautifully, when the blow fell.

Tom Barry, who doubled Augustus Cæsar and the High Priest and did an acrobatic turn with Kitty McClive in the second act, came running round to the door, a bath-gown thrown over his priest's robe. "I say, Tim," he whispered, "Mame hasn't showed up yet,—nor Barchester neither; and it's pretty near time for the show to begin."

"What!" cried Timmy, going white in the face.

"No, neither of 'em," repeated Barry. "Hadn't you better run down to the hotel and see if anything's the matter? He's been drinking hard all day: like's not they've had another rumpus."

Timmy did not stop to comment: putting the door in charge of the man who took care of the hall, with instructions to admit none but those who paid, or presented passes, he started for the hotel at the top

of his speed. He flew up the stairs two steps at a bound, and hammered with both fists on Barchester's door. There was no answer. He knocked again, louder than before, and put his ear to the key-hole to listen. The sound of heavy snoring was distinctly audible. Timmy twisted the knob and kicked the door impatiently; it flew open, and he tumbled headlong into the room. Wild disorder reigned. The lamp was unlit, but by the dim light that came in from the hall he distinguished the forms of Barchester and Miss O'Rouke, the one lying upon the bed, the other seated beside the window, her face resting upon her hand.

"What in thunder's the matter with ye, Mame?" cried Timmy, excitedly. "What ye settin' there for? Don't ye know what time it is? It's time fer the show t' begin!"

Miss O'Rouke raised her head coolly. "I guess there won't be no show to-night," she said, in a hard, even voice.

"No show! What d'ye mean?" gasped Timmy. "There's thirty-five dollars in the house now."

Miss O'Rouke laughed a hard little laugh. "I guess there won't be no show, just the same; and maybe Mr. Barchester'll learn a thing or two. Look there, will ye?" She took her hand from before her face and looked up at Timmy. He started back with a low whistle: even by the dim light he could see that her eye was blackened and swollen past all hope. Cleopatra with an eye like that was clearly an impossibility even in Passaquannock. And there was thirty-five dollars in the house!

Timmy lived a year in the space of three seconds. He gazed helplessly from the recumbent figure upon the bed to the empty whiskey-bottle upon the table; then he gulped down some inarticulate sounds, shook himself all over like a big dog, and without another word to Miss O'Rouke, without even taking time to swear, he turned from the room and raced back to the town hall as fast as his legs would carry him.

The clock in the Methodist church was striking eight as, breathless, he flew up the steps that led to the stage. "Kittie and Tom, go on with your bar specialty," he panted, addressing Miss McClive and Barry: "we've got to put that on first to-night."

Barry, who was dressed for this turn under his priest's robes, laid the latter aside without demur. They were accustomed to do as Timmy said; he was stage manager in Barchester's absence, and they supposed that he wanted time for the leading lady. Meanwhile, Timmy had thrown off his outer garments, and, half undressed, was kneeling before Miss O'Rouke's trunk, rummaging among the contents.

"What the ——'s the matter, Tim?" asked Mark Antony, buckling his breastplate as he stepped across the stage to Timmy.

"Mame's eye; all black," replied Timmy, laconically.

Antony gave a low whistle: "The —— you say! You don't mean she's not up to playing?"

"That's just what I do mean."

"Oh, —— the luck! There's a good thirty-five dollars in front to-night; I counted 'em through the curtain. It's a —— of a shame to lose it, —— it!"

"I know it," said Timmy, drawing on a pair of pink fleshings. "I don't intend to lose it."

"What ye going to do?—put Kittie on in the part? She ain't up to it."

"No, I'm not a-goin' t' put Kittie on in the part, either. I'm goin' on myself," he answered, shortly, as he adjusted Miss O'Rouke's blond wig upon his shock of red hair and plastered the grease, paint, and rouge thickly upon his freckled face.

"What! The —— you are! You can't do it; you'll hoodoo the piece."

"Can't I?" said Timmy. "Well, maybe I can't; but just watch me and see." He knew every line of the play; from holding the prompt-book on rehearsal he could have run through every part in it backwards. To be sure, he had never understudied the leading lady; but then he had done almost everything else. He had not been in a barn-storming company for six seasons without learning a thing or two,—and he meant to save that thirty-five dollars.

By the time the specialty act was finished, Timmy, clad in the pink fleshings and Miss O'Rouke's gauze and tinsel gown, was ready to go on. The curtain rolled up, and the play began. The first part was as smooth as could be desired. Mark Antony opened the scene, and all went well until it came to Cleopatra's entrance. With due caution, and many parting admonitions to the bearers, Timmy climbed into the litter and was borne upon the stage. Now, whether it was stage fright that overcame them, or the titters of their friends and relations, who recognized them in spite of their scanty covering, is not stated; but certain it is that the boys quite forgot Timmy's injunctions to set the litter down gently, and instead they let it slide from their hands and strike the floor with a resounding whack that tumbled Cleopatra out upon the stage.

A universal roar went up through the house, and the actors in the wings used language and guyed unmercifully. But this ignominious entrance was just what was needed to put Timmy on his mettle. He was "mad clear through" now, and resolved to come out ahead. With a few muttered but expressive words to the frightened litter-bearers, he turned his attention to the audience and let them have it from the shoulder. He started in to make a hit, and he made it. The play was a burlesque to begin with, but Timmy out-burlesqued it: by the time he finished with it it had been everything from a tragedy to a variety show. Lines, traditions, business, none of them held him; the other actors came in where they could, or not at all, and were soon content, in their delight at watching Timmy, to give him all the elbow-room he wished. He interpolated gags, he sang, he danced in season and out of season; he was the life and soul of the piece. He dragged in his famous break-down just before the tragic death-scene, and in place of the chansonnette about "Blue Eyes and Heart so True," with which Miss O'Rouke was wont to capture the house, Timmy gave them "My Pearl is a Bowery Girl," sung with all the local turns and touches which none knew better than he.

At first the audience did not understand; they tried to take him

seriously; but gradually they woke up to the facts, and his every action was hailed with shouts of laughter and applause. Such a Cleopatra, it is safe to say, had never been seen on any stage.

"—— it all, Tim, you're immense! You ought to be doing leading business," said Mark Antony, as Timmy, breathless, made his exit after the clog-dance.

"Oh, stow yer guff, will ye?" said Timmy; but he was pleased all the same.

The piece went with a rush from start to finish; and when, after the play was over, some one by mistake raised the curtain again as Timmy was disrobing in the middle of the stage,—dressing-rooms being scarce,—and the slowly departing audience were treated to a glimpse of a flying pink streak that vanished in the wings, Timmy's conquest was complete.

As, a few moments later, weary but successful, he was leaving the hall, one of the spectators who had waited at the door stepped up to him.

"I say, young feller," he said, "that was the best show we've ever had come to this town. If you'll give it over ag'in t'morrer night, we'll engage t' pack the house fer ye." And they did.

Livingston B. Morse.

ANAGRAMS.

WORKMEN of all kinds are disposed, in their hours of leisure, to play with the implements of their craft: in his spare moments the expert machinist makes toy engines, the boat-builder constructs model ships, and the blacksmith forges ornamental fire-irons. The implements of the literary craft are words; it is not to be wondered at, therefore, that men of letters should at odd times expend their energy in playing with words. Numerous are the shapes into which a material so plastic as language may be forced,—riddles, conundrums, acrostics, rebuses, hidden towns, and many others. Probably, of all the laborious and unprofitable sports with words anagrammatism, or metagrammatism, is the most curious, as giving the smallest results for the greatest labor. It is a transposition of the letters composing a name in such a manner as to make other words which have a special application to the person whose name is thus played upon. The invention of anagrams is generally attributed to Lycophron, a Greek poet who lived in the fourth century before Christ. But the Hebrews paid so minute a regard to the very words and letters of their sacred books, and made so many strangely elaborate calculations with reference to them, that it is not at all unlikely that they made the first anagrams.

It was supposed by the lovers of anagrammatism that the qualities of a man's mind or heart were indicated, and that his future fate could be predicted, by the anagram formed from the letters of his name. The English antiquarian Camden, speaking of the labor necessary to

compose anagrams, says that they are "a whetstone of patience to them that shall try the art." As to the folly and profitlessness of the task a great French writer expresses himself thus: "The anagram is one of the greatest follies of the human spirit: one must be a fool to amuse himself with them, and worse than a fool to make them." This is rather severe; for when people of wit and intellect have expended much toil upon a very ingenious though useless matter we may at least be permitted to amuse ourselves with the results of their labor without incurring the charge of being fools.

Of real usefulness anagrams are, of course, entirely innocent, unless perchance the making of them sharpens the mental faculties and develops patience. The most practical purpose to which they have ever been put was by a Frenchman named Thomas Billon, who acquired such skill in this form of composition that Louis XIII. gave him a pension and the title of Anagrammatist to the King.

The anagram, if pure, employs none but the letters of the name upon which it is made, with these licenses only, that *j* may be used as *i*, and *w* as *u*. But often anagrams are *impure;* that is to say, they contain more or fewer letters than the name, or use letters not occurring in the name, or write *e* for *æ*, *v* for *w*, *s* for *z*, *c* for *k*, and so on. For the purposes of anagram, *k*, which is merely a hard *c*, is not considered a letter.

One of the very best of all anagrams is that upon the name of Admiral Nelson. Horatio Nelson makes *Honor est a Nilo*, honor comes from the Nile, the scene of one of his greatest victories. Another exceedingly good one is made from the letters of Pilate's question to Christ, *Quid est veritas?* what is truth? *Vir est qui adest;* it is the man who is here before you.

An unfortunate man named Daniel Dove, whose surname but for one letter might have been anagrammatized into that of the poet Ovid, produced after great labor the ill-omened result "leaden void." John Bunyan, by taking some liberties with the letters of his own name, obtained this rugged but not altogether pointless anagram, "Nu honey in a B." An anagram on Elizabeth Cromwell, "Be comelier with zeal," has no particular meaning or appropriateness. A second one on the same name, "Chast' love be my rule," is impure, for it uses *s* for *z* and omits one *l*. A complimentary anagram is that on Bridget Fleetwood, "O tru' gifted beloved;" but "Go, main careful bride," from Mary Faulconbridge, interchanges *y* and *i* and adds an *e*. "To charm out sin," made by transposing the letters in (Sir) Thomas Coventry, keeper of the great seal, has no special fitness and is impure. Nor is the anagram on (Lady) Robert Anna Carre—"Rarer cannot bear"—much better. "A wit" can easily be manufactured from Wiat, "renown" from Vernon, and "laurel" from Waller. A certain Randle Holmes was a writer on heraldry; thus "Lo! men's herald!" is a clever and fitting anagram.

On the revival of letters in France, the composition of anagrams became a favorite occupation, and some excellent Latin ones were made. A striking English epigram was made by some royalist upon the Pretender Charles James Stuart, the letters of whose name, being trans-

posed, read, "He asserts a true claim." Dorothy, Viscountess Lisle, being anagrammatized, was made to yield "Christ joins true love's knot;" and from Sir Francis Bacon, Lord Keeper, were obtained the words "Is born and elect for a ric(h) speaker." Joannes Williams was a famous Welsh clergyman, noted for his opposition to Archbishop Laud; from the letters of his name were derived the anagrams "My wall is on high" and "My wall high Sion." A certain George Thompson, an earnest advocate of the emancipation of the negro, was urged by his friends to go into Parliament that he might more effectively serve the cause he had at heart; and a friend derived strong support for this course by extracting from his name the anagram "O go, the negro's M.P."

Anagrams have sometimes been used by writers as *noms de guerre.* Thus, the real name of Voltaire was Arouet, the name by which we know him being derived from the letters of Arouet l. j. (Arouet le jeune, the younger). "Frip," the signature of Jean Paul Friedrich Richter, is an anagram of his initials; and W. Jerdan signed his articles with the anagram "W. J. André." Bryan Waller Procter was transposed into the impure anagram "Barry Cornwall, poet." Ingenious persons have extracted "real fun" from funeral, "golden land" from Old England, and "best in prayer" from Presbyterian. Astronomers are, very appropriately, "moon-starers," telegraphs are "great helps," and gallantries are "all great sin." Lawyers are "sly ware," and editors are "so tired." Radical reform has been denounced by an opponent as "rare mad frolic;" and penitentiary yields the very appropriate sentiment "Nay, I repent it." John Abernethy, a man as famous for the uncouthness and bearishness of his manners as for his skill as a physician, had his name anagrammatized into "Johnny the Bear."

On the tomb of Maria Arundel is found the somewhat meaningless anagram, "Man a dry laurel." A certain Hester Mansfield was a lecturer, and dying at the age of sixty-six was buried in the churchyard at Taplow on the Thames: her name furnished the anagram "Mars fled in thee," the idea being that the pagan god of war fled before her lectures on charity. The name of William Noy, the man who proposed ship-money, was metamorphosed into "I moyl in law." An extremely elaborate but not very forcible anagram is this on the Queen of England: Her most Gracious Majesty, Alexandrina Victoria, by a change of the order of the letters furnishes the words "Ah! my extravagant joco-serious radical minister!" A much better one than this is "Flit on, charming angel!" on Florence Nightingale, the indefatigable nurse of the soldiers wounded in the Crimean war. King James I. was supposed to have claimed the British crown on the ground that he was a descendant of King Arthur; accordingly the name Charles James Stuart was ingeniously made to yield the fitting words "Claimes Arthur's seat." James Stuart gives us by transposition "A just master,"—which is far from true.

In the days when men were wont to think it their duty to construct anagrams upon the names of their mistresses, that man must have been accounted fortunate who found in the name of his lady, Anna Grame, a ready-made "Anagram." An amusing story is told

of a gentleman who was by no means so lucky. He was courting a handsome woman, whose name he supposed to be Elizabeth Chumley. He changed Elizabeth to Bess, and made out the anagram "Angel best Lumley;" a very bad one, for it is hard to see what "Lumley" means, and some of the letters of "angel" are not found in the name. However, he made two verses of it, after this fashion:

VERSE I.

Most divine! Adorable of women!
Bess Chumley!
Accept the following slight tribute of undying affection and heartfelt love
From her "best Lumley.

VERSE II.

Angel!"

After arriving with much toil at this poor and unsatisfactory result, he was disgusted to learn that his lady-love's name, though pronounced Chumley, was spelt Cholmondeley.

One of the most diverting tales told in connection with the art of anagram-making relates to a certain Dame Eleanor Davies, wife of Sir Joshua Davies. She lived in the time of Charles I., and was a constant croaker and foreteller of evil. At length she made herself so obnoxious to the government that she was cited to appear before the Court of High Commission. She fancied that she was gifted with prophetic powers, because the letters of Eleanor Davies formed the anagram "Reveal, O Daniel." This was not a good anagram, as it used the *l* twice and did not employ the *s* at all. She resisted all the efforts of the bishops to bring her to reason, but was at last entirely defeated by a witty dean, who hoisted her with her own petard by making another anagram, not so complimentary to her prophetic insight: "Dame Eleanor Davies; Never so mad a ladie!" This caused her to doubt the reality of her own inspiration, and so disconcerted her that no more was heard of her.

After the battle of Navarino Admiral Sir E. Codrington made some reflections upon the conduct of Captain R. Dickenson, who demanded a court-martial, by which he was honorably acquitted and highly complimented on his behavior. Some wit then formed the anagram "R^{d} Dic'enson got reward" upon the name of Sir Edward Codrington.

Occasionally anagrams are framed which are exceedingly inappropriate to the character of the person upon whose name they are constructed,—as this on the notoriously profligate Marguerite de Valois, Queen of Navarre: "De vertu royal image." A bibliographer named William Oldys composed upon his own name two lines which are somewhat in the nature of an anagram:

In word and WILL I AM a friend to you;
And one friend OLD IS worth a hundred new.

Arthur Inkersley.

BOOKS OF THE MONTH.

With Special Fitness for the Holidays.

Myths and Legends of Our Own Land. By Charles M. Skinner. Two volumes. Illustrated.

As our enormous fatherland gathers a past there creeps about its time-worn but sturdy foundations a growth of legends and folk-tales as delicate as the vines that climb over some feudal stronghold. These are equally fugitive with the leaves which typify them. Unless they are quickly and sympathetically garnered they will pass away without leaving a trace of their fanciful beauty. For the lands of Europe and the East many wise heads and hands have done this service; but it has remained for a single industrious spirit to perform the task for America, and from him we now have *Myths and Legends of Our Own Land*, published sumptuously by the J. B. Lippincott Company.

Mr. Charles M. Skinner, the author of the two volumes bearing the above title, has spent lavishly time, means, strength, and intelligence to bring into compact and classified form these records of our imaginative growth as a people. He has sought them in "sources the most diverse, records, histories, newspapers, magazines, oral narrative," and in every case he has cut the rough stone into a little gem of traditional lore which not only serves as a striking atom of dramatic, pathetic, or fanciful story, but is at the same time a valuable link in the chain of our intellectual history.

As an example of the treatment of little-known legends by this skilful hand we would commend the reader to such perfect little narratives as those called The Rising of Gouverneur Morris and The Blacksmith at Brandywine. These telling chapters are but a random choice, but they are quite characteristic, and set the standard for the entire work, a standard very high in truth as in style.

The books as merely mechanical products are delightful. They are printed in clear old-style type on deckle-edge paper, and every effect of typography has been carefully studied. The illustrations consist of eight photogravures, as follows: Sleepy Hollow Bridge, The Chew House, Surf in Massachusetts Bay, Near the Site of Fountain Inn, Marblehead, Manitou, A Louisiana Bayou, The Yellowstone, and A Moqui Village. These accompany divisions entitled The Hudson and its Hills, The Isle of Manhattoes and Nearby, On and Near the Delaware, Tales of Puritan Land, Lights and Shadows of the South, The Central States and Great Lakes, Along the Rocky Range, On the Pacific Slope, As to Buried Riches, and Storied Waters, Cliffs, and Mountains. This *résumé*

will give an idea of the scope of Mr. Skinner's books, than which we can conceive of nothing more useful to a writer of stories, nothing more agreeable and enlightening to the general reader.

Dictionary of Phrase and Fable. By Rev. E. Cobham Brewer, LL.D. New and Enlarged Edition.

Dip into E. Cobham Brewer's *Dictionary of Phrase and Fable* for any chance reference, say the origin of the familiar name Connecticut, and see how compact and clear is the answer,—"Connecticut, U. S. America, is the Indian *Quin-neh-tuk-qut*, meaning land of the long tidal river." This is characteristic of the entire volume of fourteen hundred pages, than which there does not exist a more thorough-going book of reference in the whole field of research. The J. B. Lippincott Company has just put forth a new edition of this standard work, revised, corrected, and enlarged, but containing all the old features which have become so essential to every worker in letters. Besides giving the derivation, source, and origin of common phrases, allusions, and words that have a tale to tell, the volume includes a concise bibliography of English literature, and gives a portrait of its venerable compiler at the age of eighty-five years, with a fac-simile of his graceful penmanship forming a new preface. In this we are informed that the volume has been set up anew, thus enabling the author fully to recast it in harmony with the wonderful strides of English philology in the last half-century. "Three hundred and fifty extra pages have been added, and all that has been retained of previous editions has been subjected to the severest scrutiny." The volume is practically a new one, entirely up to date; and since the first edition of twenty-five years ago it has reached a circulation of one hundred and five thousand copies, a sure witness to the fact that the place it takes in public and private libraries and with students is firmly established.

Literary Shrines. A Literary Pilgrimage. By Dr. Theodore Wolfe. Édition de Luxe.

The striking success last Christmas of Dr. Theodore Wolfe's *Literary Shrines* and *A Literary Pilgrimage* has naturally led to editions of these delightful volumes, from the original publishers, the J. B. Lippincott Company, such as book-lovers and collectors will treasure for their exquisite external features as well as their bookish contents. These *éditions de luxe* are taller and more elaborately decorated than the first issues, but the text is in all respects the same. The illustrations in the new volumes are, however, more abundant and valuable, some very rare views of houses like those of Rossetti and of Keats in London having been added. The present edition is limited to five hundred and twelve numbered copies, printed on Dutch hand-made large paper, with deckle edges and gilt top. There are fourteen photogravures on India paper to each volume, ten more than in the earlier volumes; and the cover bears an artistic design in blue and gold by Mr. E. S. Holloway. Nothing more sumptuous appears in the lists of holiday books, and everybody of intellectual tastes will know how to value such a gift. Those unfortunate enough to fail in securing the *édition de luxe* may still obtain the earlier set.

The Christian Year. By John Keble. Illustrated by R. Anning Bell.

Too little do we heed the consolations stored up for us by the tender wisdom of large hearts. Keble is a household name, hardly ever separated from his one famous book, *The Christian Year*, and yet how few know the quiet support in suffering and uplifting in health embalmed in these sympathetic pages! Far too few. It is therefore a great gain to possess a fine, clearly printed edition like this just issued by the J. B. Lippincott Company, giving carefully edited text, an able and thorough introduction, marginal notes by Keble's biographer, Walter Lock, M.A., and five designs, in full harmony with the respective poems which they illustrate, by the well-known draughtsman R. Anning Bell. Keble wrote of the Christ-child,—

> Thee, on the bosom laid
> Of a pure virgin mind,
> In quiet ever, and in shade,
> Shepherd and sage may find;
> They, who have bowed untaught to Nature's sway,
> And they, who follow Truth along her star-paved way.

And his precious book, leading to reflection on the holy tide, makes a Christmas-gift of deep significance.

The Opera. By R. A. Streatfeild, B.A.

A subject which is sure to absorb more and more attention as taste develops among us is Opera. We have all read and been amused at the conventional translations of librettos and at inadequate settings of elaborate scenes like those in Die Valkyrie, but new demands have made new effects, and nowadays the production of opera in all its elements is more serious, more elevated, more consistent, than ever before. Local seasons are being established in all the American centres of culture, and not to know something about the vital topic of every dinner, reception, tea, is to be but a maimed member of the social body.

Now comes Mr. R. A. Streatfeild with a compact volume entitled *The Opera*, Lippincott, in which he gives, in excellent form, a survey of the whole history of the subject from Monteverde to Mascagni. The book opens with an historical essay, lightly and agreeably written, which drifts naturally into a description of each school and its individual members in turn. The plots of all the operas that have made a mark in the past, or that have any chance of revival in the present, are given clearly and without prejudice by a pen which indicates not only a lover of opera for its own sake, but a cultivated and critical musician. An able and penetrating Introduction by J. A. Fuller-Maitland and a useful index begin and end one of the most essential of contemporary books.

Jane. By Marie Corelli. Lotos Library.

The fame of Marie Corelli has penetrated even to those who have never had the good fortune to read her novels. She is a household word, and each new book from her trenchant pen sends her name in widening circles of repute. *Jane*, her very last story, is as biting a bit of social sarcasm as ever came from an English satirist; and yet it is at the same time a touching picture of a sweet

old lady who has inherited gentle breeding and never forgets it, even in barbarously luxurious surroundings.

Miss Jane Belmont is the only child of a provincial rector who has died, leaving her only the simple parsonage which they both loved so well. She leads a tranquil life among her humble neighbors and her old-fashioned flowers; but suddenly she is informed that she is the heir to enormous wealth. This plunges her into the tumult of a London season, and she holds her own well enough for a long while; but the hollowness of it all is more and more apparent to her, and a final climax comes, when she dramatically orders Royalty itself from her door. The contrasts thus offered Marie Corelli for incisive reflections on society, allied with her creative power, form a tale which is singularly original, sweet, and productive of reflection.

Jane is the latest issue of the *Lotos Library*, whose buff-and-green covers have added new lustre to the Lippincott imprint.

❧

Gil Blas. The Arabian Nights. Four Volumes and Six Volumes. Illustrated.

The rarely beautiful library of classical tales which the J. B. Lippincott Company have recently put forth in connection with Dent and Gibbings, of London, is now increased by the issue of *Gil Blas* in four volumes, and *The Thousand and One Nights, or Arabian Nights' Entertainments*, in six volumes, of a size and character to harmonize with the previous list. The translation of *Gil Blas* is by Henry Van Laun, an authority who also provides an introduction, a life of Lesage, and full marginal notes, making each allusion clear to the reader. The set is embellished by twenty-one photogravures from original etchings by Ad. Lalauze.

The Arabian Nights is translated by Edward William Lane, and contains an introduction by Joseph Jacobs,—both names guaranteeing the most learned and perfect literary work. The six volumes are illustrated by an abundance of full-page pictures from the striking English designer Frank Brangwyn.

There have been numberless libraries of such standard works as these, but none we have seen approach this newest one in beauty and excellence.

❧

Poems. By Robert Loveman.

Very sweet and pure in sentiment, and of a deft and suave art, are the *Poems of Robert Loveman*, now bound together in a charming little volume from the press of the J. B. Lippincott Company. Mr. Loveman has brought to its highest perfection the poetry of conceit and brief climax so much practised by Aldrich and his group of dilettante poets; and yet the love of the things of common life gives this new wearer of the laurel a homely side often absent among the singers of *concetti*. A characteristic example of Mr. Loveman's sentiment and art is called The Truant. Its two stanzas are as follows:

In the last twilight dim and gray
From my fond clasp she slipped away,
As sweet a thought as ever stole
Into and out a poet's soul.

And now, through all the weary night
Within my heart I burn a light,
So my dear thought may enter when
She cometh weeping home again.

Every lover of true poetry will recognize in this a genuine instinct for song which is reflected, as well, from each page of the volume. There are sonnets, quatrains, and ballads in abundance, and mingled with these an occasional poem of less formal structure, like In Venice, showing that Mr. Loveman has the idyllic gift as well as the lyric. The binding of Delft blue is unique.

Robert Burns. Poems and Songs Complete. In Four Volumes. Illustrated.

What a blessing it was to every student of English letters to own the unexpurgated edition of the old English dramas! Those who desire to know English critically cannot afford to waste time over a text selected by the prudery of some editor neither in spirit nor in knowledge able to take the historical stand-point. Hence it is a great gain when some English master comes to us unhurt by the knife of the pruner, as is the case in the present instance with Burns. This Edinburgh edition is complete in four compact volumes. It has been arranged with singular care and sympathy by Mr. W. Scott Douglas, who has placed all the poems and songs in chronological order, with copious notes and glossaries and an ample index. To this has been added a Life of Burns by Professor Nichol, M.A., LL.D., who held the chair of English Literature in the University of Glasgow. This able "summary of the career of Burns" occupies the last volume, which also contains an excellent portrait of the poet. The illustrations of the set consist of twelve photogravures after drawings by Marshall Brown.

Mr. William Shakespeare's Comedies, Histories, Tragedies, and Poems. Twelve Volumes, in a Box.

Supplementing its more comprehensive *Variorum Edition* of Shakespeare, the J. B. Lippincott Company has issued in due season for holiday purchasers a more companionable set of *Mr. William Shakespeare's Comedies, Histories, Tragedies, and Poems*, just fitted for the traveller by foot or bicycle, or for handy perusal during a railway journey. The twelve little volumes stand side by side in a shapely dark-red case which holds them upright and enables their possessor to set them within reach on a table or shelf, and the text is so artfully planned by the editor that the eye is quite unconscious of any effort in perusing the well-condensed lines. No Christmas-gift could come to a bookworm more relishable than these volumes, —one for each month till the next Christmas.

The Oracle of Baal. By J. Provand Webster. Illustrated.

Boys and girls like to be mystified and led away to impossible lands among impossible peoples. This is the secret found out by Mr. J. Provand Webster, who has given us, in his *Oracle of Baal*, published by the Lippincotts, which purports to be a narrative of some curious events in the life of Professor Horatio Carmichael, M.A., a tale as thrilling and fanciful as any of Jules Verne's, and

yet adapted better to the budding intellects to which it is addressed. The learned professor leads a band of adventurers into Africa, where they discover the strange, unknown land of Affri, with whose people they have a severe conflict. The object of their expedition is traditional treasure; but how they seek it, and whether or not they discover it, we must not reveal. Suffice it to say that the book is a healthy and stimulating one, and will be sure to please the youngsters—and even the oldsters—who may chance to get it at Christmas. The full-page illustrations form a piquant sauce to the text.

Through Thick and Thin. By Andrew Home.

The writer of this note used to find endless charm in "Tom Brown" and "David Copperfield," and even in Oliver Optic's school-boys, and it is cheering to know that the presses are still issuing rational stories of life at the great public schools of England. The latest one of this sort is called *Through Thick and Thin*, by the friend of every boy who reads,—Andrew Home. It is a story of a plucky little chap, who was honest from the first, and whose honesty and liveliness and courage enabled him to overcome great odds and rise to a foremost place in a school where bullying and fagging was the accustomed order. Arthur Arnold is a fine fellow, and his example cannot but prove beneficial to all the boys who read his pleasant tale. The volume comes from the J. B. Lippincott Company in a dress which will fit it to lie snugly at the foot of many a Christmas-tree.

Philippa. By Mrs. Molesworth. Illustrated.

The kindly authoress of *Philippa* garners her literary harvest with a pleasant regularity that keeps from season to season the sunshine of her remembrance. Last year her gift was *Olivia*, and she now comes laden with a book as delightful in every way, but wholly different in scene, characters, and plot.

Philippa is the story of a girl who cheerfully braved straitened circumstances and made her way against great odds. She tried to do her sister a service by assuming the part of maid when she visited a fine relative's house, and this device, which she carried out undiscovered, was the means of bringing her a lover and much happiness for all the years of her life. The book is especially adapted to the taste of nice girls, and it will be welcomed as a present at Christmas by them, or by anybody who likes a realistic story engagingly told. The J. B. Lippincott Company, Mrs. Molesworth's publishers, have put this latest work of hers into the charming dress deserved by its contents. The eight full-page illustrations by J. Fennemore do unmistakably illustrate the text.

Swept Out to Sea. By David Ker. Illustrated.

A tale of stirring adventure, told with a hearty good humor and infectious mirth, is *Swept Out to Sea*, by David Ker, who last year gave us *The Wizard King*. This is the record of manly feats of courage and strength in many parts of the world, performed by Seymour Hardy, editor of a juvenile journal called *Boys and Girls*. The story begins with a fine scene in which this lusty cham-

pion saves the life of a careless swimmer in the rough seas which tumble about the Shetland Isles. He is brought thus into acquaintanceship with some of his fellow-guests at the hotel, one of whom is a little girl named Florimel Cramwell. He was her hero even before she knew him, for she had devoured all his books and lived upon the exciting feats which he portrayed. There is also a wistful young boy whose father thinks him a milksop and who is very melancholy because he is misunderstood; but a fine adventure with Hardy brings out his pluck, and his father pronounces the benediction, "Well done, my brave boy! I'm proud of you!" Such as these are the quickly succeeding scenes throughout the book, and all is so quietly and earnestly narrated, in so gentlemanly a spirit, that it would seem a safe gift for any boy or girl who deserves a good book. The Messrs. Lippincott have put it forth in a style alike attractive and substantial, and the half-dozen full-page illustrations are excellent.

Prince Little Boy and Other Tales Out of Fairyland. By S. Weir Mitchell.

The most essential equipment for a writer of stories for children is sympathy. This is the most characteristic mood of Dr. S. Weir Mitchell, and he is therefore an ideal author for the nursery, as, in his many-sided way, he is for the library and for the sick-room. This edition of *Prince Little Boy and Other Tales Out of Fairyland* brings to the youngsters just in their teens all the wealth of Dr. Mitchell's fancy and rich experience through a cultured and busy life, and, with the instinctive friendship which children feel for those who like them, the charming book will win a host of juvenile advocates wherever it goes. Dr. Mitchell appeals to the "Nursery Critics," and he is sure to have their warmest favor.

Besides the story which gives title to the book, and which has taken a firm place in the world of little readers, there are *Mrs. Grabem and Fuzbuz; Wags; Prince Lazy Boots and the Peck of Troubles; The Curly Fish; The Wolf that wanted a Doctor; Old Wine in a New Bottle; Real Magic;* and the *Tale of the Great Giant Smoky Pokey.*

The illustrations are abundant and appropriate, and these, with the decorative cover, clear print, and delightful text, make up a Christmas-gift fit for a queen, be she young or old.

An Autumn Singer. By George M. Gould, M.D.

Dr. George M. Gould has gained such an established reputation for his scientific work in letters that anything from his pen must arrest attention. With a mind singularly clear and searching and a thoughtful outlook upon man and nature, he has been able to see both the sentiment and the science of life. To the one must be ascribed his technical volumes; to the other we are now indebted for a volume of poems of singular tenderness, thoughtfulness, and lyrical grace.

That the evolution of the poet in Dr. Gould's case is but a fresh one is indicated by one of the musical stanzas of An Autumn Singer, which gives title to the volume:

When all the air was music, one,
  Untaught of song, unskilled in tune,
Sat silent until, startling, run
  And stirred Life's great migration rune,—
Then burst and gushed the long-stored flow,—
An autumn singer's want and woe!

But if his muse is a late-comer she is none the less inspired, as may be seen from many of his twenty-four sonnets. We can spare space for but a single example, which must stand for all:

THE MATTERHORN.

Thy bases rooted in the immobile deep
  Of earth, with giant buttresses of rock,
  Scorn Titan's blow, heed not the earthquake's shock.
Lured on, the eyes climb up the dizzying steep
To rest upon the beetling heights that keep
  Eternal watch above the world, and mock
  The littleness of man. About thee flock
Thy tribute-mountains. Silence sinks to sleep.
'Twas said who reads life's riddle not aright
  Quick finds himself bereft of life's own breath.
    Dost thou, O Sphinx of Mountains, mitigate
Our doom, and from us hold by mastering might
  The eternal eyes whose awful glance is death?
    Thy gaze meets full the gorgon-stare of Fate.

The volume is a singularly beautiful example of the Lippincott press-work, and signalizes the *début* into pure literature of an eminent physician of Philadelphia who emulates the example of one already famous.

A Woman In It. By Rita.

The striking novel of London society by Rita, called *A Woman In It*, which was a recent issue of the J. B. Lippincott Company, has met with unusual success; and those who have heard of it, but who have not yet read it, may now possess a copy in an inexpensive form, in *The Lippincott Series of Select Novels.* It is sure to have a continued popularity and make lots of new friends for its author.

Heavy Odds. By Marcus Clarke.

When a book gives you a mental fillip and makes you see commonplace people and every-day objects from a new side, lets light in upon the prosy and shows you that it is, after all, only the outer covering of the poetic; when you feel that the author has a twinkle in the eye over the little follies of men and women and can yet sympathize genially with their weaknesses,—such a story is one to linger over and recommend to the people you like. A good novel is, after all, so very rare that to discover and circulate it brings the discoverer a very pardonable self-satisfaction.

Such are the feelings aroused by a careful and delighted reading of *Heavy*

Odds, by Marcus Clarke, which the Messrs. Lippincott have been fortunate enough to secure for their *Select Novel Series*. Marcus Clarke is a name to remember. It stands for an author who promises all good things for the future, as anybody who reads *Heavy Odds* will cordially allow.

The tale is one of English high life at the contemporary period,—as high life in our day would have appeared under the searching point of Thackeray's pen. Cyril Chatteris is the hero, and a precious rascally one at that. He is brilliant at Oxford, but leaves before taking his degree, to devote himself to leader-writing for a Radical newspaper that wholly opposes the views of his father, an old diplomat in the Conservative interest. Cyril prints an article at a critical moment which overturns the ministry. The information which was the pith of the leader was obtained dishonorably from a private letter to his father. This causes a breach, and Cyril retires to London, where he falls in love with his vulgar landlady's daughter, the pretty Carry Manton, and marries her on the very day when his brother, the heir to the estates, is killed in a steeple-chase. The way is now open for Cyril to marry his beautiful cousin, Kate Ffrench; but he is caught firmly in the Mantonian trap. He eventually declares his love for Kate, and is accepted. He runs for Parliament, and is defeated by Rupert Dacre, his reputed friend. Finally, when the bubble of his fortunes explodes, he commits a crime, which the reader must investigate for himself, or lose a rare source of interest in this exceptionally able and alluring novel.

The Practice of Medicine. By Horatio C. Wood, A.M., M.D., LL.D. (Yale), and Reginald H. Fitz, A.M., M.D.

Every student of medicine is a debtor to the J. B. Lippincott Company for such a publication as this by Dr. Horatio C. Wood, A.M., M.D., LL.D. (Yale), and Dr. Reginald H. Fitz, A.M., M.D., of Harvard. It is the repository of all the special knowledge of our own day on *The Practice of Medicine*, and it will instantly take its place as an established authority in its field. It approaches the practice of medicine simultaneously from the pathologic and therapeutic points of view, and each department has been assigned to the most eminent specialist of the respective branch with which he deals. Yet, while each author has undertaken separately his own task, there has been full and complete collaboration, each section having the benefit of the joint criticism, thus insuring a fuller perfection. The division of labor fell as follows: Dr. Wood treats of nervous diseases, diseases of the muscles, infectious diseases except diphtheria, dysentery, tuberculosis, leprosy, and syphilis, and gives a chapter on acute and chronic poisoning. He is also responsible for all the therapeutics. To Dr. Fitz were assigned the infectious diseases mentioned, and the chapters on diseases of the blood and of the ductless glands, on parasites, and on diseases of the circulatory, respiratory, digestive, and urinary systems, except the therapeutics. The fact that such a work, containing over a thousand pages, a copious index, and numerous necessary cuts, is within easy reach will be welcome news to every practitioner, every professor, and every student of medicine at home and abroad, and libraries throughout the land will eagerly seek to complete their medical sections by possessing a copy of this handsome, substantial, and essential book.

Two Health Seekers in Southern California. By William A. Edwards, M.D., and Beatrice Harraden.

The fame of *Ships that Pass in the Night* has made assurance of a wide and warm welcome for anything else that may come from the pen of Beatrice Harraden. She has given us one other book of minor importance, and now publishes, in company with Dr. William A. Edwards, through the J. B. Lippincott Company, a volume devoted to life in Southern California, where she has lived since issuing her first notable story. To this new and charming book, called *Two Health Seekers in Southern California*, Miss Harraden contributes chapters on Southern California and on Out-Door Life for Women, giving vivid and alluring descriptions of climate, flora, fauna, domestic life, tent-life, life by the sea-side and in the mountains, and surrounds these subjects with the clear atmosphere of reality which characterizes all her literary work.

The volume is designed primarily for those who contemplate a settled or temporary stay in the health-giving climate of California of the South. To invalids or those recovering from illness it will be an invaluable guide to the places best suited for their individual cases. Dr. Edwards has given careful and intelligent study to the subject for years past, as his well-known contributions to its literature in *Climatology* and his learned citations indicate. He treats every phase of invalid life as it relates to change of climate, and his acquaintance with the region of which he writes is exhaustive. The tables of temperatures given in the text would alone enable the traveller to choose a retreat suited to his tastes, for California is a land with climates to fit the varying demands of a whole world of health-seekers.

Such a combination of scientific data and picturesque inquiry as is offered by Dr. Edwards and Miss Harraden is rarely to be met with, and these *Two Health Seekers* will appeal to thousands who will follow in their footsteps.

System of Diseases of the Eye. Edited by William F. Norris, A.M., M.D., and Charles A. Oliver, A.M., M.D. Illustrated.

A very great undertaking has been achieved with marked success in this completed first volume by Drs. William F. Norris and Charles A. Oliver, devoted to a *System of Diseases of the Eye, by American, British, Dutch, French, German, and Spanish Authors.* The subjects here specially treated are the Embryology, Anatomy, and Physiology of the Eye, and in illustration of these there are, besides the text, twenty-three full-page plates and three hundred and sixty-two text-cuts.

The contributors are as follows, each a specialist of eminence in his respective branch, thus insuring individually and collectively an authoritative and final treatment up to date: Development of the Eye is by the lamented John A. Ryder, Ph.D., who has died since the inception of the volume; The Anatomy of the Orbit and the Appendages of the Eye, by Thomas Dwight, M.D., LL.D., of Boston; The Anatomy of the Eyeball and of the Intra-Orbital Portion of the Optic Nerve, by Frank Baker, M.D., Ph.D., of Washington; The Microscopical Anatomy of the Eyeball, by George A. Piersol, M.D., of Philadelphia; Anatomy of the Intra-Cranial Portion of the Visual Apparatus, by Alex Hill, M.A., M.D., of Cambridge, England; Congenital Malformations and Abnormalities of the Human Eye, by William Lang, F.R.C.S.E., London, England; The Dioptrics of the Eye, by Edward Jackson, A.M., M.D., of Philadelphia;

The Perception of Light, by J. McKeen Cattell, M.A., Ph.D., of New York; Binocular Vision, Conflict of the Fields of Vision, Apparent and Natural Size of Objects, etc., by Eugen Brodhun, M.D., of Berlin, Germany; Normal Color-Perception, by William Thomson, M.D., of Philadelphia; and Photo-Chemistry of the Retina, by Carl Mays, M.D., of Heidelberg, Germany.

This array will alone stamp the volume as an invaluable adjunct to the library of every student of the eye, and the further assurance that it comes from the medical publishing house of J. B. Lippincott Company completes the full circle of its qualities.

The Romance of Industry and Invention. By Robert Cochrane. Illustrated.

The romantic side of industrial work has rarely been treated, save where it enters into fiction, as in *Felix Holt,* or in *The Banishment of Jessop Blythe,* by Joseph Hatton. Mr. Robert Cochrane, a scholarly compiler of useful books on many subjects, has noted this deficiency, and now comes forward, at the appropriate holiday season, with a volume of enticing papers, called *The Romance of Industry and Invention,* treating of the romantic side of business and manufacture, which will be just the thing of all others to take the fancy of an inquiring boy or girl.

The nine chapters deal in turn with Iron and Steel, exploiting Sir Henry Bessemer, Sir William Siemens, and the Krupps of Essen; of Pottery and Porcelain, dealing with the Wedgwoods in a delightful manner; of the Sewing-Machine, telling of Thomas Saint, Hunt, Elias Howe, Wilson, and Singer; of Wool and Cotton, with a well-condensed history of each; of Gold and Diamonds, illustrating methods of mining and describing the mines; of Big Guns, Small-Arms, and Ammunition; of the Evolution of the Bicycle; of Steamers and Sailing-Vessels; and of the Post-Office, Telegraph, Telephone, and Phonograph.

No better educator for a young fellow who "wants to know" could be found in all the realm of books than this admirably planned and well-printed volume, published, with its capital pictures, by the Lippincotts.

The Story of American Coals. By William Jasper Nicolls, M. Am. Soc. C.E.

The entire subject of coal as it relates to this country has a careful and learned expositor in Mr. William Jasper Nicolls, M. Am. Soc. C.E., and author of *The Railway Builder* and other technical works of value. His book entitled *The Story of American Coals* has just been issued by the J. B. Lippincott Company in the substantial style due to a solid and very important subject, and every operator of a mine, dealer, middleman, and consumer should take the opportunity thus offered for thorough enlightenment on a matter which we ignore almost utterly, though it lies at the base of every contemporary industry and, one might even venture to say, every American home. As Jevons tells us, coal "is the material energy of the country, the universal aid, the factor in everything we do."

The titles of some of Mr. Nicolls's chapters will signify the scope of his admirable work. The department called Origin is divided into Theory, Geol-

ogy, Historical, Geography, Area, Classification, Bituminous Area. There follows a division on Development, under which occur Surface Indications, Boring, Drifting, Opening a Mine, Air and Gases, Hauling to the Surface, and Shipping. Under the caption Transportation we have Water Transportation, Canal Shipments, Rail Shipments, Seaboard Anthracite Coals, Seaboard Bituminous Coals, Vessel Cargoes, Domestic Coals, and Pockets, Depots, and Yards. The last section of the book is devoted to the Consumption of Coal, and in this occur Bituminous-Steaming, Anthracite-Steaming, The Blast Furnace, Combustion, Mechanical Preparation, Gas Coals, Coke, and By-Products. The Conclusion deals with the enormous output of coal, reaching two hundred millions of tons, and gives statistics of value. Beyond this there is an exhaustive index, which equips the volume as a book of reference.

The appropriate frontispiece is a photograph from a statue of a miner in his working-suit,—a stalwart character who braves many perils that we may toast our toes.

Cleveland's Baking Powder,

manufactured originally by the Cleveland Brothers, Albany, N. Y., now by the Cleveland Baking Powder Co., New York,

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Mrs. Emma P. Ewing,
Principal Chautauqua School of Cookery.

Mrs. Carrie M. Dearborn,
Late Principal Boston Cooking School.

Mrs. D. A. Lincoln,
Author "Boston Cook Book."

Marion Harland,
Author "Common Sense in the Household."

Miss C. C. Bedford,
Sup't New York Cooking School.

Miss Fannie M. Farmer,
Principal Boston Cooking School.

Marion A. McBride,
"*The Cottage Hearth.*"

Miss Kate E. Whitaker,
Prin. Normal Cookery School, San Francisco.

Mrs. Eliza R. Parker,
Author of "Economical Housekeeping."

Over fifty teachers of cookery have contributed to our receipt book, copy of which will be mailed free on receipt of stamp and address.

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A Texas Ranger's Bat-Story.—L. T. Harper, an ex Texas ranger, gives an interesting account of how he discovered the rear entrance to a bat cave on the Colorado River. "It was in the summer of 1876," he said. "I was sent by Major Jones to hunt up an outlaw who had escaped from the penitentiary guards. While feeding my horse before sunrise in a skirt of woods a mile from the river, I saw bats returning from their night skirmishing, entering a hole in the bough of a tree. The bats came in countless numbers and entered in regular order, as if each bat knew just when to arrive to take his turn, to a second. For more than an hour they swarmed into the tree in numbers sufficient to have packed it full if it were hollow from the tip-top to the ground. I know the habit of bats, that they sleep hanging by their hind feet, head down, in rows, and it made me wonder how so many could get lodging in a tree not particularly large. I mentioned it when I got to the town of Burnet, and it set one of the deputy sheriffs to thinking. He suggested to me to return. We cut down the tree, and there was not a bat in it. Next we pushed a hole into the stump, and found an opening going into fathomless depths. The young officer, whose name I have forgotten, lighted a piece of paper and dropped it into the hole, and at once we understood the situation. The tree grew in the ceiling of a cave, and its hollow trunk had been a tube through which the bats made their exit and entrance. It was two years afterward before the cave was explored."—*Dallas (Texas) News.*

The Old Rooster was Wise.—The old hen flew from her nest and cackled loud and long.

"When eggs are nine cents a dozen," said the old rooster, eying the performance with languid disapproval, "it is a ridiculous exhibition of vanity to make all that fuss over one egg."—*Chicago Tribune.*

"Awful."—I believe it is within my own recollection that this word has come to be used in the sense of "great" or "very great." Certainly "Thanks, awfully!" is quite modern, and not very elegant. But in Lord Mahon's History of England, vol. vii. p. 256, he quotes a letter from Rodney to his wife, written with reference to the famous naval victory in the West Indies, in which, speaking of the way in which the French fleet was endeavoring to delay the contest while he desired to bring it on, he says, "They kept at an awful distance." And Lord Mahon's comment on this is, "Some foreigner unversed in our common and colloquial phrases might here exclaim that it was the Frenchman's distance only that could strike his gallant heart with awe." But I doubt whether the word "awful" was ever then used in the colloquial sense alluded to.

It is more probable that Rodney meant "awful" in the old and literal sense, but in the reverse application to that here suggested for the foreigner. In other words, he meant that it was awe of the English fleet which led the French to desire at that time to put off the engagement. And probably this would be the first idea to occur to the supposed foreigner, as "awful" would more naturally signify feeling than inspiring awe. I remember many years ago a lady telling with much amusement a story of a boy (I forget from what part of the country) who, on being asked whether he was frightened at something, replied," "Yes, ma'am; I be very frightful."—*Notes and Queries.*

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AVOID SUBSTITUTES.

GOOD nature and evenness of temper will give you an easy companion for life; virtue and good sense, an agreeable friend; love and constancy, a good wife or husband.—*Spectator.*

THE SPIRIT OF THE BOERS.—How is it, Englishmen ask themselves, that these rude up-country Boers can thus inflict such severe defeats upon first-rate European troops? The reasons are not in reality very far to seek. Every Boer in the republics beyond the Orange River is animated by the strongest possible attachment for his country. These republics were won from barbarism some fifty years ago, after hard fighting with Moselikatse, father of the late Lobengula, and his ferocious Zulu hosts. Before the fights in which they defeated Moselikatse and drove him beyond the Limpopo, the emigrant Boers, just then quitting Cape Colony, had suffered cruel massacres at the hands of these Matabele warriors. In Natal, whither some of them first trekked before crossing the Orange, five hundred of the men, women, and children of these migrating farmers had been murdered in a single night and day by the Zulus of Dingaan. The emigrant Boers took a terrible revenge upon Dingaan for that inhuman massacre. Four hundred of them in laager defeated ten thousand of Dingaan's choicest warriors, with the loss of three thousand slain. The Blood River in Natal still bears testimony by its name to the stream of Zulu blood which upon that Sunday morning battle in 1838 mingled with its flow.

Is it to be wondered at that after such struggles and such sufferings the Boers of the Orange Free State and Transvaal cling so tightly to their adopted countries, and that their determination is to retain their independence at all costs and all hazards? English settlers and English statesmen have never, I think, fairly gauged the spirit that animates these South African Dutch farmers. I am not a Little Englander by any means. I always look upon the surrender after Majuba as a fatal mistake, and consider that Sir Evelyn Wood with his strong force should have been allowed to put matters square. I believe that the future of South Africa lies mainly with the British, and that some day we shall see a strong confederacy of South African states and colonies under British supremacy.—*Nineteenth Century.*

A GOOD deed is never lost. He who sows courtesy reaps friendship, and he who plants kindness gathers love. Pleasure bestowed upon a grateful mind was never sterile.—BASIL.

"SLUMP" IS A DANISH WORD.—A good deal has been heard lately about the "slump" in the city. The word is expressive, and is generally believed to be "slangy," but at one time it was in general use, although it is only now to be heard in out-of-the-way districts of the provinces. The *African Review* points out that it is of Danish origin, and, according to Dr. Raven, was applied in many a metaphorical way. In his recently published "History of Suffolk," Dr. Raven says that it is still of common use in the county. Unsuccessful litigants were slumped. "Slumped again!" says Palmer, in his "Perlustration of Great Yarmouth," "was shouted derisively to one who had been a second time unsuccessful." Forby explains it "to sink suddenly into deep mud or rotten ground," and Moor cites "I came in such a slump." But, then, he never knew what a Throgmorton Street slump was like.—*Westminster Gazette.*

Consider the Change

The change from hot to cold weather is here. The skin has ceased its great activity, and the internal organs are doing extra work. This change is a trying one, and often results in coughs, weak lungs, and general debility. To prevent these—change your food. You now need a fat that will produce heat and force; some remedy that will tone up the nervous system.

Scott's Emulsion

of Cod-liver Oil with Hypophosphites, is what your system demands. You have just the food to produce heat and precisely the remedy to give nerve force. Taken now, it is a preventive. You can depend upon it to carry you safely through the sudden changes of winter.

Book telling about it, free. Two sizes, 50 cents and $1.00.

SCOTT & BOWNE, Mfg. Chemists, New York

MISSISSIPPIANS are called "Tadpoles," the ancient heraldic device of France being "three toads erect saltant."

TOBACCO MONOPOLIES.—A monarch of such remarkable idiosyncrasy as was King James, as displayed in his creation of a new and lucrative business for the sale of distinguished titles and high offices of state, where he himself possessed the sole monopoly, would naturally see his way to a further stroke of "good business" in the tobacco market. Accordingly, we are not surprised to learn that, viewing with a jealous eye the flourishing state of the new industry, the idea occurred to him or his ministers that the state coffers might be replenished by taking a still deeper interest in the weed. Hence the issue of a royal proclamation to his loving subjects that they were forbidden to deal in tobacco unless they purchased royal letters patent granting them a license to do so. These could only be procured, on payment of a yearly sum, from the persons who farmed from the king the right to enforce and collect the tax. In the "Stafford Letters," compiled by Gerrard, relating to the collection of the new tax, it is stated that "some towns have yielded twenty marks, £10, £5, £6, fine, and rent; none goes under. I hear that Plymouth hath yielded £100 and as much yearly rent . . . The tobacco licenses go on apace; they yield a good fine, and a constant yearly rent. . . ."

In some instances a life lease to deal in tobacco was granted on payment of a lump sum. As to the king's method of dealing with state affairs of the kind, let Sir Anthony Weldon speak from personal knowledge. He says of the king that "he was so crafty and cunning in petty things, as the circumventing any great man. He had a trick of cousen (cozen) himself with bargains under hand, by taking £1,000 or £10,000 pounds as a bribe, when (at the same time) his counsel was treating with his customers to raise them to so much more yearly; this went into his privy purse; wherein he thought he had overreached the lords, but consented himself; but would as easily break the bargain upon the next offer, saying he was mistaken and deceived, and therefore no reason he should keep the bargain. This was often the case with the Farmers of the Customs."

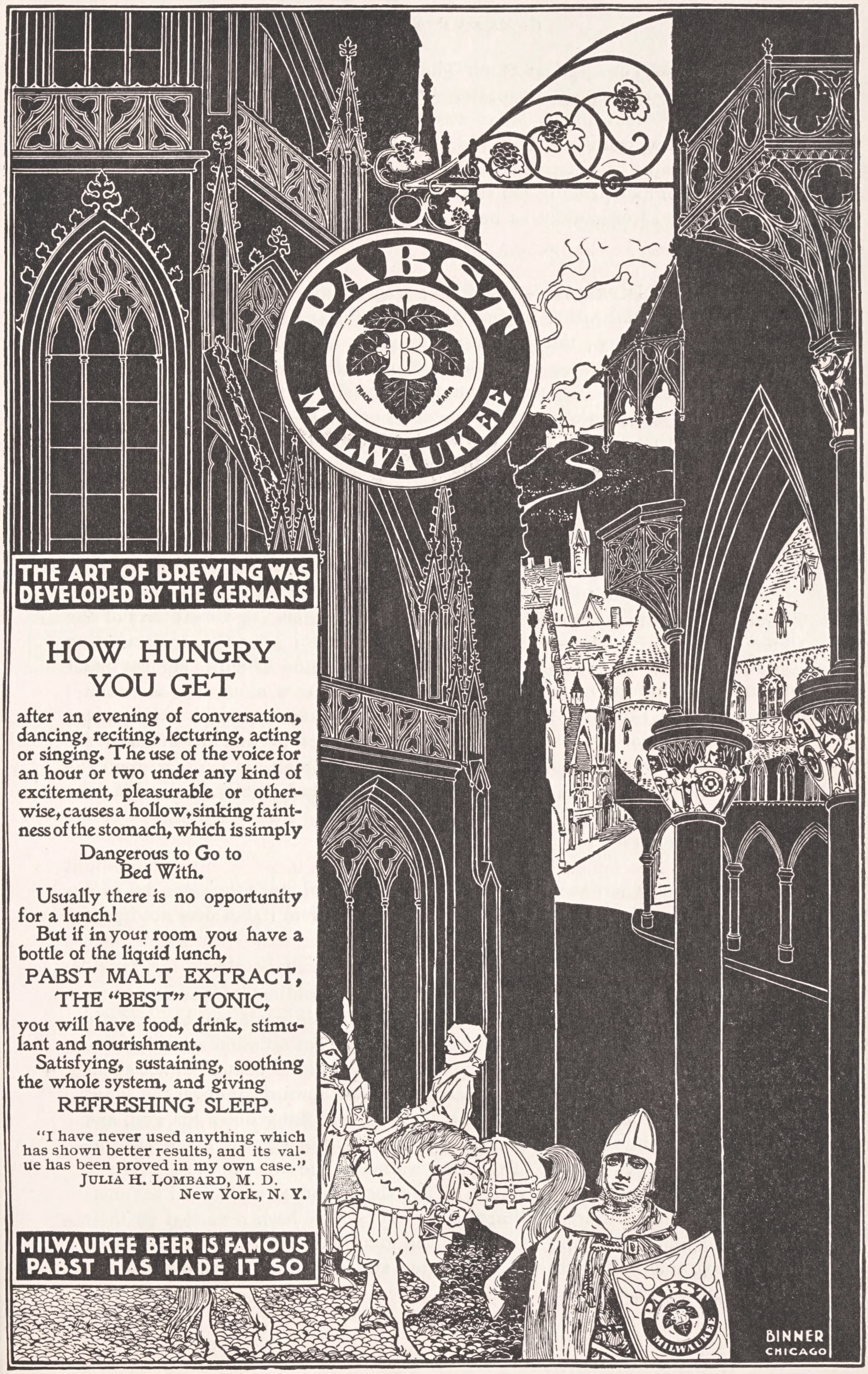
There is a document in the State archives which throws a curious side-light on the king's ideas of statecraft. The settlers in Guiana had become tobacco-planters, and required a trade-charter with this country. A charter was granted them, in which a clause was inserted to the effect that one-tenth of the tobacco grown there should go to the king. Thus, in a roundabout way, the king became a tobacco-merchant.—*Gentleman's Magazine.*

HE LET HER HAVE HER WAY.—It was when the cable-cars were new, and she was of the resolute, not-to-be-trampled-upon type. She rose to leave the car, and stood lurching in the door-way, while the men on the platform squeezed together on one side to permit her egress. She glanced at them with unfavoring eyes. "I wish to get out on that side," she said to the conductor, indicating the side where the men were huddled.

"Can't do it, lady," said he, with the brevity of his calling.

"But I insist," she cried, looking at his number, "upon leaving the car on the side most convenient to me. You will ask those men to move."

"You hear what the lady says," said the conductor. "Move over to the other side, and let her climb over the gate."—*New York Journal.*



THE ART OF BREWING WAS DEVELOPED BY THE GERMANS

HOW HUNGRY YOU GET

after an evening of conversation, dancing, reciting, lecturing, acting or singing. The use of the voice for an hour or two under any kind of excitement, pleasurable or otherwise, causes a hollow, sinking faintness of the stomach, which is simply

Dangerous to Go to Bed With.

Usually there is no opportunity for a lunch!

But if in your room you have a bottle of the liquid lunch,

PABST MALT EXTRACT, THE "BEST" TONIC,

you will have food, drink, stimulant and nourishment.

Satisfying, sustaining, soothing the whole system, and giving

REFRESHING SLEEP.

"I have never used anything which has shown better results, and its value has been proved in my own case."
JULIA H. LOMBARD, M. D.
New York, N. Y.

MILWAUKEE BEER IS FAMOUS
PABST HAS MADE IT SO

GOOD SUBSTITUTE.—Miss Sarah Thorne tells a good story of how, when she was playing in "The Colleen Bawn" at a country theatre, the gun loaded with powder to shoot Danny Mann was missing from the wing just before it was required, and could not be found. At the last instant one of the actors, eating from a paper bag, emptied out the biscuits, blew out the bag, and, bursting it with a sudden blow, Danny rolled over into the water, "killed" by the report of a paper bag as effectually as he would have been by powder from a real gun.

THE PRINCE IMPERIAL.—Archibald Forbes, in his "Memories on War and Peace," says that the prince imperial, the son of Napoleon III., "took back" to his Spanish ancestry; that he had all the pride, the melancholy, the ardor to shine, the courage bordering on recklessness, of a true grandee of Spain.

How perfect his self-restraint could be is easily seen from an incident of the time of his studying at the government school in Woolwich, England. He one day heard that a Frenchman was visiting the academy, and sent out to say that he should be glad to see his countryman. The person, who happened to be a bitter anti-imperialist, was presented, and the prince asked from what part of France he came.

The visitor looked the youth straight in the face with a sarcastic smile, uttered the word "Sedan," and grinningly awaited the effect of his brutality.

The prince flushed, and his eye kindled. Then he controlled himself, and, quietly remarking, "That is a very pretty part of France," he closed the interview with a bow.

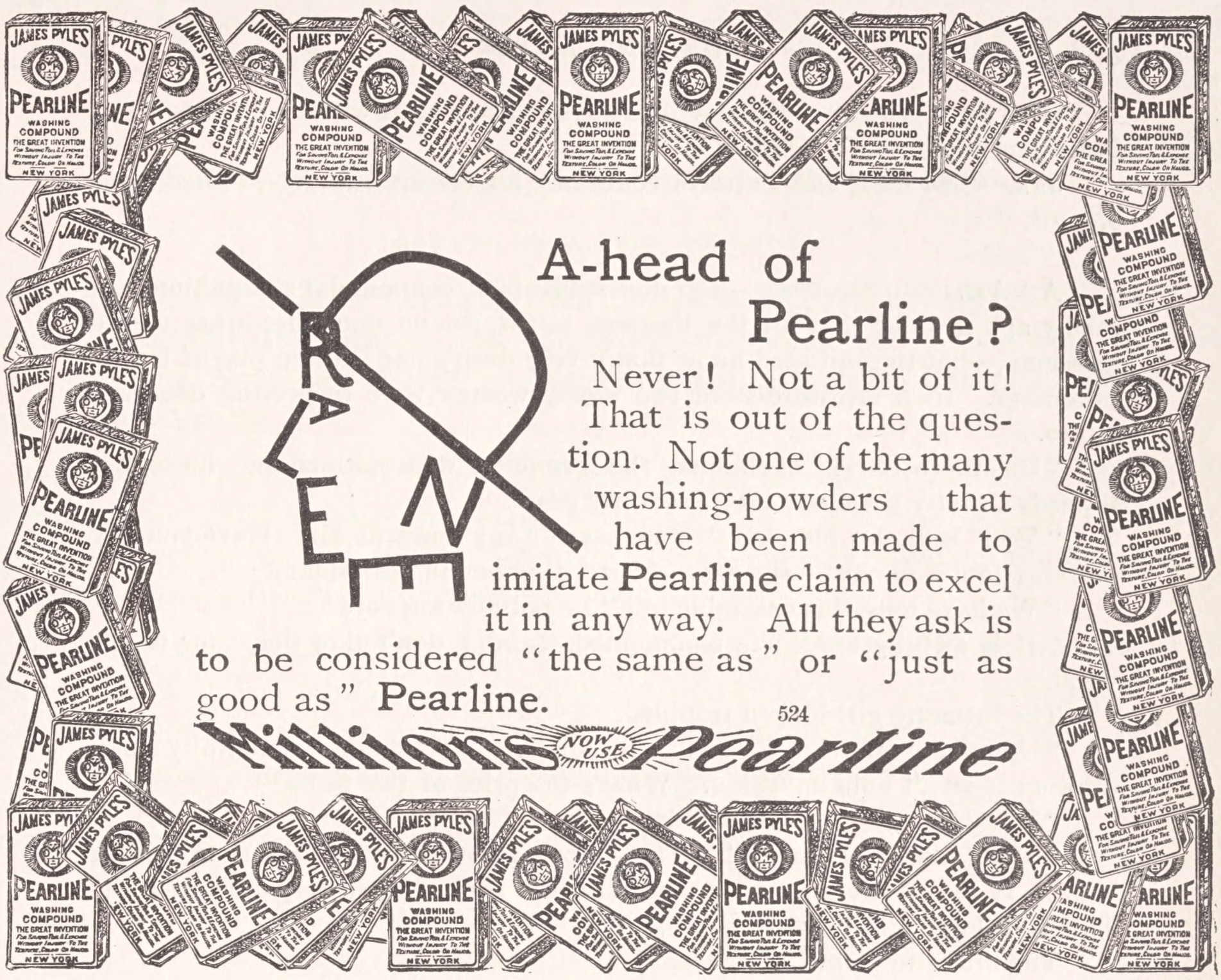
His dignity and self-control were finely manifested when, a lad not yet seventeen, he followed his father's coffin, as chief mourner, along the path lined by thousands of French sympathizers, and his demeanor was said to be truly royal when, later on in that trying day, the masses of French artisans hailed him with shouts of "Vive Napoléon IV!" He stopped.

"My friends," said he, "I thank you, but your emperor is dead. Let us join in the cry of 'Vive la France!'"

Then he bared his head and led off the cheering.

I HAVE somewhere seen it observed that we should make the same use of a book that the bee does of a flower: she steals sweets from it, but does not injure it.—COLTON.

CHARGING A BEAR WITH BAYONETS.—Russian soldiers in Siberia are not only encouraged to exercise their martial ardor on big game, but are actually led out in squads to take part in the hunt. On a recent occasion a local police inspector joined in the hunt, and got two of the soldier beaters to act as his body-guard. When the bear came merrily romping toward him over the snow, the inspector got flurried, missed with both barrels, flung down his gun, and buried his head in the snow, seeking to burrow out of sight. The bear came on in a great fury. Two of the soldiers waited till he came to close quarters, and turned him back with a volley. They then charged with fixed bayonets and finished him off in true military style. They have been rewarded for their presence of mind in saving the life of the guardian of the peace by having their photographs hung in their head-quarters and being each presented with one ruble.—*London Globe.*



A-head of Pearline?

Never! Not a bit of it! That is out of the question. Not one of the many washing-powders that have been made to imitate **Pearline** claim to excel it in any way. All they ask is to be considered "the same as" or "just as good as" **Pearline.**

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Millions NOW USE Pearline

FINANCIAL PANICS DISCLOSE MANY THINGS OF INTEREST TO THE STUDENT OF ECONOMICS.

One thing over and over again has been so established that no one gainsays it: the investments of life insurance companies are vastly superior to the securities or holdings of other financial institutions. Amidst the wreck of banks, railroads, and large financial and industrial institutions, not the faintest doubt of solvency attaches to any of the old line Life Insurance Companies. There are reasons for it. The effect to which we direct attention is this: while many stocks and bonds have largely depreciated, and others have wholly lost their value, the character of life insurance investments is such that

A POLICY IS STILL WORTH ONE HUNDRED CENTS ON THE DOLLAR.

Policies issued by the PENN MUTUAL LIFE are adapted to meet every contingency, and may be obtained at low cost through the operation of the mutual system. You may learn what you wish (no obligation imposed) by addressing the

PENN MUTUAL LIFE,

921-923-925 Chestnut Street, Philadelphia.

On their Guard.—Hax.—"I always shake hands with Skinner to keep him from picking my pockets."

Jax.—"So do I, and I always count my fingers afterward."—*Philadelphia Record.*

An Artistic Shopper.—Careless students of commercial transactions are rashly apt to infer that all the business talent lies on one side,—that of the salesman,—but the initiated know that a very deep game is often played by the purchaser. In a furniture-store two young women were inspecting dressing-tables.

"Oh, there it is!" exclaimed the brunette, with enthusiasm, hastening towards a pretty little oak table standing near.

"'Sh!" said the blonde. "You haven't any sense at all. Have you any dressing-tables in oak?" she asked of the approaching salesman.

"We have only this oak table left," he politely answered.

"It is awfully low," she commented, "and I don't like the color of the wood."

The brunette girl looked troubled.

"Open the drawer," dictated the blonde. "Oh, that's a dreadfully small drawer; it won't hold anything. What's the price of this table?"

"Ten dollars," the salesman answered.

"Ten dollars! Dear me! Why, Isabel, we saw prettier ones than this for eight. It hasn't a very good polish, either. Haven't you any others at all? This is so low; and that drawer is so small."

The brunette looked more troubled.

"This is the last one we have in oak," the man again said.

"Haven't you any with differently shaped legs?" she asked.

"This is the only one. As it is the last one, I'll see if I can let you have it at eight dollars."

The salesman walked off, and the blonde turned to the brunette and said, "Goosey, cheer up. Isn't it a beauty? Just look at those lovely legs—and only eight dollars. You're a lucky girl."—*Louisville Courier-Journal.*

Soft Foods.—Habitually eating soft foods, even soft bread, to the exclusion of everything that is hard or crusty, is not only weakening to the digestive organs, but it leads to rapid decay of the teeth. When these are not used in the mastication of harder foods, the teeth become covered with tartar and sometimes loosen in their sockets, or the gums will bleed.—*New York World.*

Uniform Cotton-Bale.—For the last year, or even longer, there has been an effort on foot in Texas and in other cotton-bearing States to secure a uniform bale of cotton. The advantages in having all the cotton of the South pressed into uniform-sized bales are many, and railroad people have long sought to bring some kind of influence to bear that would secure the desired result. But, on account of a large percentage of the press owners being put to more or less expense in changing their presses, no great headway has been made up to the beginning of last season. But since last season there has been a great deal of mission work done in this direction, and the outlook now is very favorable for the next season's bales proving of a more uniform size.—*New Orleans Picayune.*

The Real Estate Trust Company

OF PHILADELPHIA,

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CAPITAL (FULL PAID) $500,000.

Solicits current Deposit Accounts from Individuals, Associations, Religious Organizations, Charitable Institutions, etc., allowing interest on daily balances. Receives for Safe-keeping Securities, Silver, and other Valuables; Rents Safe Deposit Boxes in Burglar-proof Vaults.

Transacts a general Real Estate Business, acting as Agent or Attorney for buying, holding, leasing, and selling Property in the City of Philadelphia and its vicinity; negotiates Mortgages, and places Ground Rents; collects Rents, and takes general charge and management of property.

Receives and executes Trusts of any description under the appointment of Courts, Corporations, and Individuals; acts solely, or in connection with Individuals, if desired, as Trustee, Guardian, Executor, Administrator, Assignee, Receiver, Attorney, etc., and becomes Surety for persons acting in such capacities.

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PROVIDENT LIFE AND TRUST CO.

OF PHILADELPHIA.

Attention is directed to the new Instalment-Annuity Policy of the Provident, which provides a fixed income for twenty years, and for the continuance of the income to the widow for the balance of her life, if she should survive the instalment period of twenty years.

In everything which makes Life Insurance perfectly safe and moderate in cost, and in liberality to policy-holders, the Provident is unsurpassed.

CONSUMPTION CURED.—An old physician, retired from practice, had placed in his hands by an East India missionary the formula of a simple vegetable remedy for the speedy and permanent cure of Consumption, Bronchitis, Catarrh, Asthma, and all throat and lung affections, also a positive and radical cure for nervous debility and all nervous complaints. Having tested its wonderful curative powers in thousands of cases, and desiring to relieve human suffering, I will send free of charge, to all who wish it, this recipe, in German, French, or English, with full directions for preparing and using. Sent by mail, by addressing, with stamp, naming this paper, W. A. NOYES, 820 Powers' Block, Rochester, New York.

A Little Farm Well Tilled.—It's the big farmer, not the big farm, that tells. A man in Sweden, Oxford County, supports a family of five and lays up money on a patch of eighteen acres, and, while he keeps four Jersey cows and a pair of horses, he raises hay to sell.—*Lewiston* (*Maine*) *Journal.*

Lesson Learned at Home.—"What do you expect to bring forward in this Congress?" said one new member to another.

"Absolutely nothing," was the reply.

"But are you not going to try to write your name on the immortal scroll of fame? Don't you realize that you were sent here by your constituents to see to it that these other fellows don't let the ship of state drift on to a sand-bar?"

"My dear friend, I don't bother myself with reflections of that kind. My wife, who is a discerning and practical woman, once made a remark to me during house-cleaning time which has assisted me on many occasions."

"What was it?"

"She said that next to a genuine hero the man to be most admired is one who knows how not to get in the way."—*Washington Star.*

The Refinement of Cruelty.—The luxury and refinement which emphasized the unnatural cruelty of the Roman Empire find their counterpart in the chronicles of the Mamlûks, and Nero fiddling over burning Rome would have passed unnoticed among the crowd of dilettante slave kings, who united charming tastes with execrable morals. A great vizier, after governing Egypt for ten years, during the nominal sovereign's minority, had at last to make way for his master. The young Sultan, An-Nâsir, was now to take up the reins of power himself. The vizier Sâlar received him with high festivities and princely gifts. The vizier was trapped, cast into prison, and there starved under circumstances of exasperating barbarity. Trays were sent him loaded with costly dishes, such as one may see to-day in the British Museum, richly incrusted with arabesques and inscriptions, in silver and gold inlay of the most exquisite workmanship. When the famished prisoner uncovered them he found no food; one bowl was full of gold, another of pearls, a third of precious stones. He gnawed his own palms and bit off his fingers in the pangs of hunger, and so died. It is a scene that would have delighted Caligula.—*Saturday Review.*

Distressing.—Genial old Izaak Walton himself had not a keener fisherman's instinct than was possessed by old Zimri Skillings, who flourished in a Western State a good many years ago.

One day Zimri took his rod and line and "wums," as he called them, and started off for a four days' fishing-trip.

He had been gone but one day when his poor old wife died unexpectedly, and a neighbor hastened off in pursuit of Zimri.

He was found silently but profoundly happy, with his line cast in the Cinnamon River. He turned pale and was at first speechless when told of his loss.

"It's too bad, Zimri," said the sympathetic neighbor, whereupon Zimri found voice enough to say,—

"Wall, I sh'd say so, with the pick'rel bitin' ez I 'ain't seen 'em bite fer a year!" And he gulped down another sob.—*Detroit Free Press.*

Letters from the People.

I wish to praise Dobbins' Electric Soap very highly, and say it was through my mother, manager of Bethesda Home, 78 Vernon Street, of this city, that I first used this wonderful soap, and, as a labor-saving and clothes-saving soap, I consider it the best on the market, as I have tried them all, and none of them will do the work that Dobbins' Electric Soap will. I recommend Dobbins' Electric Soap to all my friends and acquaintances as I have the opportunity, and give it all the praise I can. I use a great deal of it, as I wash my baby's clothes myself, and give it to my washerwoman to wash the family clothes with.

MRS. GEO. J. ENGLISH,
86 *Charles St., Springfield, Mass.*

Constantly since 1877 I have used Dobbins' Electric Soap, and, though I have tried many other kinds, I have never found any that gave me such satisfaction as Dobbins' Electric. I send you 300 wrappers for fifteen volumes of your Sunset Series of books.

MRS. F. J. BOYDEN, *Leominster, Mass.*

I do not care to use any soap but Dobbins' "Electric." I am very glad that I am able to get it. It is the cheapest in the end. MRS. P. A. NEBANUS, *Chicago, Ill.*

I, having used Dobbins' Electric Soap for the past twenty-five years, wish to say that I prefer it to any other. It certainly is a wonderful soap. It will do more and better work than any other soap I have ever tried. I have sent wrappers to Dobbins' Soap Mfg. Co., Philadelphia, for some of their beautiful premiums.

MRS. N. P. HOLMES, Box 156, *Provincetown, Mass.*

I have forwarded you to-day 60 Dobbins' Electric Soap wrappers, and wish in return the picture you send out for that number. You make the best laundry soap made. I have used many different brands, but yours is the best. I use it in the bath as well. I always keep a supply on hand, as it gets dry and hard, and lasts just thrice as long as the cheap, common trash called soap.

MRS. E. B. JOHNSON, *Nahant, Mass.*

Ask your Grocer for Dobbins' Electric Soap. Thirty years' sale and reputation as the best and most economical Soap in the world.

DOBBINS SOAP MFG. CO., PHILADELPHIA.

BROWN'S
CAMPHORATED
SAPONACEOUS
DENTIFRICE
FOR THE
TEETH

THE BEST TOILET LUXURY AS A DENTIFRICE IN THE WORLD.

TO CLEANSE AND WHITEN THE TEETH,

TO REMOVE TARTAR FROM THE TEETH,

TO SWEETEN THE BREATH AND PRESERVE THE TEETH,

TO MAKE THE GUMS HARD AND HEALTHY,

USE BROWN'S CAMPHORATED SAPONACEOUS DENTIFRICE.

Price, Twenty-Five Cents a Jar. **For Sale by all Druggists.**

LAUGHING BABIES are loved by everybody. Those raised on the Gail Borden Eagle Brand Condensed Milk are comparatively free from sickness. *Infant Health* is a valuable pamphlet for mothers. Send your address for a copy to the New York Condensed Milk Company, New York.

A SUGGESTION.—Mrs. Spendem (trying on a new bonnet).—"Dear me, how small the bonnets are this season! This doesn't suit my face at all. It's such a little thing!"

Mr. Spendem (examining paper).—"Better wear the bill. That seems big enough."—*London Fun.*

ENGLISH RAILROAD TICKETS.—Last year there were issued in the United Kingdom considerably over 911,000,000 of railway-tickets, exclusive of season-tickets and workmen's weekly tickets. It is not easy to realize such a number. Roughly speaking, if they had to be conveyed, say, from London to Edinburgh in a mass, it would require one hundred railway trucks, each carrying ten tons. If they were stacked one upon another in a single column, the pile would be nearly five hundred miles high; and if they were laid end to end in a line, it would exceed the length of the equator by about one-third. But no computations of this kind can convey anything like so impressive an idea of the magnitude of the yearly issue of railway-tickets as can be gained by a stroll through one or two of the establishments in which they are manufactured.

Up till a few years ago, the bulk of our railway-tickets came from private factories in London and Manchester. Latterly, the larger railways have been setting up establishments of their own for printing their tickets, which, however, they still buy from outside workers in the form of "blanks." It might reasonably be expected that where the numbers required are so vast, the printing would be done in large sheets, to be afterwards cut up into tickets. This, however, is not the way it is done. Pasteboard is specially made for the purpose, but it is sliced up into "blank" tickets, each to be printed and numbered one by one afterwards.—*Chambers's Journal.*

CAT'S FOSTER-FAMILY OF COYOTES.—Lon Richards and Jack Hill, who were out to Indian Creek last week, say that at Obe Corder's they witnessed the novel sight of two old mother cats nursing four young coyotes. The coyotes were only two or three days old when captured, about three weeks ago. About that time the old cats had lost their families of kittens, and, being curious to know what the felines would do, the coyotes were placed with them. The cats at once took up with the little howlers, and fondled them as they would their own offspring, and the coyotes were likewise satisfied with their foster-mothers. At first, not being pleased with the bed fixed for them in the barn, the cats carried their adopted kittens to the house several times. They defend their unnatural family, upon the approach of a dog, with all the fuss and fury characteristic of the cat tribe.—*Mountain Home Republican.*

WAR'S BRUTALITY.—In modern warfare the destruction of churches and cathedrals as well as of libraries and public buildings has been very common. During the devastation of the Palatinate by the French all cathedrals and churches were ruthlessly plundered and destroyed, even the tombs of the emperors at Speyer being pillaged and demolished. In 1814 our Capitol at Washington, the President's house, and other public buildings were burned by the British. According to Edwards's "Germans in France," at the bombardment of Strasburg by the Germans not only did they purposely direct their fire on the cathedral and library, but they also fired on the firemen and fire-engines endeavoring to put out the conflagration.

The "PRACTICAL" Trousers Hanger and Press

KEEPS TROUSERS "Smooth as if Ironed."

It is **automatic in action** and **adjusts itself** to any thickness of material. It will **positively remove** all traces of marks and wrinkles caused by turning the trousers up on a **rainy day. It does not mark** the cloth by ugly cross-marks (all other devices do). It is **so easy to use** as to be

"QUICKER THAN CARELESSNESS."

and if after a trial it does not give satisfaction, return it, and WE WILL REFUND THE MONEY.

For $5.00 we send, express paid, a set of SIX TROUSERS HANGERS and THREE CLOSET RODS, which, used in conjunction, enable the convenient closet arrangement shown. We sell hundreds of these sets. Single HANGERS, 75c. each. Single RODS, 25c. each. Sent, prepaid, on receipt of price in stamps, or otherwise.

The **PRACTICAL CLOSET ROD, price, 25 cents,** postpaid. It is made of wrought steel, nickel-plated, is 9 inches long, and constructed with a detachable socket.

Did you ever go to your closet and find several coats, a pair or two of trousers, and perhaps some of your wife's dresses, all hanging on the same hook and on top of just the garment you wanted? **Well, this never happens when you use our devices and arrangement. The picture shows why.** It also indicates the capacity of a Rod, and shows how **three Rods** can be advantageously used.

PRACTICAL NOVELTY CO., 433 Walnut St., Philada., Pa.

We send you free, on request, facsimile letters of some duplicate orders (the strongest kind of testimony) and our illustrated circular.

CHILDREN TEETHING

For Children While Cutting Their Teeth.

An Old and Well-Tried Remedy,

FOR OVER FIFTY YEARS.

MRS. WINSLOW'S SOOTHING SYRUP

has been used for over FIFTY YEARS by MILLIONS of MOTHERS for their CHILDREN WHILE TEETHING, with PERFECT SUCCESS. IT SOOTHES THE CHILD, SOFTENS the GUMS, ALLAYS all PAIN, CURES WIND COLIC, and is the best remedy for DIARRHŒA. Sold by Druggists in every part of the world. Be sure and ask for **Mrs. Winslow's Soothing Syrup**, and take no other kind.

TWENTY-FIVE CENTS A BOTTLE.

IF you want a beautiful book, telling all about how to raise poultry and the money that can be made upon a small or large scale, and all about the wonderful Von Culin Incubators, which they send on trial and do not ask you to pay a cent until after you try it, send five cents to the Von Culin Incubator Company, Delaware City, Delaware, for their latest catalogue. The book is full of fine engravings and beautifully printed on fine paper. The rich cover printed in colors represents a farm-yard with a pretty girl surrounded by all kinds of poultry.

A MICHIGAN ROMANCE.—An interesting story by Stanley Waterloo, also containing valuable information about the summer resorts of the North, will be mailed to any address on receipt of four cents to pay postage. Address D. G. Edwards, Passenger Traffic Manager, C. H. & D. Ry., Cincinnati, Ohio.

THE TOWNS WERE RIVALS.—"Interested in a trolley company?" asked a stranger in a little interior town of a man who had been expatiating upon its merits.

"Not a cent's worth," replied the advocate of the overhead wire.

"Live here?" asked the stranger next.

"Not on your life. I wouldn't live here if you would give me the whole town."

"But you're working mighty hard for something. What is it?"

The trolley advocate looked around to see that no one was in hearing distance, and then drew the stranger up in the shadow of a building.

"I'll tell you how it is, if you'll keep mum," he said.

The stranger promised.

"I'm employed by a rival town to get the trolley in here. The other town has been trying for three years to get the lead in population, and has made up its mind that the only hope is in killing off some of the people here. That's why I'm trying to introduce the trolley. See?"—*Chicago Post.*

QUEER LOVE-MAKING.—There is a bird in South America that makes love with its feet. It is a handsome creature, but walks clumsily, and the only sound it can utter is a hoarse cluck. It dances, however, in a way that wins admiration from the females of its species, though its antics only serve as an incentive to laughter to human beings who see them.

This bird, known as the cock of the rock, lives in the northern mountainous portion of South America. It is about the size of a large chicken.

The entire bird, body, head, wings, and tail, is blood-red in color, with the exception of the tail-feathers, which have a narrow band of brown across them near the ends, which are tipped with buff. On the head is a crest of feathers like a great red ball, which contracts or expands at the pleasure of its owner.

When the mating season comes, seven to ten males seek some secluded spot, where there is a level patch of ground, and clear it of any sticks, stones, or leaves, stamping down the dirt till it is hard and level.

Then they call the females, who stand at the edges of this novel arena. One at a time the males then perform a most curious dance. Each dancer will first strut up and down a few times, and then, to the apparent delight of the rest, commence to caper around in an extremely ludicrous manner, spreading his tail and wings, puffing up his crest, bowing to the others, and at the same time keeping up a hopping gait until he is exhausted.

When all the males have danced, each female will choose a mate, and the happy pairs depart to begin housekeeping.—*New York Journal.*

IN THE LIGHT OF EXPERIENCE.—Nodd.—"Before we were married, when we went into a restaurant it used to take my wife about an hour to decide on what she wanted."

Todd.—"Doesn't it now?"

"No, sir. I never let her see a bill of fare."—*Detroit Free Press.*

LIPPINCOTT'S

MONTHLY MAGAZINE.

A

POPULAR JOURNAL

OF

GENERAL LITERATURE, SCIENCE, AND POLITICS.

VOL. LVIII.—JULY TO DECEMBER, 1896.

PHILADELPHIA:

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1896.

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CONTENTS.

		PAGE
Anagrams	*Arthur Inkersley*	861
Ancestors, Modern, and Armorial Bearings	*Adriaan Schade van Westrum*	677
Before the Dawn	*Elizabeth Knowlton Carter*	563
Blessed Bees, The	*James Knapp Reeve*	253
Bread, Condiments, and Fruits	*Calvin Dill Wilson*	704
Bullwinkle	*Eliza Gold*	533
Chase of an Heiress, The (A Novel)	*Christian Reid*	721
Clubs, Some Odd	*George H. Westley*	559
"Company"	*Charles C. Abbott*	423
Crown Prince of Rexania, The (A Novel)	*Edward S. Van Zile*	433
Decadence of Modern Russian Literature	*A Russian*	102
Devil's One Good Deed, The	*Evan R. Chesterman*	275
Editor's Incubus, The	*Irving Allen*	285
England's Indian Army	*D. C. Macdonald*	501
English Traits, Some	*Alvan F. Sanborn*	693
Evolution of the Poster, The	*Agnes Carr Sage*	848
Fashions in Names	*William Ward Crane*	565
Federation of Australia, The	*Owen Hall*	237
"Fiatism," The Natural History of	*Fred. Perry Powers*	377
Flirtation as a Fine Art	*Jean Wright*	839
Florida Snakes	*R. G. Robinson*	710
Fond of One's Thoughts, On being	*John Sheridan Zelie*	134
Golden-Rod and Asters	*Neith Boyce*	257
Great K. & A. Train Robbery, The (A Novel)	*Paul Leicester Ford*	145
Hard Answer, A	*Alice MacGowan*	400
Heraldry in America	*Eugene Zieber*	264
Heroines, Past and Present	*Nina R. Allen*	429
How Hawkins was Regulated	*Henry A. Parker*	413
How Timmy Saved the Piece	*Livingston B. Morse*	854
Humanity's Missing Link	*Harvey B. Bashore*	530
Immigration Evils	*Rhoda Gale*	231
International Exhibitions, Advantages of	*Theodore Stanton*	405
Interrupted Current, An (A Novel)	*Howard M. Yost*	577
"Jim Bowers's Hoss"	*Sydney Reid*	511
Journalism that Pays	*Le Roy Armstrong*	681
Judicial Error, A (A Novel)	*Marion Manville Pope*	1
Land of Taffy, The	*D. C. Macdonald*	820
Land of the Five Tribes, The	*Allan Hendricks*	670
Last Resort in Art, The	*Ellen Olney Kirk*	506
Local Newspaper, How to Conduct a	*John A. Cockerill*	395
Local Patriotism, The Need of	*William Cranston Lawton*	548
Louisa County, In	*Clarinda Pendleton Lamar*	218
Marital Liability, A (A Novel)	*Elizabeth Phipps Train*	289
Medical Student, The Life of a	*A. L. Benedict*	389

		PAGE
Narrow Escape, A	*George Montbard*	243
Old Story, An	*Jean Wright*	135
Old Virginia Fox-Hunt, An	*David Bruce Fitzgerald*	824
Painting of Apelles, A	*Wolf von Schierbrand*	426
Pennsylvania and her Public Men	*Sydney G. Fisher*	114
Quays of Paris, The	*Alvan F. Sanborn*	551
Rector's Gamecock, The	*Gillam W. Ford*	127
Rural Experiences, My	*Hjalmar Hjorth Boyesen*	121
Russian Girls and Boys at School	*Isabel F. Hapgood*	519
Shakespeare's Old Saws	*William Cecil Elam*	567
Shutting Out the Sea	*George Ethelbert Walsh*	805
Silver-Mine, Our First	*George J. Varney*	845
Simon Smith	*William R. Mackay*	696
Sixth Sense, The	*James Weir, Jr.*	687
Southern Ideal, The	*Annie Steger Winston*	132
Summer on the Gulf Coast, A	*Francis Lynde*	208
Tiger-Hunt in Borneo, A	*Jean Theodore van Gestel*	382
Twenty-Dollar Bill, A	*Algernon Tassin*	108
Two Old Boys	*Pauline Shackleford Colyar*	815
Two Sides	*Frederic M. Bird*	713
Whipping of Uncle Henry, The	*Will N. Harben*	828
Wind, The: an Impression	*William Potts*	690
With the Trade		140
Woman Question, The, in the Middle Ages	*Emily Baily Stone*	281
"Yankee Doodle"	*Caroline T. Bansemer*	138

POETRY:

An Æolian Harp	*Edith M. Thomas*	217
An Open Secret	*Emma C. Dowd*	819
And Then	*John Leighton Best*	564
Ante Mortem	*Clarence Urmy*	236
A Poet's Epitaph	*Clarence Urmy*	532
Beyond?	*Arthur D. F. Randolph*	844
Deferred	*Celia A. Hayward*	518
Dew	*Charles G. D. Roberts*	695
Fame	*Elizabeth Crooks*	838
In Platte Cañon	*Mary E. Stickney*	422
In the Night	*Robert Gilbert Welsh*	388
Life's Song	*Carrie Blake Morgan*	686
Love's Interpreters	*Ella Gilbert Ives*	676
Love's Way	*Margaret Gilman George*	120
Maidenhair Fern	*Clinton Scollard*	399
Mary Stuart	*Jenny Terrill Ruprecht*	131
Might I Return	*Florence Earle Coates*	113
Pollen	*Grace F. Pennypncker*	137
Thanksgiving	*Grace F. Pennypacker*	823
The Druid	*John B. Tabb*	274
Universal Silence	*Arthur W. Atkinson*	280

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...1897...

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No.

348. The Chase of an Heiress . . . Christian Reid
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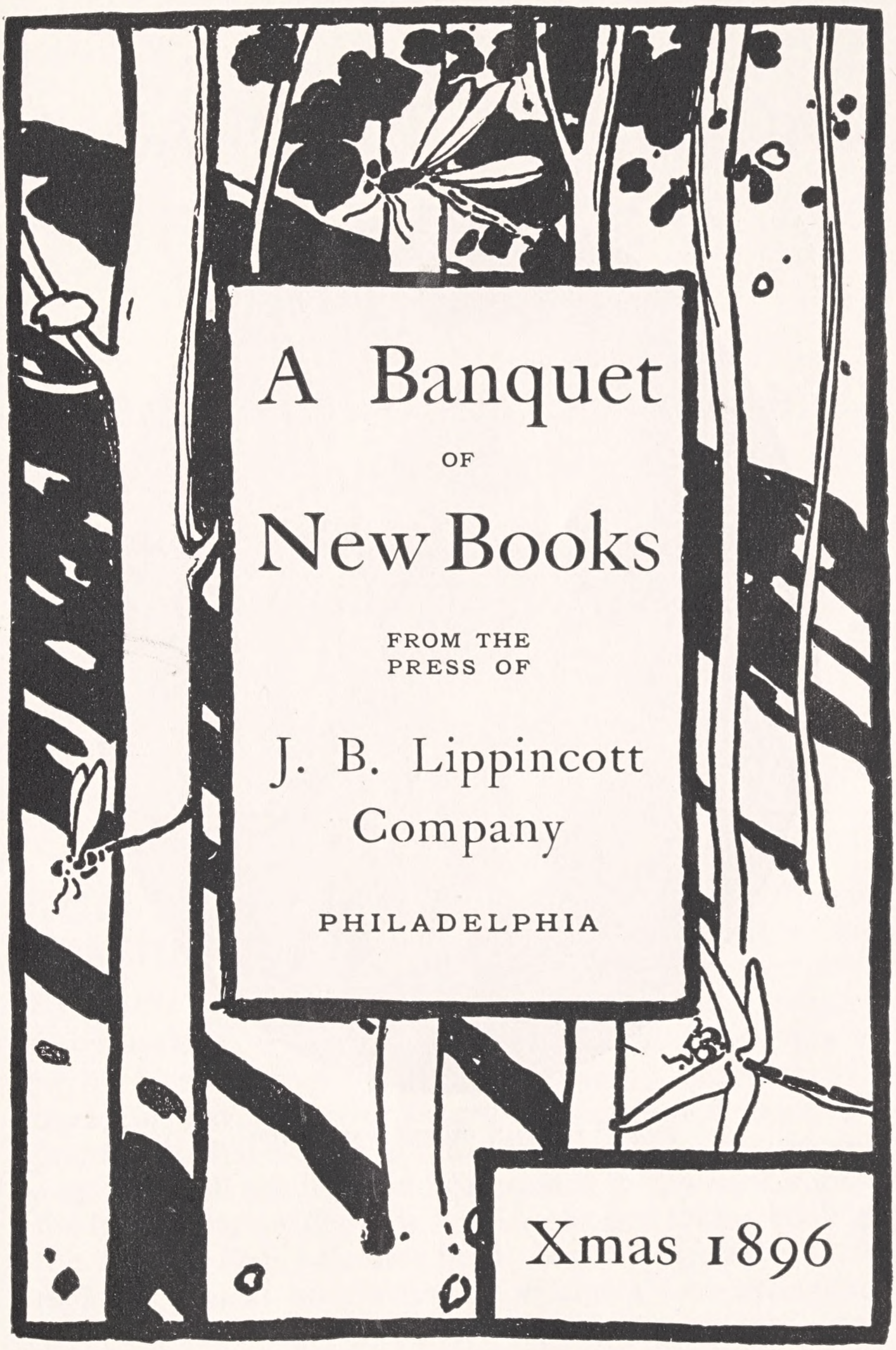
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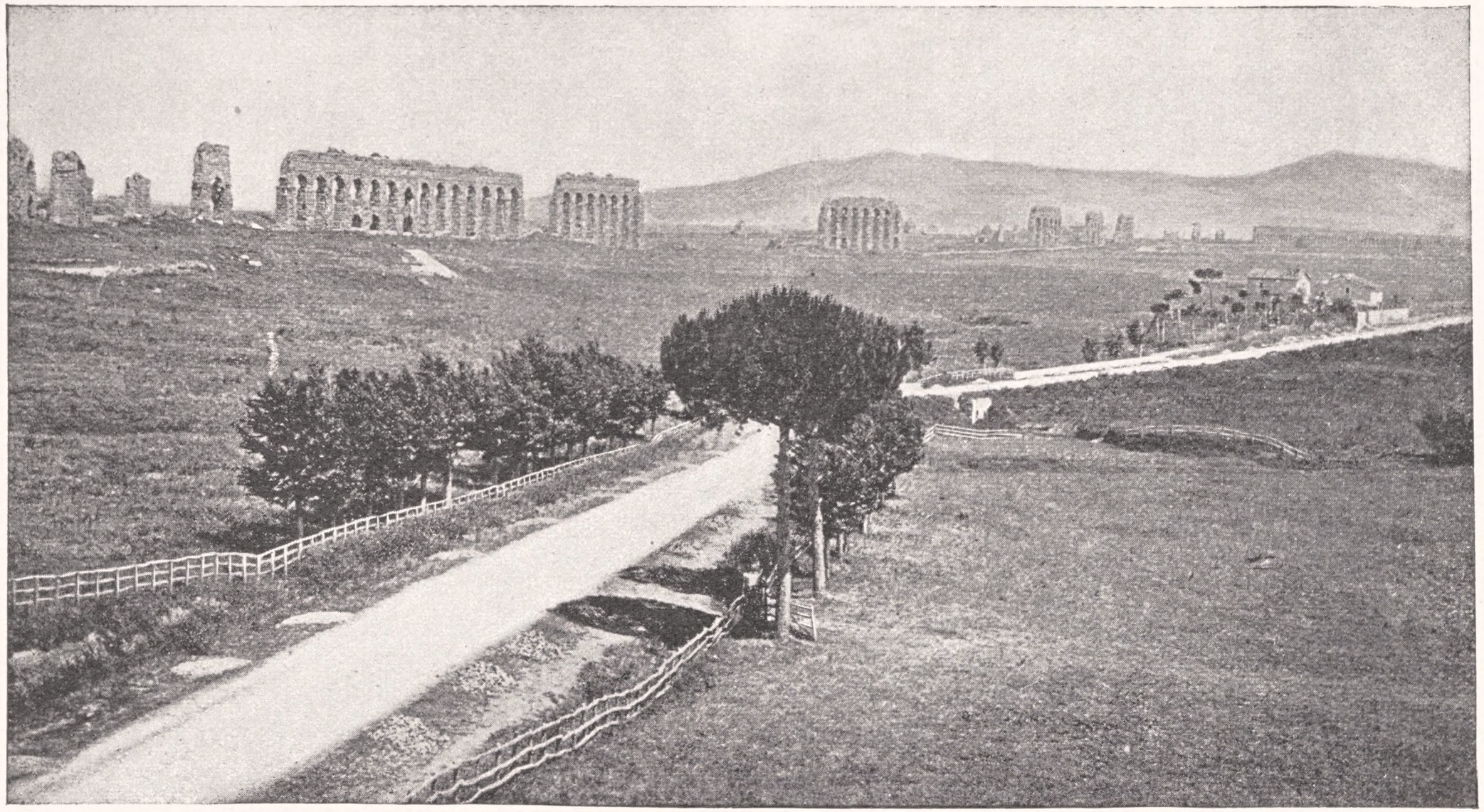

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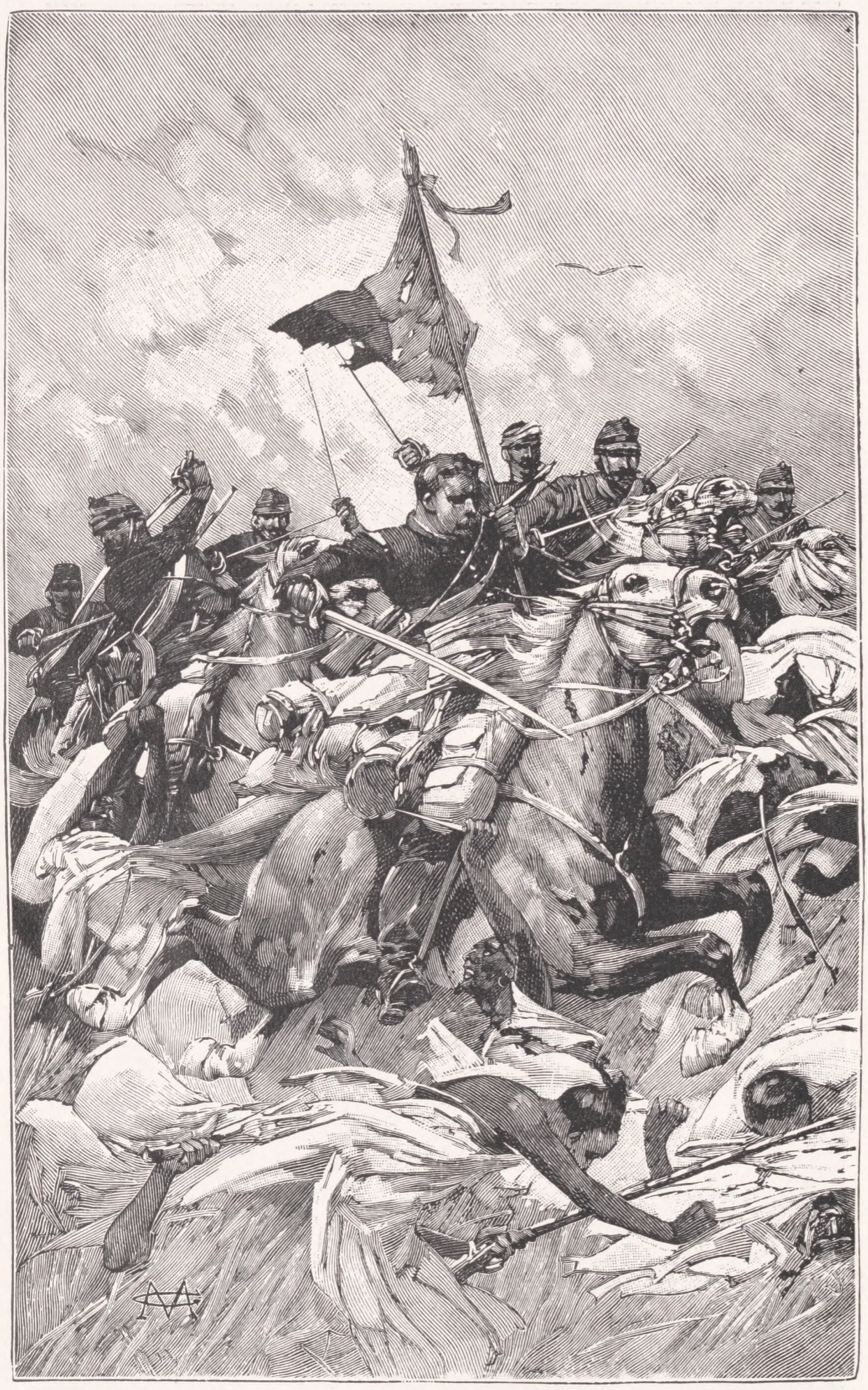

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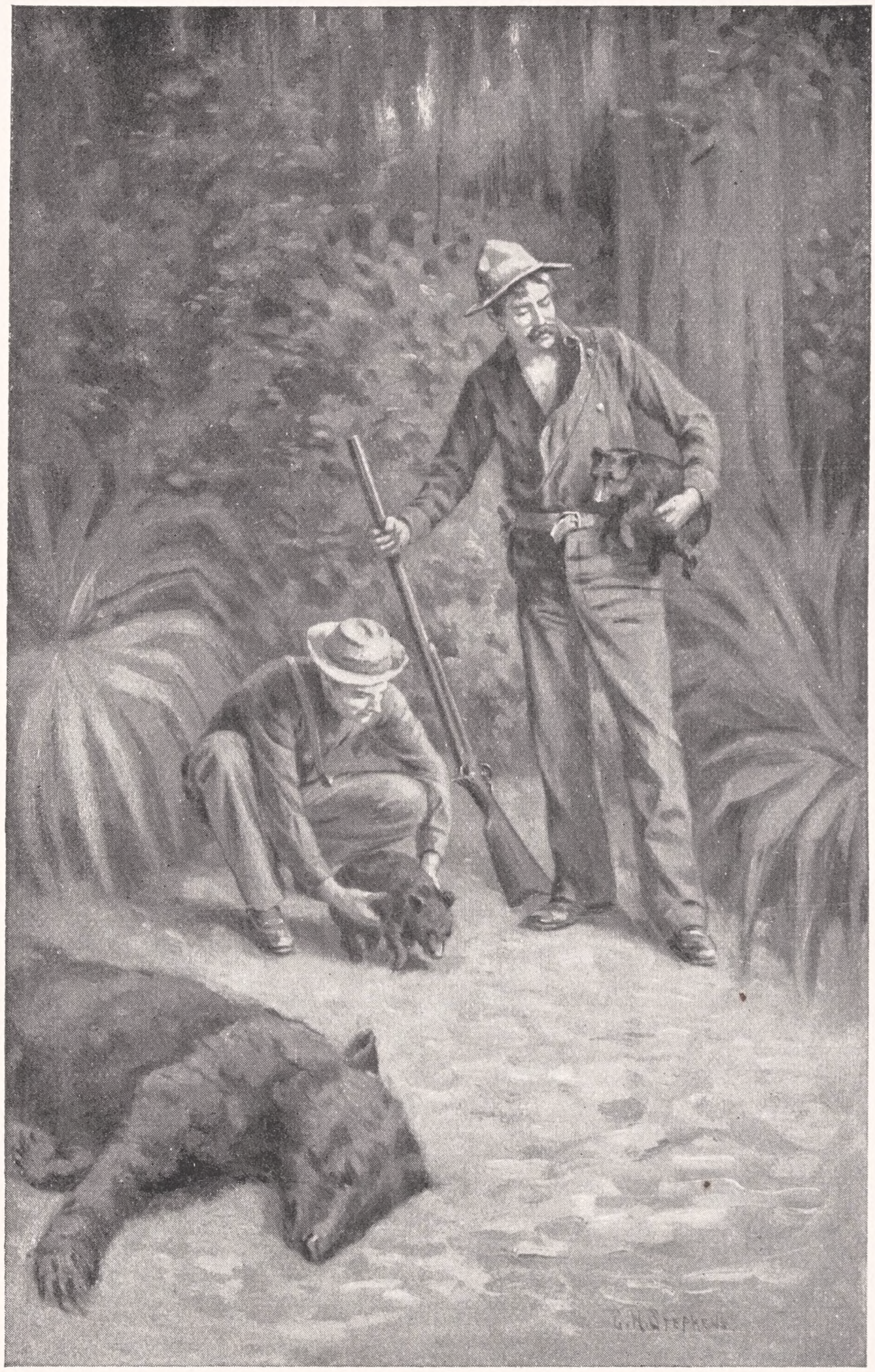

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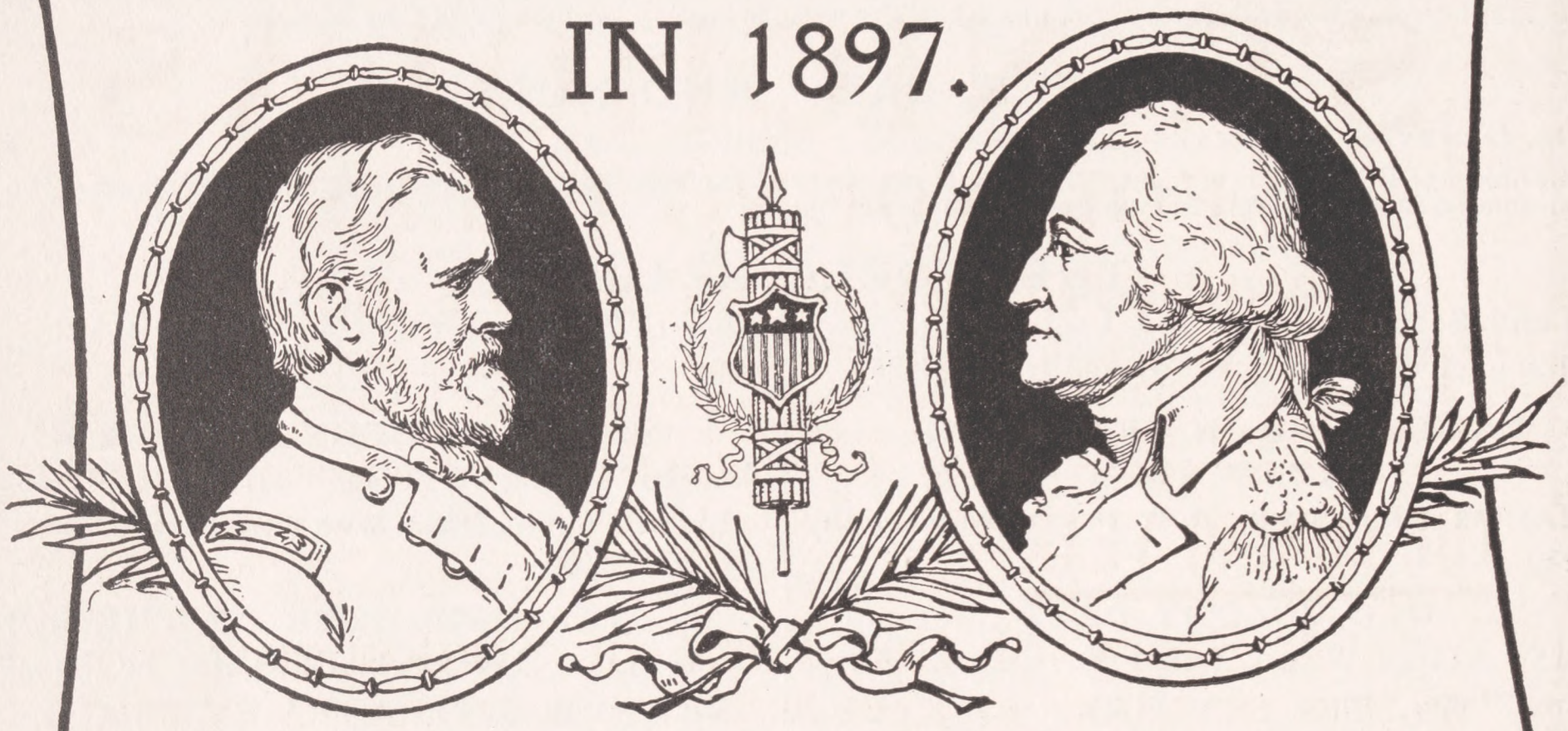

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"LONDON AS SEEN BY CHARLES DANA GIBSON" . . . . . .

THE ENTIRE NOVELTY OF MANY OF THE PLANS for 1897 is noticeable. For instance, the series devoted to Mr. Gibson has not before appeared as a writer. He visited London last summer for SCRIBNER'S MAGAZINE, for the purpose of depicting with pen and pencil those scenes and types which the huge metropolis of the world presents in endless variety. The abundant illustrations present portraits of the most striking figures in London life; Royalties, the celebrities of art, literature, and the army; the social functions, the theatres, the Queen's Drawing Room; types of street singers, flower girls, recruiting sergeants, etc., etc.

NOVEL BY RICHARD HARDING DAVIS . .

Of like novelty is the first considerable "SOLDIERS OF FORTUNE," which will begin in January. The hero is one of the most vigorous men that Mr. Davis has drawn in fiction, and the episodes which culminate in a revolution are exciting and picturesque from first to last. There is not a slow page, and the scenes will be illustrated throughout by C. D. Gibson, the author's friend and associate in most of his best work.

"THE CONDUCT OF GREAT BUSINESSES"

An altogether original plan in the lines which the Magazine will follow is a series of well-illustrated articles devoted to While no separate establishments will be described, the authors have made diligent study of the most successful firms in each branch, and have gone to the fountain-head of information. The articles already completed are:

"THE GREAT DEPARTMENT STORE," by Samuel H. Adams.
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Judge Henry E. Howland writes on "**UNDERGRADUATE LIFE AT YALE**";
Mr. James W. Alexander on "**PRINCETON**"; and
Robert Grant and Edward S. Martin on "**HARVARD.**"

"JAPAN AND CHINA SINCE THE WAR". Will form a most interesting group of articles. Early in the year Mr. Stephen Bonsal, an experienced traveller and writer, was commissioned by the Magazine to study Japan, China, and Formosa, to look into Japanese industrial conditions, and to learn in what direction China has been affected by the war.

"THE UNQUIET SEX". Among the series of the year, one to which readers will turn with the most curiosity is that in which, under the title of **"The Unquiet Sex,"** Mrs. Helen Watterson Moody will write of "Woman and Reforms," "The College-Bred Woman," "Woman's Clubs," and "The Case of Maria," a paper on domestic service.

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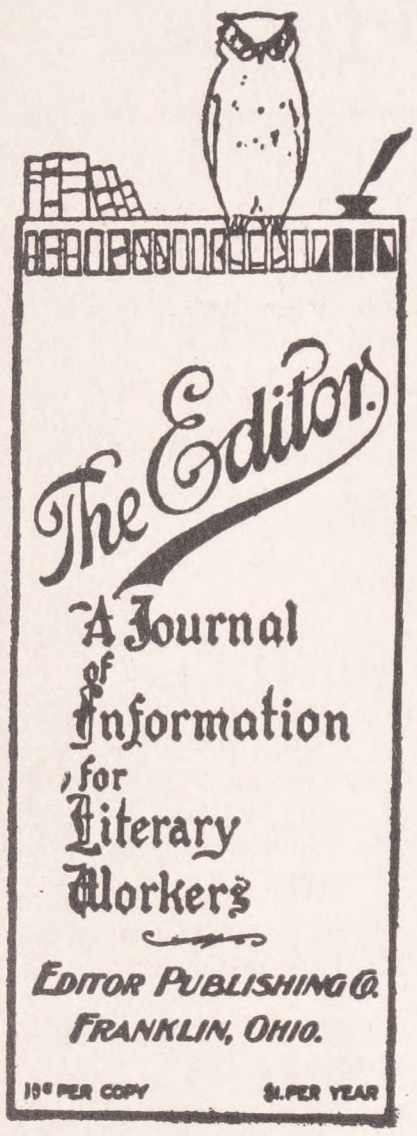

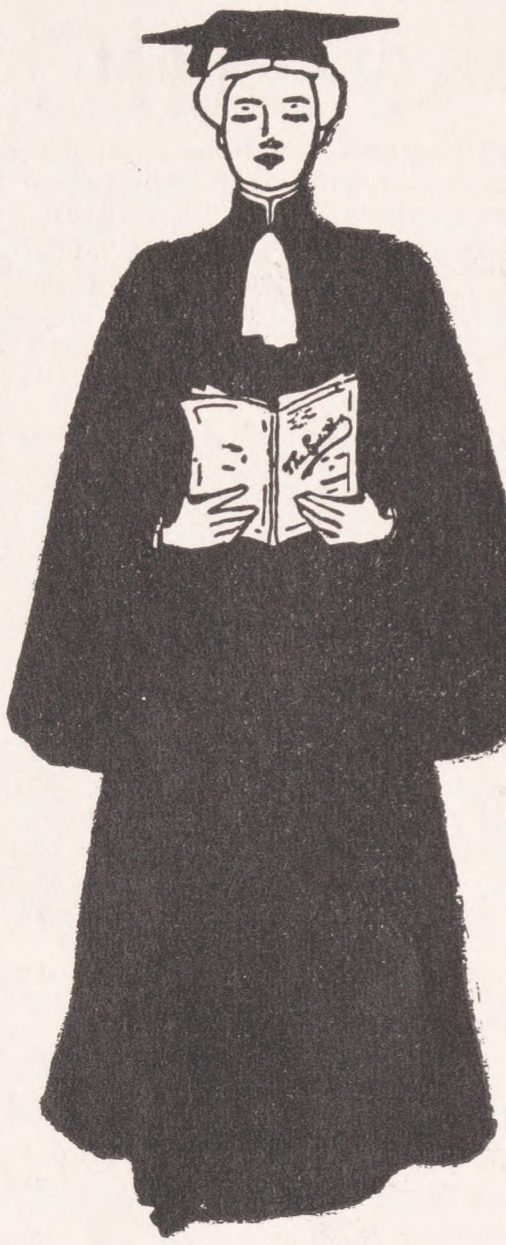

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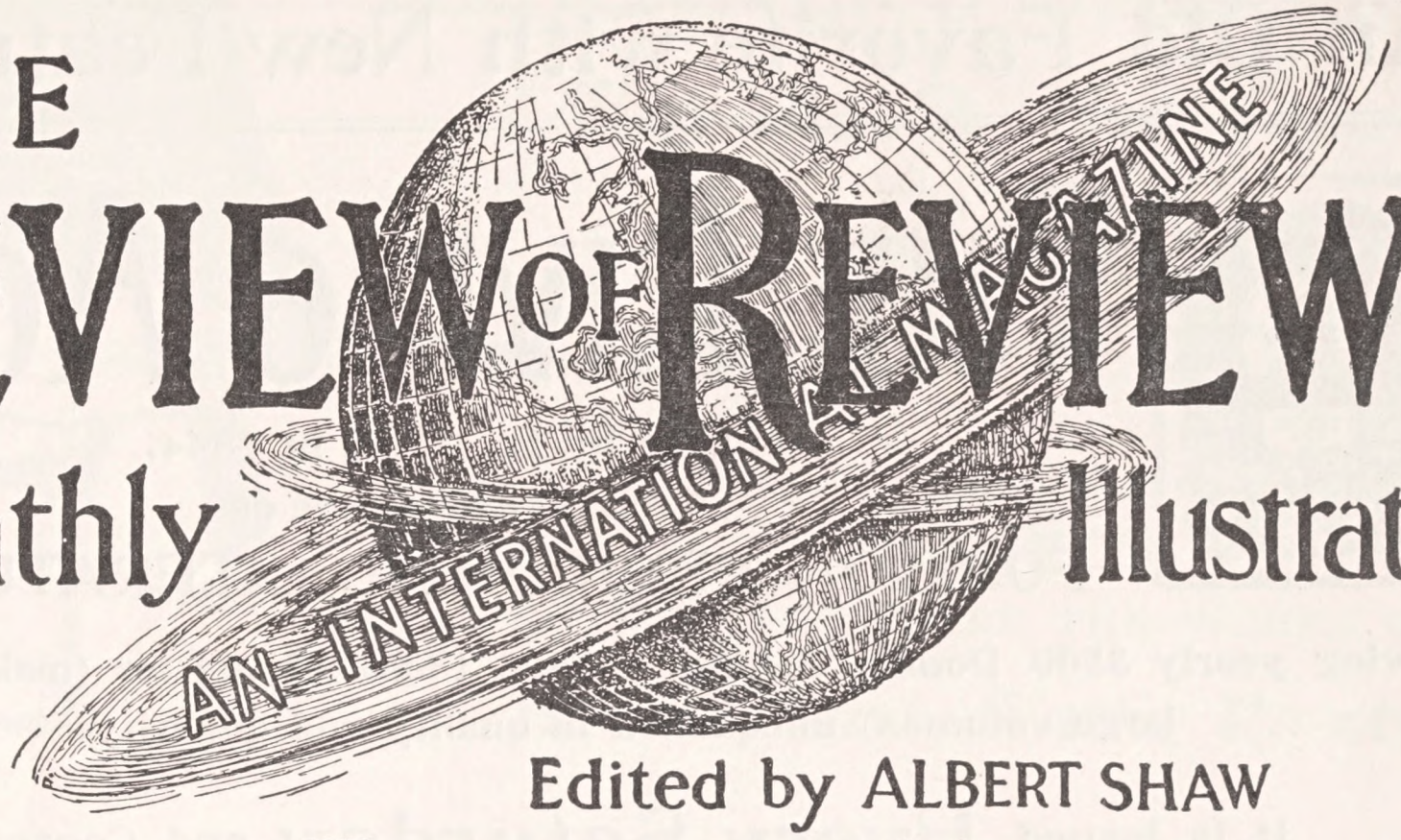

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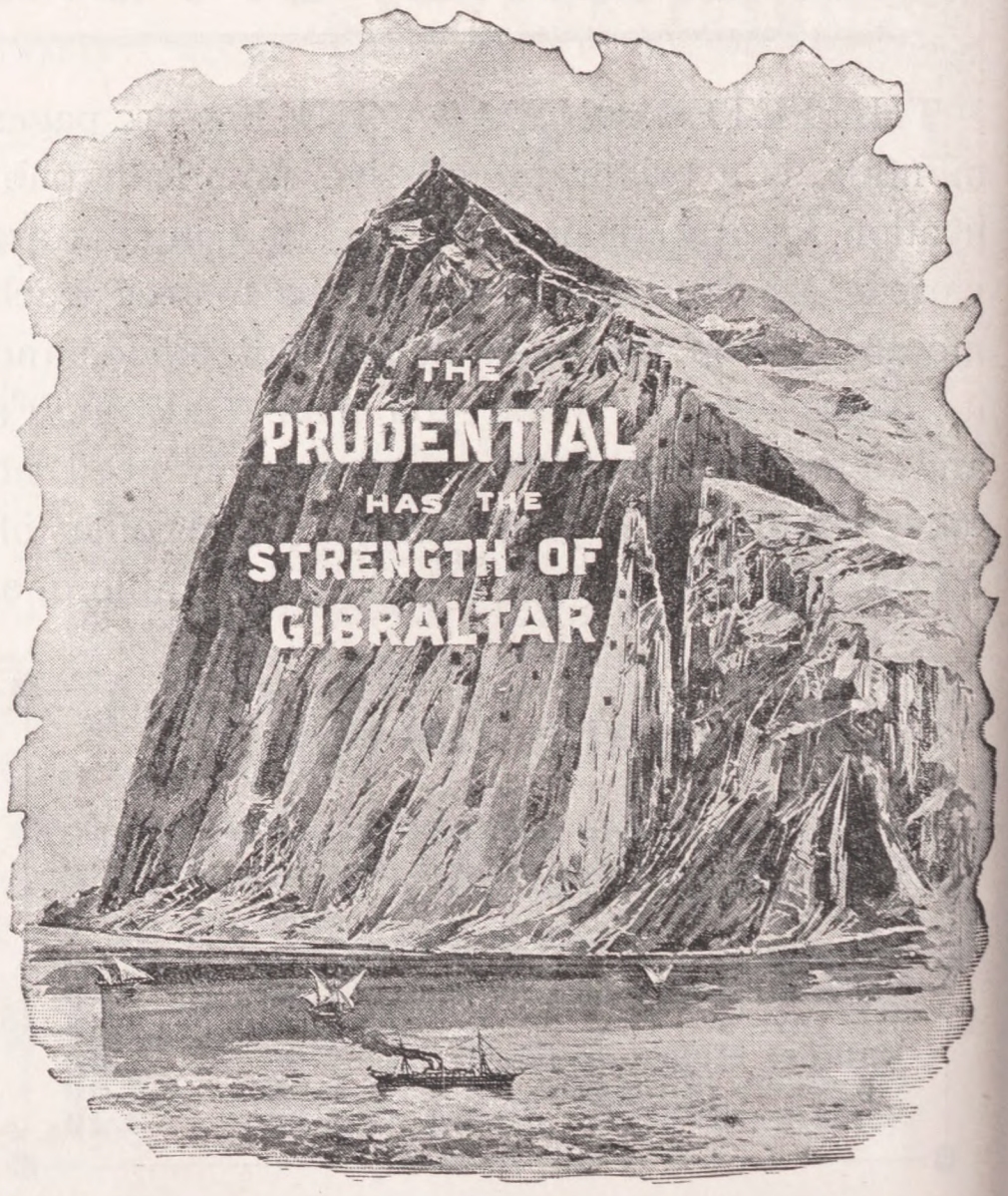

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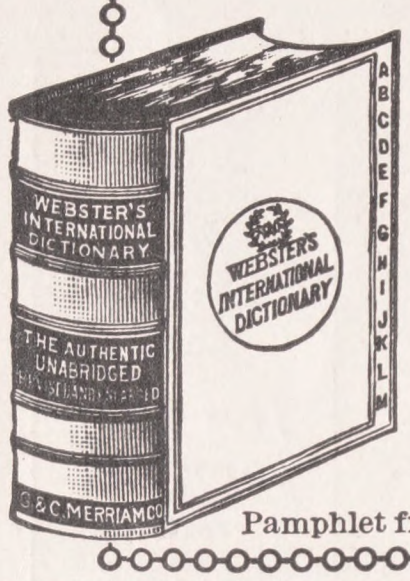

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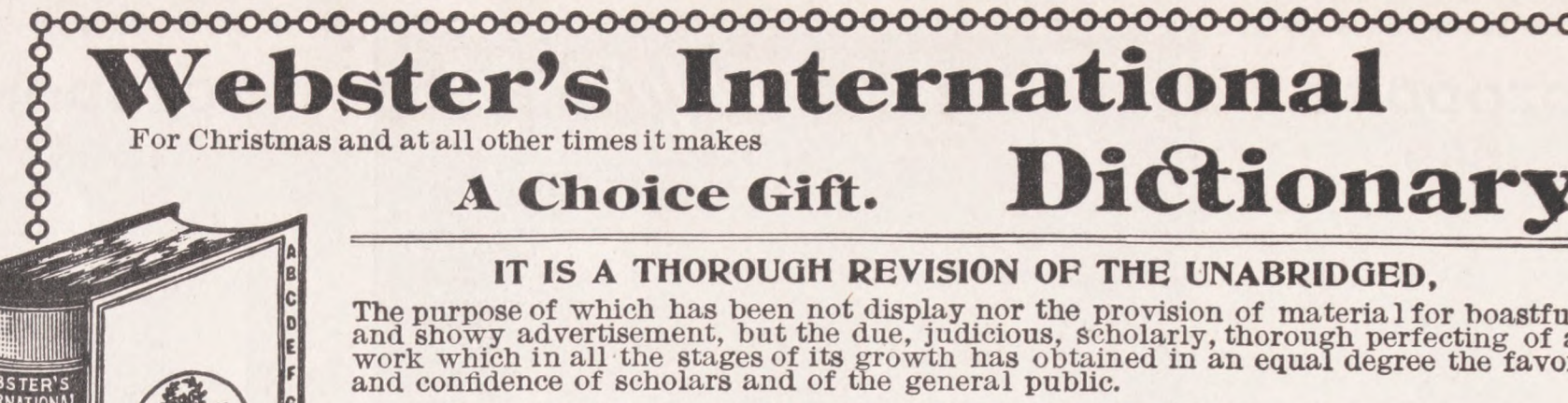

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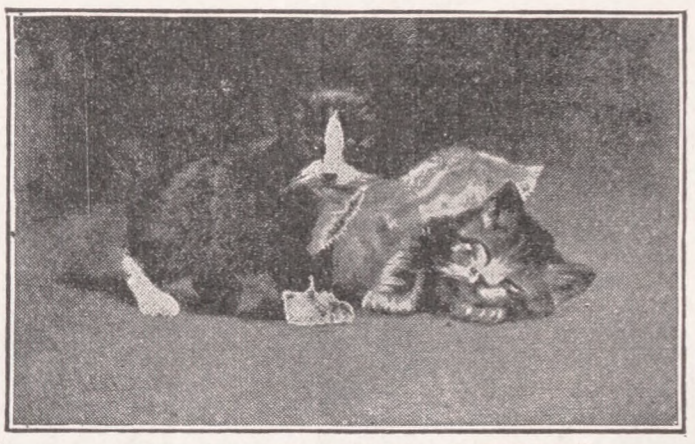

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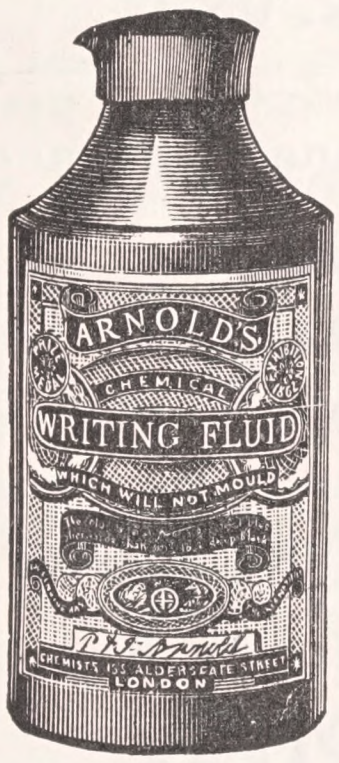

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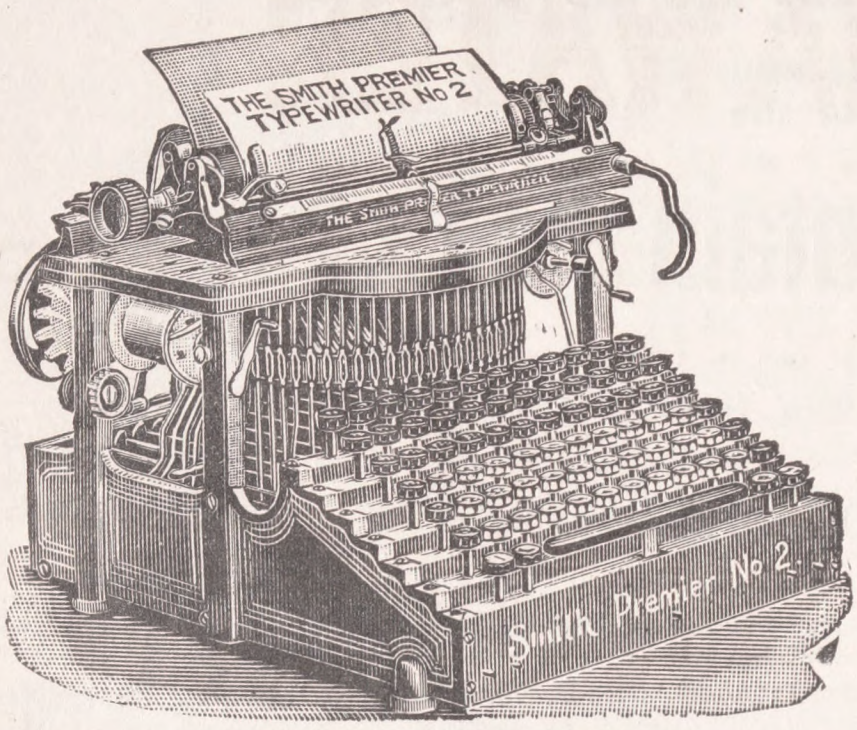

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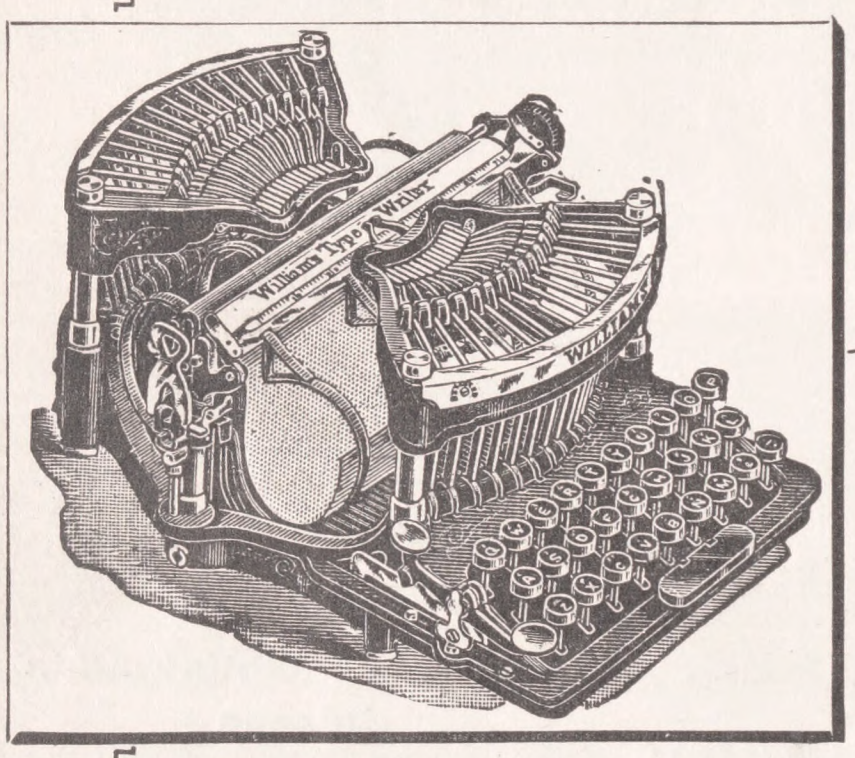

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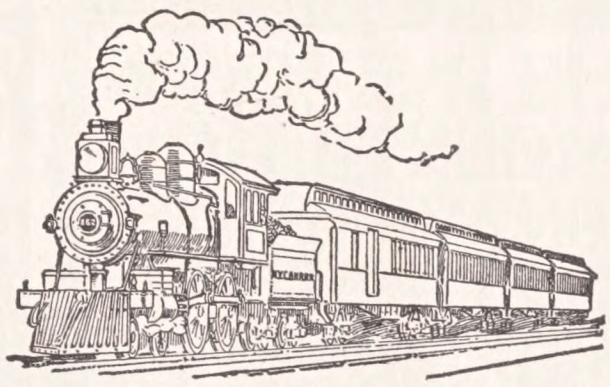

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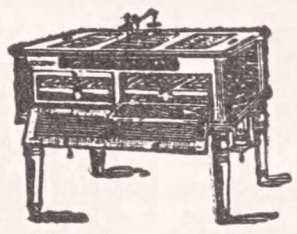

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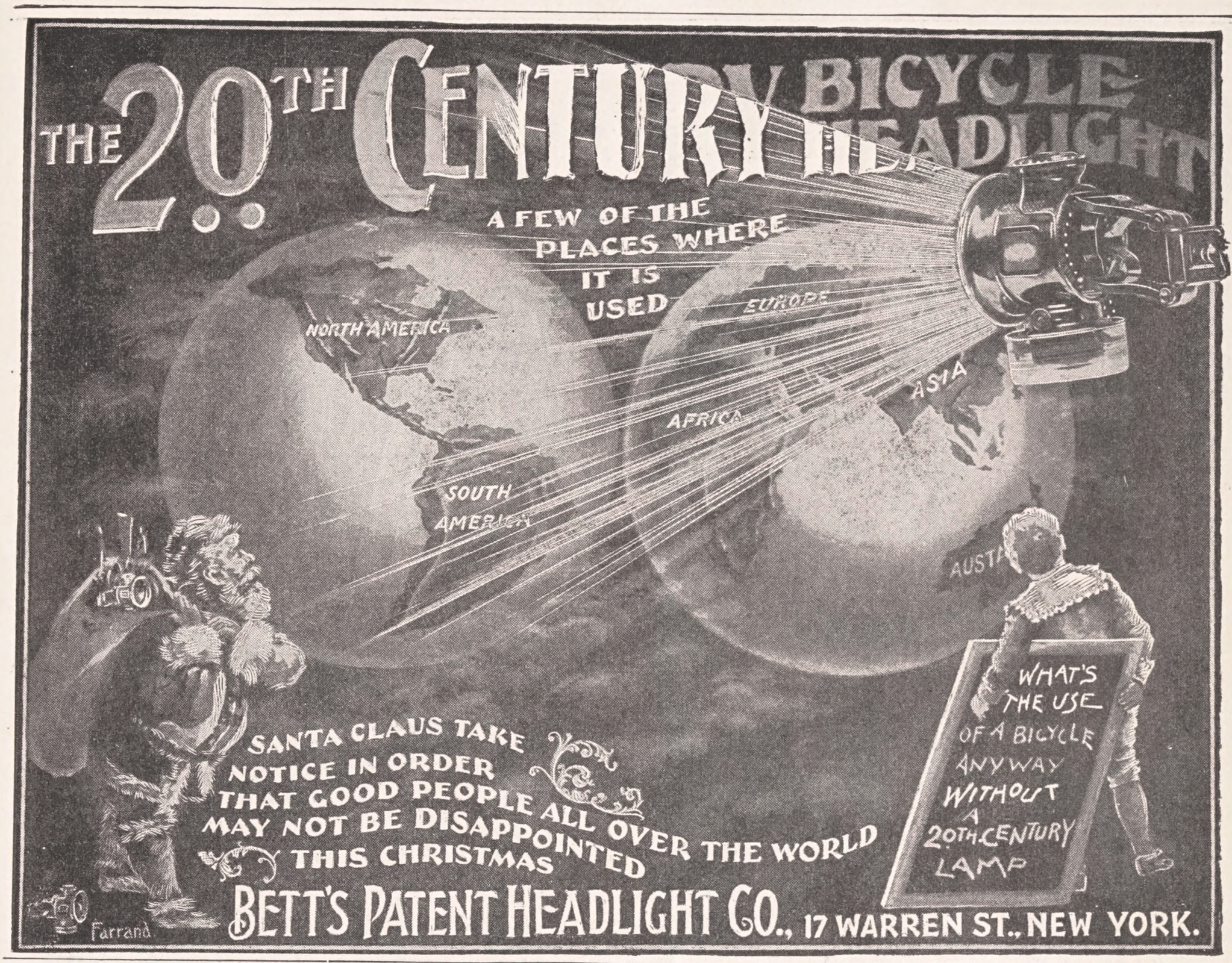

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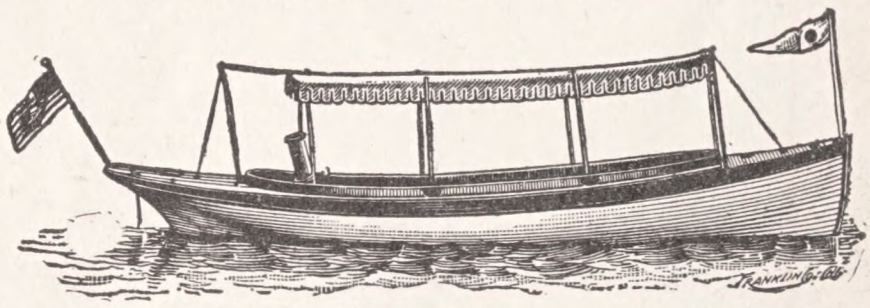

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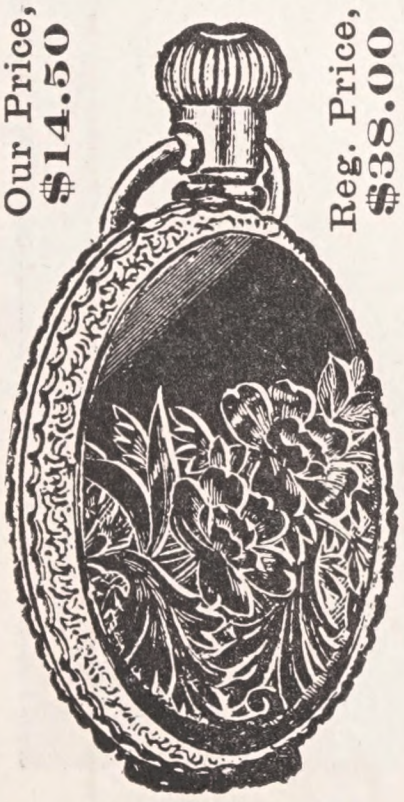

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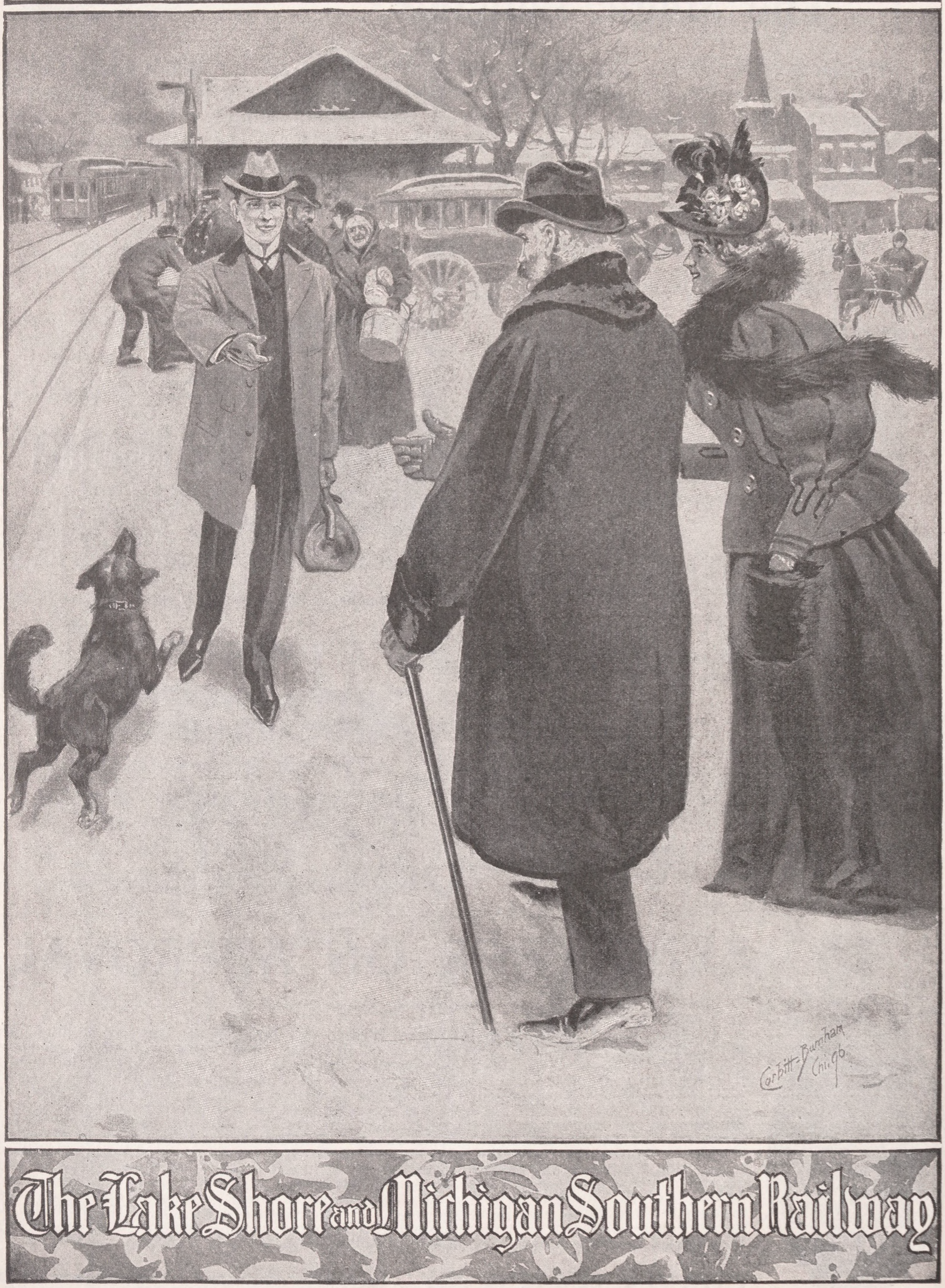

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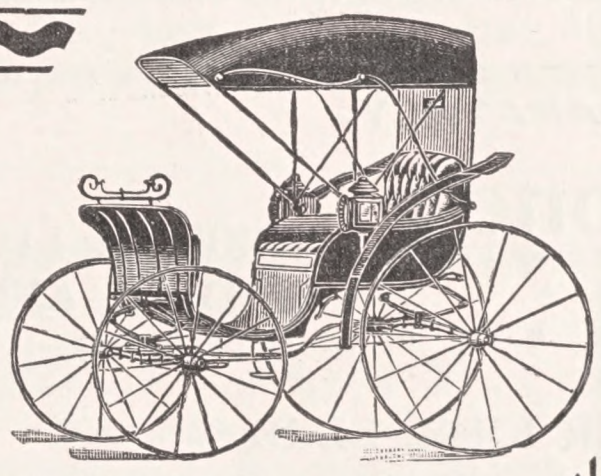

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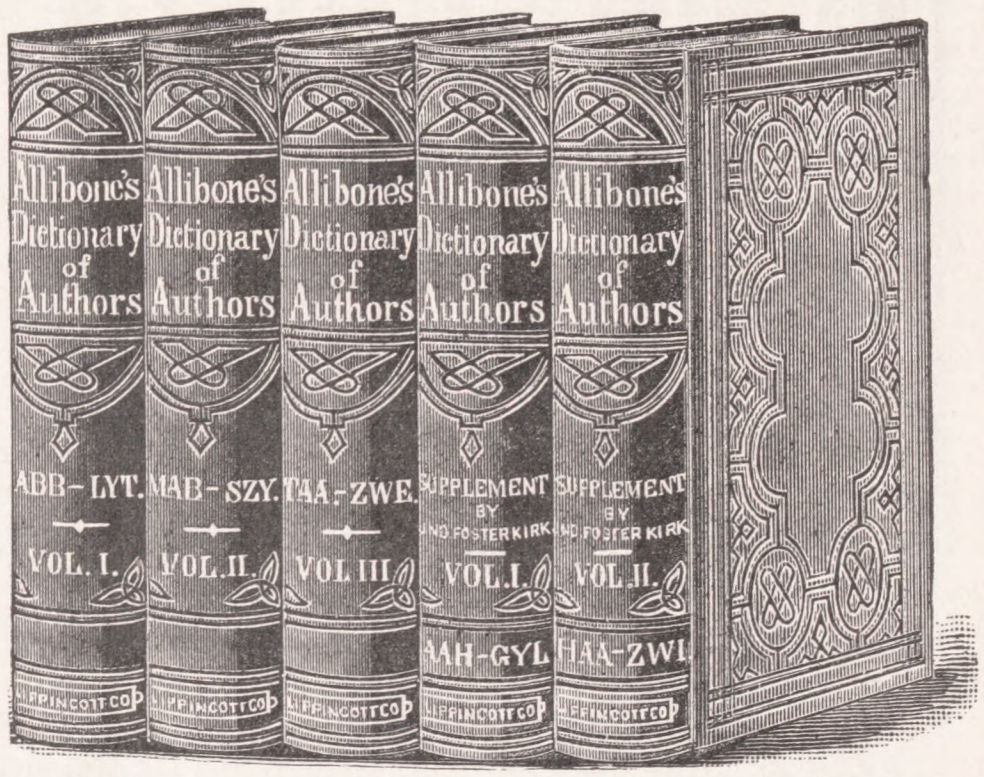

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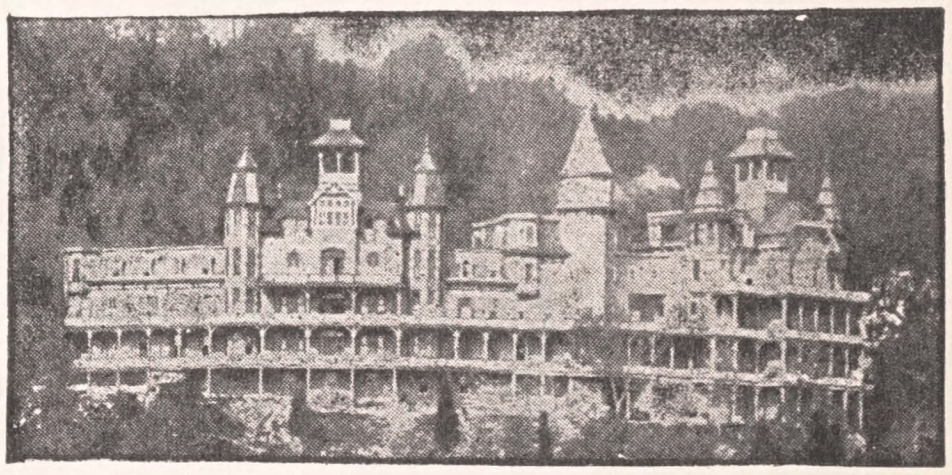

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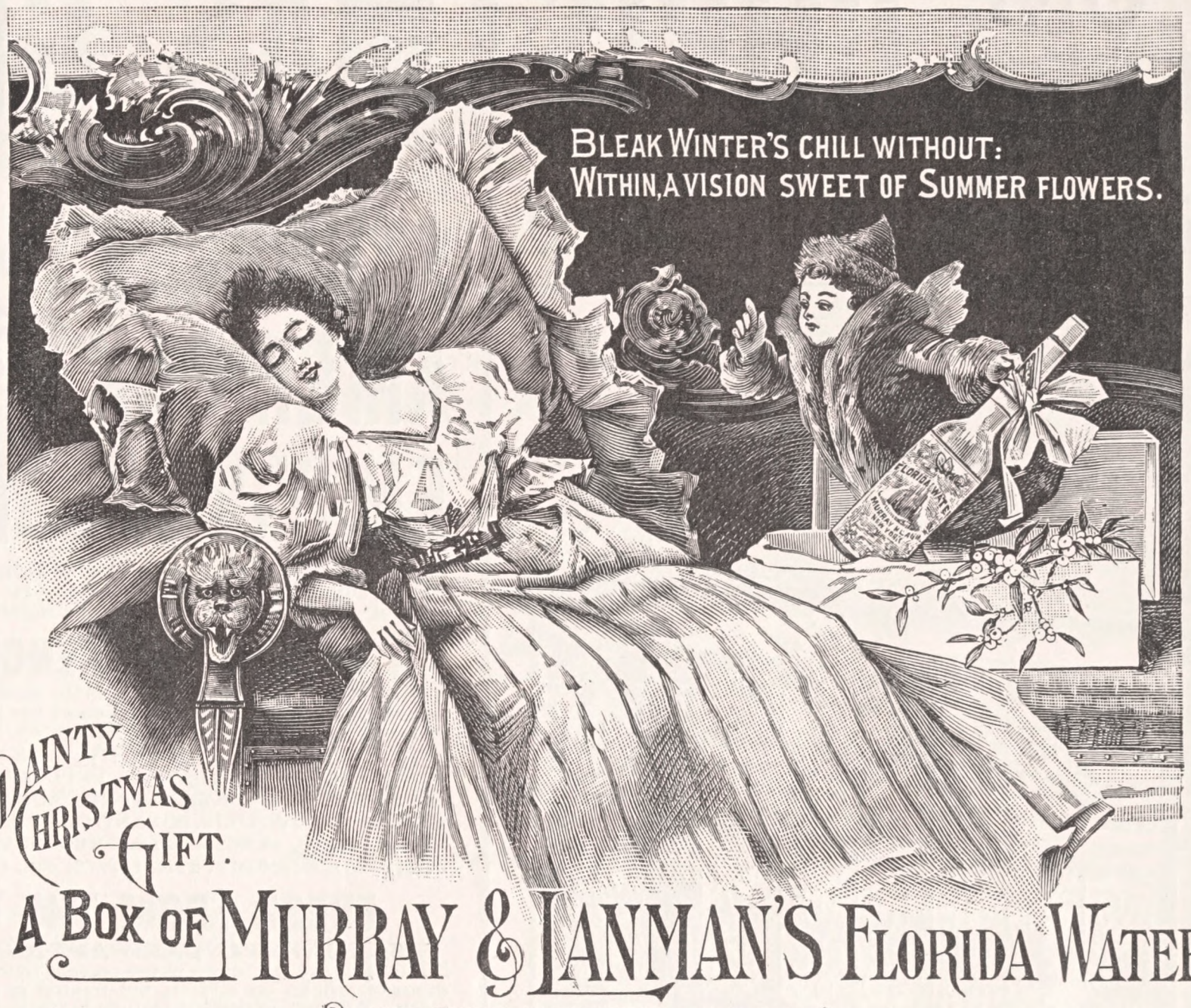

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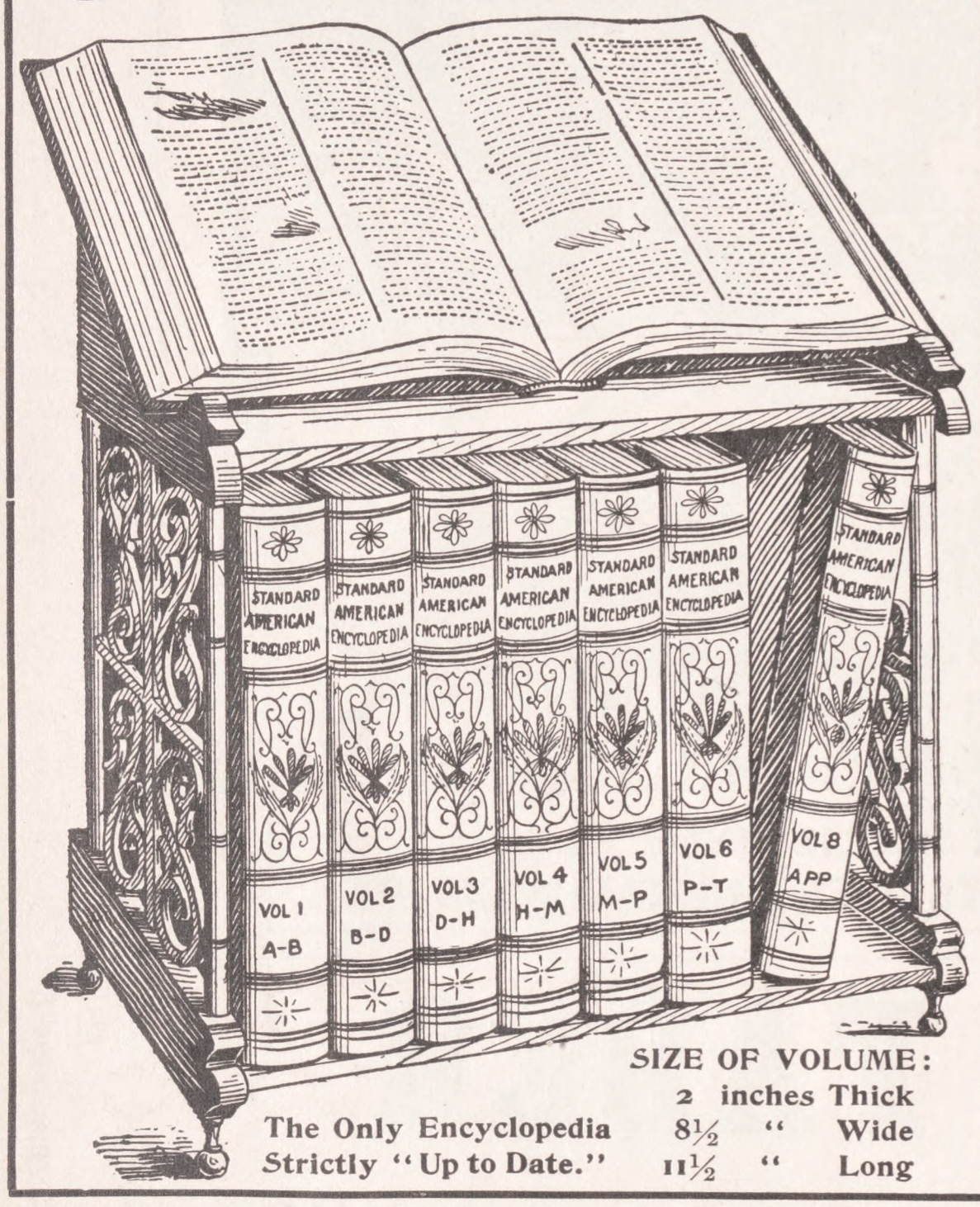

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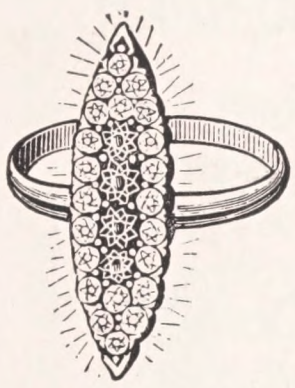

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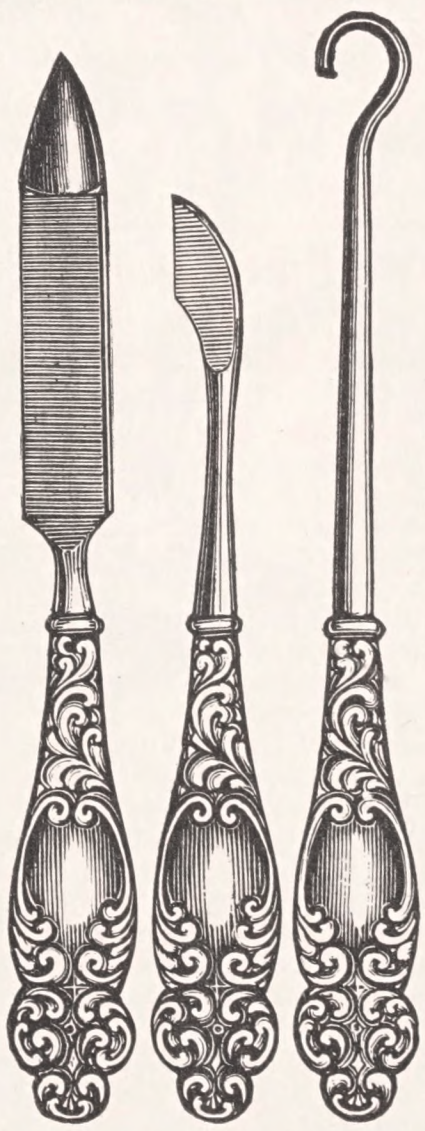

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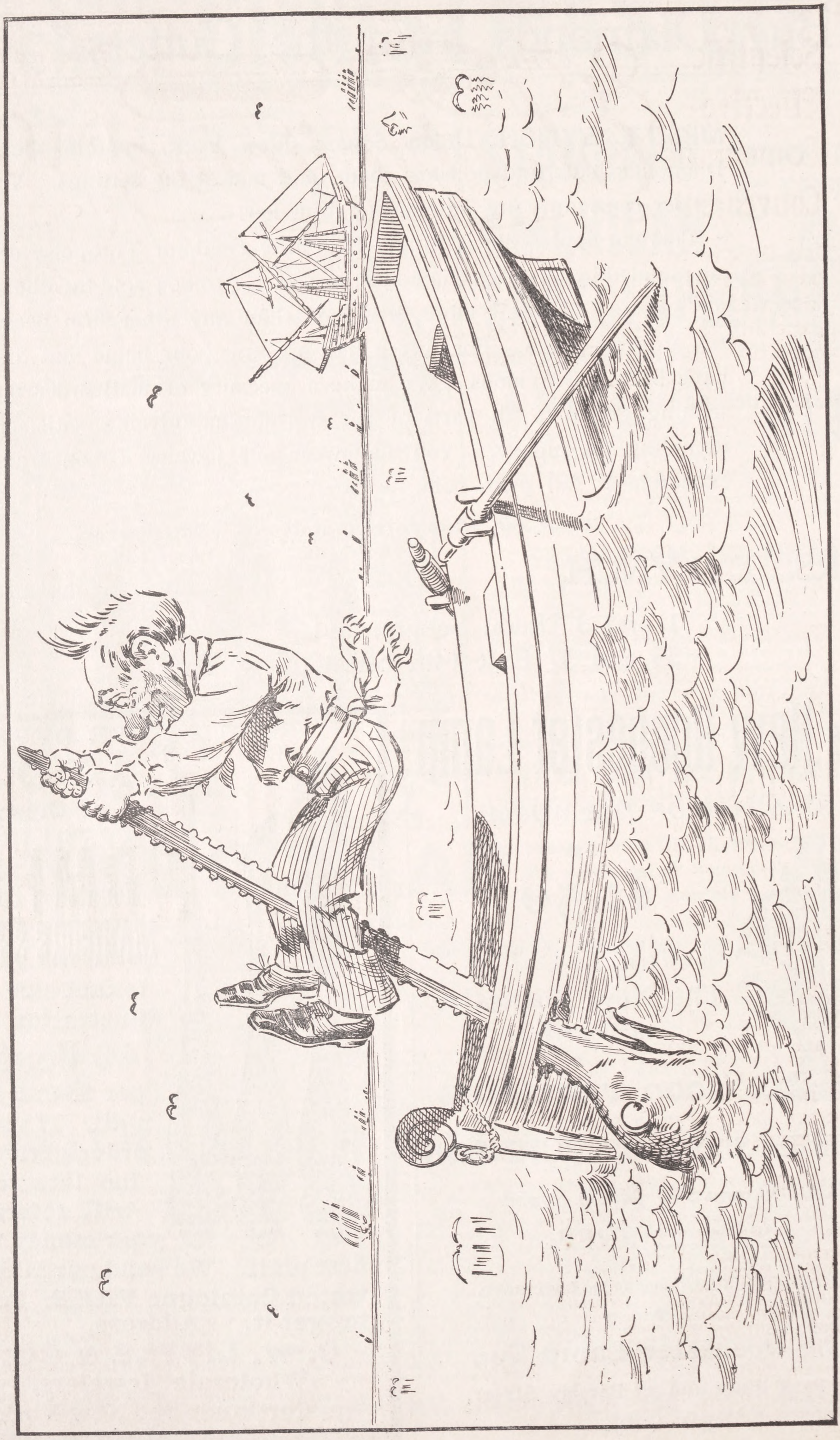

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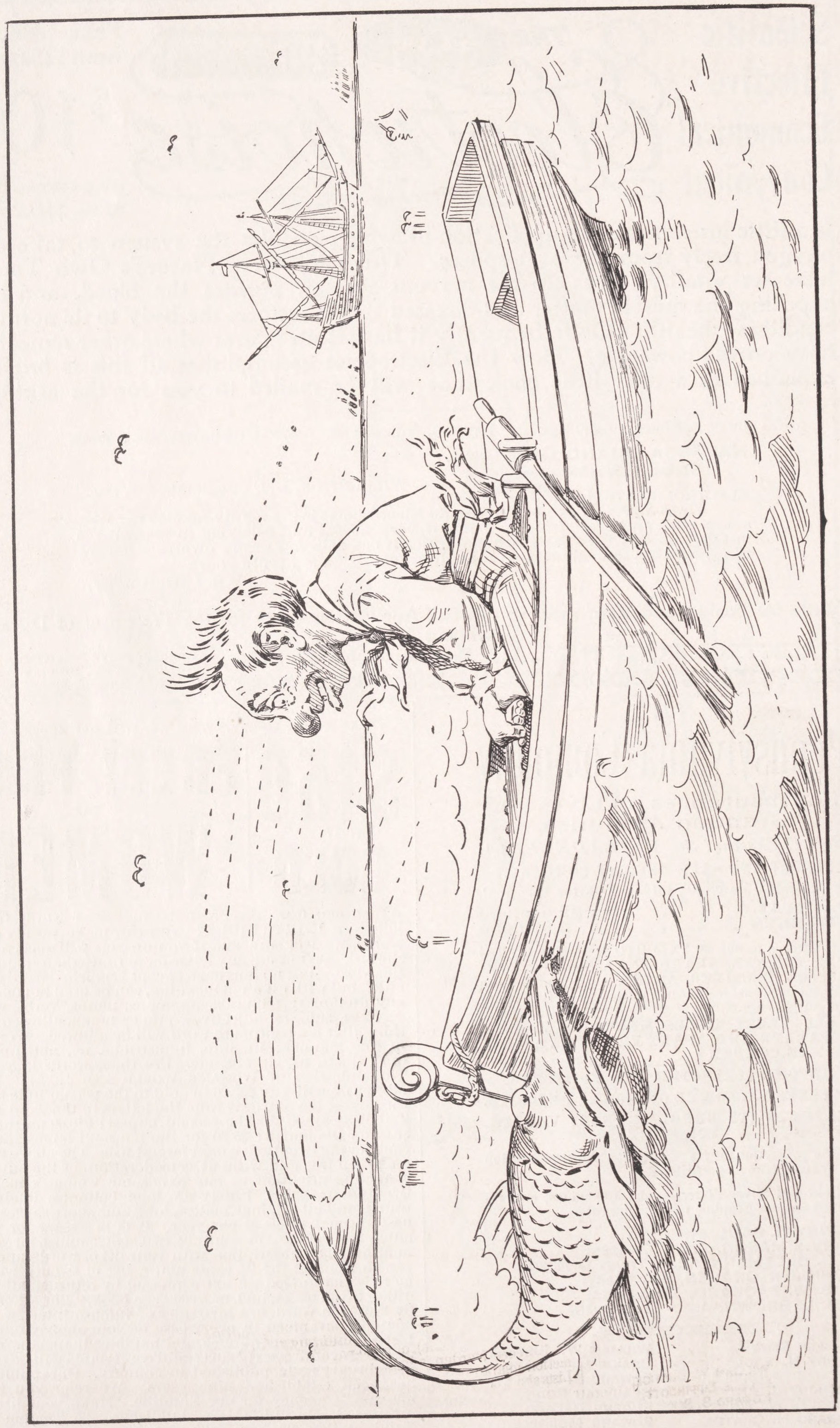

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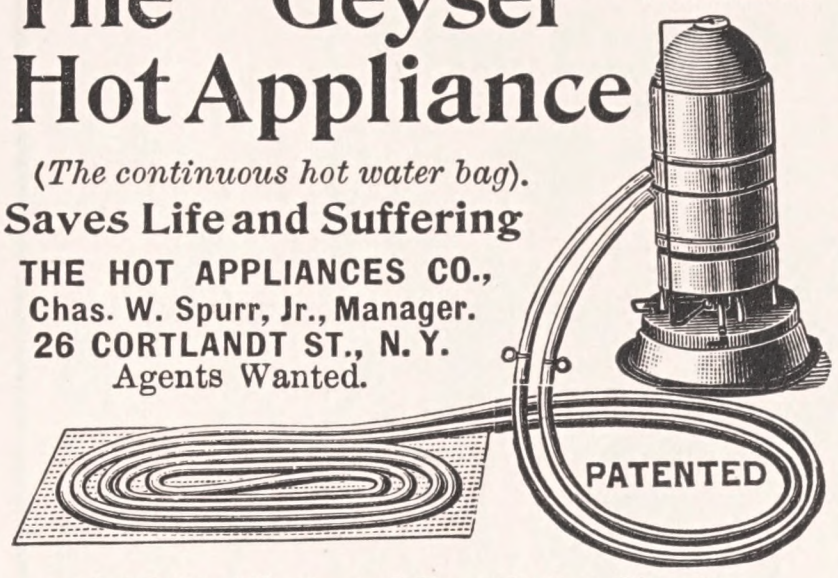

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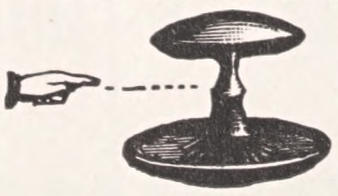

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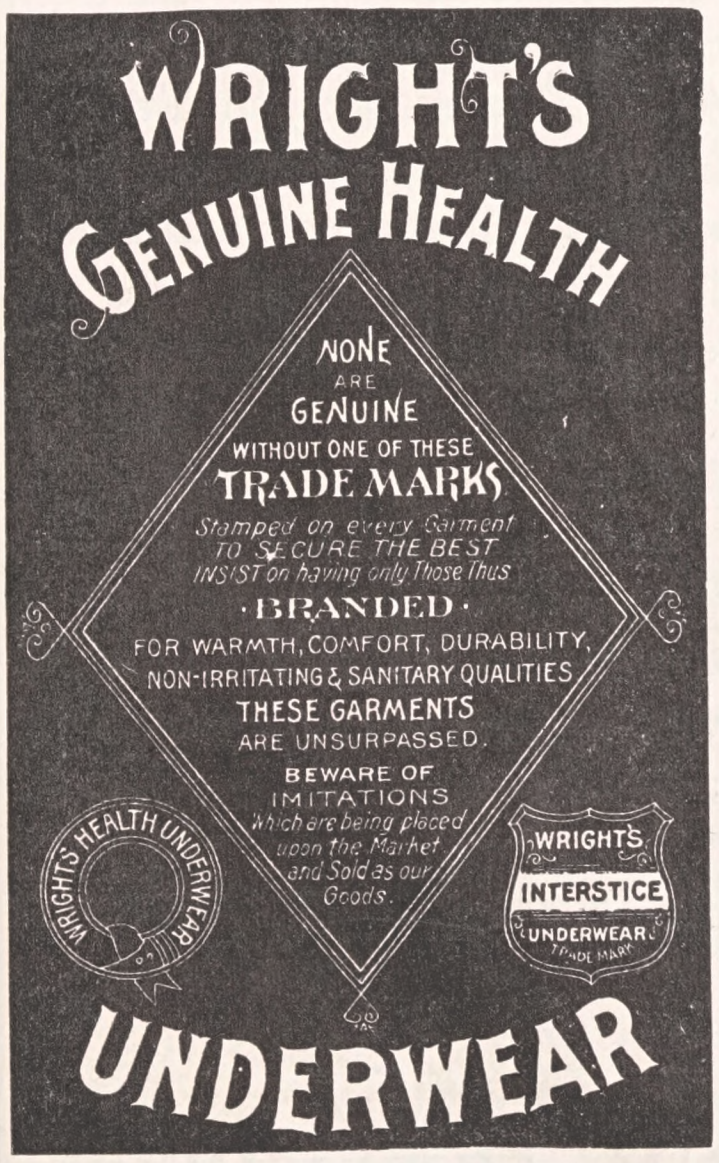

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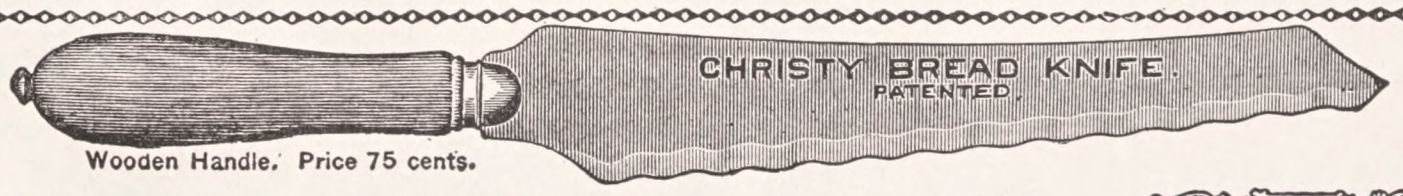

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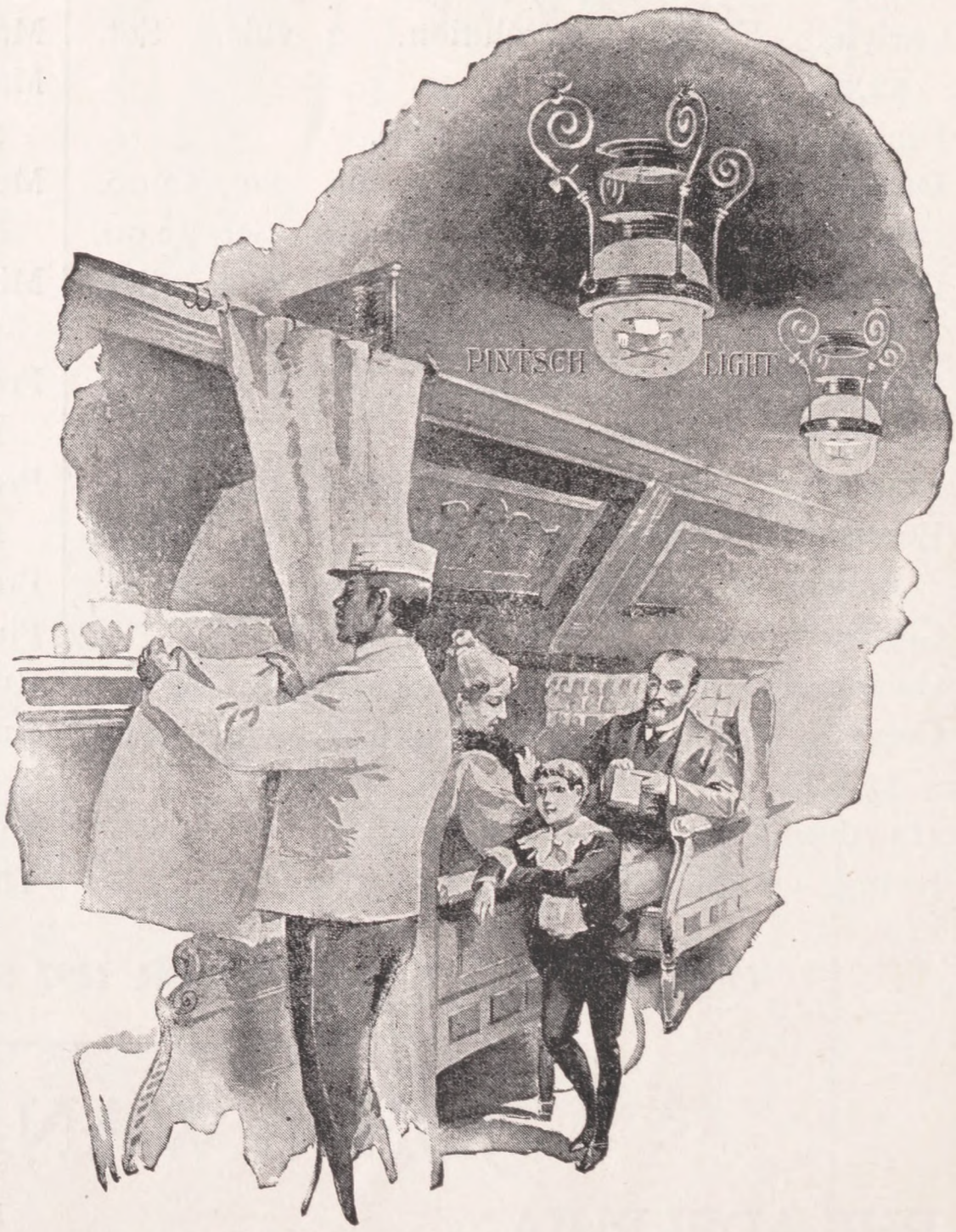

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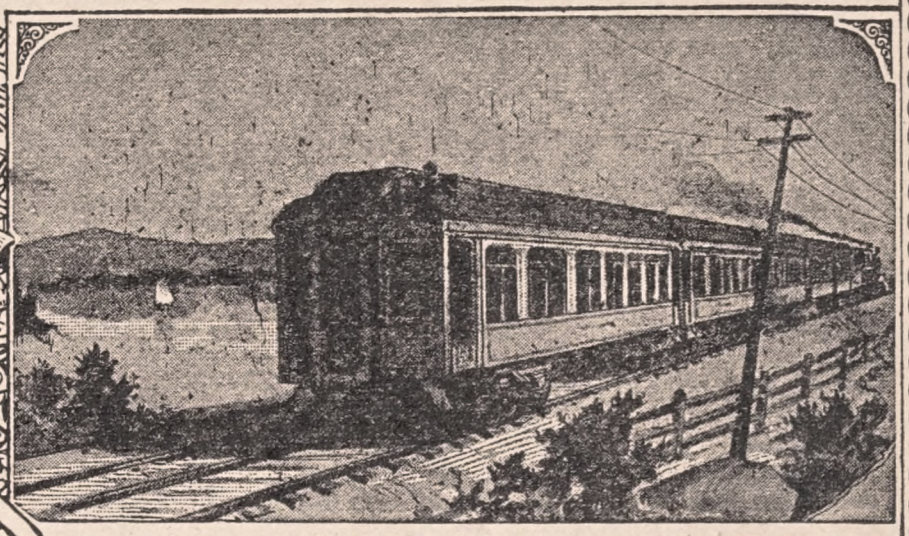

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